

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THIS PARISIAN cocktail frock is made in white Broderie Anglaise, featuring elaborately puffed sleeves and the new high neckline. A striking note of color is supplied by a three-toned striped ribbon sash. It typifies the ideal hostess gown.  
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## MODERN Outlook of Our DIVORCE Judges

### Law Has Not Been Changed, But Court Takes Broader Views

Although the bill introduced in the N.S.W. Parliament by Mr. Henry, M.L.A., to amend the divorce law has caused much discussion, it is a remarkable fact that a much greater change in divorce procedure has taken place almost without comment.

This change is the result of the wide use made by judges recently of the powers of discretion they possess under the existing law.

Cases in Sydney in the last two or three weeks reveal to what an extent the judges have kept their decisions abreast of the modern public outlook.

THE former Chief Justice, Sir Philip Street, created a mild sensation last year when he made a pronouncement from the Full Court Bench. He said that whereas 30 years ago if a man were found in the back of a motor car with another man's wife in a secluded spot at night, the obvious inference would have been that they were there for a guilty purpose; so much freedom was allowed between the sexes to-day that such a happening might well be given an innocent construction. And Sir Philip Street, as is well known, was nothing if not a stickler for convention.

English judges take an even broader and more modern view in exercising the discretion allowed them in dealing with matrimonial problems. The attitude of

the English judges is important because of the right of appeal from Australian courts to the Privy Council.

Lord Pittman gave an interesting decision in England last week, in a case in which Mrs. Mary Henderson attempted to divorce her husband on the ground of misconduct, alleging that he had danced "indelicate" with another woman, and had taken car rides with her.

"Modern dancing and visits of couples in motor cars to secluded spots are insufficient grounds for divorce," said Lord Pittman, "and it is out of the question to condemn all who danced as the husband did, on the principle that fan-lights, plus opportunity, inferred misconduct."

(Please turn to Page 2)

## Race time is coming— and here are the most chic ideas from London and Paris



HONEY-COLORED lace was chosen for her race gown by this graceful visitor to Ascot, England. The designer has added an arresting note with the unusual sleeve treatment and the trimming of chocolate satin.

Of course the two Ascot models shown above represent something very exclusive. But the truth is that dress frequently ranges from the ultra-glamorous to the downright ordinary. It is safe to say that the all-around standard at Randwick or Flemington is exceedingly high.



EILEEN IDARE, London, designed this delicate gown for Ascot in lacquered white chiffon. The sash of canary satin is lined with white velvet. With its softly falling bertha and the graceful folds of the sash there is a delightful suggestion of Old World charm conferred on the modern silhouette.

## VICKI BAUM Novel For this PAPER

VICKI BAUM—a magic name! The greatest woman writer of to-day.

Her books, "Grand Hotel," "Helen," "Martin's Summer," and others have sold in hundreds of thousands the world over. She possesses a quality of writing which no other woman writer can touch.

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# DOES Dr. Angus TEACH that BIBLE is Wrong?

## What Presbyterian Assembly Must Decide Next Week

One of the greatest religious controversies in Australian history will be dealt with at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, to be held in Melbourne next week.

The case of Professor Angus, and his attitude to the New Testament, will be finally decided.

In the following article the real facts of this important issue are set out.

MANY people have been perplexed and pained by what is known as the Angus controversy.

The views expressed by Professor Angus seem to them to have cut the ground from under some of their most cherished religious beliefs.

They seem to have made the Bible out (in this case really the New Testament, for that is the only part of the Bible concerned) to be "all wrong."

That is not so, because the rightness or wrongness of the New Testament is not the question.

It is rather a question of whether some previously-held views and interpretations of the New Testament are right or wrong.

The case is this. Remarks circulated, some of them in the public Press, in criticism of Rev. Dr. Angus's expressed views of the New Testament and its teachings, led to an inquiry into the matter by the Sydney Presbytery of his Church—the Presbyterian.

A committee was appointed to confer with Dr. Angus, and its report was presented to the N.S.W. General Assembly.

This official body, which met in May last, while not associating itself with Dr. Angus's personal beliefs, accepted his explanation of them; and there the matter might have rested, but for an appeal—more than one, in fact—to the General Assembly of Australia, which will open in Melbourne on Wednesday next, and before which the matter will be finally investigated.

The case gains in importance, if that were possible, because of Professor Angus being one of the lecturers to students for the ministry; and this question is asked as to how it will be likely to affect their views and consequently their own future teaching.

It gathers still greater importance because others beside Presbyterian students are concerned.

Dr. Angus's lectures, like those of the other lecturers, are given to a class included in the United

Theological Faculty, St. Andrew's College, Sydney University, which contains students of all three Churches identified with the faculty—Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational.

It was because of this fact that the Methodist Conference, in February last, decided, without prejudice to the merits of the case one way or the other, tentatively to withdraw its students from Dr. Angus's class.

Dr. Angus sees religion reflected not in creeds and traditions, but in life, character, and experience.

"The ancient mythological and cosmological settings," he says, "may add a certain deceptive grandeur to the Christ of the ancient Christologies, and may even qualify Christianity to be a popular religion by demanding less than its Founder demanded of men."

"But what the mature religious conscience requires is not a semi-God or a supernatural Being of another order and from another world, but a veritable Son of God and Leader who elicits our faith by His own achievements on the open battlefield of human life, and wins our love and loyalty by believing in us."

Speaking of the resurrection of Christ, he says: "While controversialists are discussing the intricate questions of the resurrection and reanimation of a body from a tomb, and the subsequent fate of a re-suscitated body, we proclaim without fear of contradiction that Jesus lives in the lives of His followers, and that such a life matters more to the world than all theories about resurrection and re-animation."

The subject dealt with by Professor Angus involves research into a body of literature which existed in what may be called the formative period of Christian

theology—at the time when St. Paul and the other New Testament writers wrote their epistles.

This literature includes that of the Mystery Religions, which, strangely enough, were not investigated until within comparatively recent times.

With this literature Dr. Angus has made himself thoroughly familiar, and he has told his students what he himself has found. It has meant a readjustment of his point of view of the composition of the New Testament, in the light of these outside influences which, he thinks, had to do with moulding it.

These facts he has imparted to the students, though without any insistence upon their acceptance of his own personal views concerning them, or the situation they have produced. This he leaves entirely to their own judgment.

There are those who doubt the wisdom of their judgment, in their youthful inexperience, being thus overlaid; while others deprecate the withholding of the facts from them. There the dilemma would seem to lie.

Those who have come into contact with Dr. Angus, either personally or as hearers of his pulpit utterances, are of but one opinion as to the thoroughly Christian character of the man himself.



HAVE YOU ever picked up an American magazine and looked at the beautiful girls who seem to be always using somebody's dental cream or face powder, and who keep themselves going by sticking to so-and-so's soap, and always eat the kind of breakfast food that keeps them fit, and whose taste in corsets, bathing costumes and stockings is supposed to be the last word? Well, here are seven girls who are actual models for some of the most famous advertisements. They look so pretty in real life that we almost feel inclined to try their corsets and tooth brushes.

theology—at the time when St. Paul and the other New Testament writers wrote their epistles.

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# Amazing Energy of LADY ISAACS

## Canberra is Deadly Dull in the Winter Time, But Not For Her.

(From Our Canberra Correspondent)

Vice-Royalty is establishing precedents at Canberra these days.

Although the Capital is always more or less deserted during the Parliamentary recesses—especially when the chilly winter winds are blowing down from the snow-capped hills—the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs spend most of the "off-seasons" here.

THERE have been occasions, of course, when official duties have called them away, but they have always hastened back as soon as possible, which seems to point to the fact that even if Public servants and their wives are inclined to complain about Canberra's "splendid isolation," their Excellencies like it, summer or winter.

Lady Isaacs is a remarkable personality. Her life is strenuous and tiring, for there is always a full round of official, semi-official, or social functions to be attended to, but the charming Lady of Government House manages to find time for recreation and private affairs at all times.

Very few parliamentarians could tell their electors how cold Canberra is in the winter time, for, by accident or design, Parliament seldom sits between autumn and spring. Lady Isaacs, however, could tell more than the average Canberra resident of the bitterly cold morning frosts, the ice-crusted grass, and the pneumonia-charged breezes.

THIS sounds rather sweeping, but it is a fact, for Lady Isaacs has led the way to the Royal Canberra golf links on more than one frosty morning this winter.

Yarralumla, where Government House is situated, is

about five miles from the city, but distance means nothing to Lady Isaacs when a game of golf in the bracing—perhaps too bracing—morning air is an entry in her engagement book.

Her second winter pastime, croquet, provides afternoon recreation, and her Excellency is what the cricket writers would call a stylish player.

In summer the Vice-Regal party, rather than cause any inconvenience to the public, visits the delightful swimming pool during the lunch hour, when the doors are always closed to everyone but the most distinguished visitors. The daily swim before afternoon engagements is a regular entry in Lady Isaacs' book during the Capital's long, mild summer.

THERE is no more energetic social figure in Canberra than her Excellency, but she never allows her private recreations to interfere with her interest in charitable and social movements, in which she is a natural leader.

No charity is too small to attract her interest, and no rush of social functions is too heavy to prevent her from giving Vice-Regal patronage to movements for the public good. In establishing this record, Lady Isaacs has endeared herself to the public of the official capital.

# DIVORCE Changes

(FROM PAGE 1)

IN the Sydney Divorce Court last week Mr. Justice Pike held that he could not assume adultery had taken place because the lights had been extinguished in a house in which a husband paid a nocturnal visit to the woman charged, who was his housekeeper before his marriage.

In still another case last week Mr. Justice Boyce granted a divorce to a woman in the case of Lamb v. Lamb, in which the jury had found

adultery proved against both wife and husband.

"The law," said His Honor, "has broadened of late years, and, although it was always recognised that free rein must not be allowed for the passions of the individual, circumstances might be taken into consideration which would incline the court to sever the matrimonial tie."

In that case an undertaking was given on behalf of the wife, that she would never ask for maintenance from her husband.

Dozens of cases have occurred in the past two or three years in which Sydney judges have granted divorces to women who have been forced by cruelty to leave their husbands, and seek the shelter and protection of other men.

Particularly has this been the case where it was shown that the parties living together in this way intended to marry, and where children had been born of the unlawful union.

It is clear that our legislators intended, when framing the Matrimonial Causes Act, that where marriage was shown to be a failure, it should be open to the parties to secure relief from an impossible partnership by dissolution. Experience has shown the wisdom of this, and proved that people who wish to live together will do so, whether the Divorce Court gives them relief from an unhappy union or not.

In England since the war, Lord Birkenhead and other judges, including the president of the Probate and Divorce Jurisdiction (Lord Merrivale), have adopted very modern views in dealing with domestic problems.

It is notable that not a case is recorded in England in the last 10 years where relief has been refused on the ground of delay in instituting the proceedings, although there have been several cases of refusal in New South Wales recently.

Mr. Henry's Bill will seek to increase the grounds for divorce in this State by providing relief in cases where either party to a marriage has been an inmate of an asylum for insane for three years, and also in cases where a judicial separation has been in force for seven years.



"IT is the woman only who realises what love is, who puts it before body, soul, and honor. A man cannot do that."—E. P. Oppenheim.

I KNOW by my own observation that whenever a wise man plays the fool we may expect that a woman is at the bottom of it.—De Quincey.

IF you can bribe a woman's tongue, you can teach a snake to grind corn.—Edgar Wallace.

TAKING them all round, women need to be taken all round.—Eddie Cantor.

WOMEN are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.—Farquhar.

NEVER believe a woman or an epitaph.—Byron.

MAN is the conqueror—woman is his conquest.—Marie Corelli.

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LADY JULIUS

—Kene Pardon photo.  
LADY JULIUS, wife of Sir George Julius, the eminent Australian scientist and inventor, is modest about her social welfare activities.

She is president of the Newtown branch of the N.S.W. Kindergarten Union, president of the Day Nurseries at Newtown, is also on the board of the Darling Point-Woolahra branch of the Crippled Children's Society, and takes an interest in the Girl Guides.

At present she is assisting in the arrangements for the Picnic ball at the Palais Royal on October 6 for the Far West Children's Health Scheme.



COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

COMMANDER Evangeline Booth, leader of the Salvation Army movement in the United States, will visit Australia next year for the purpose of conducting various congresses.

She is the fourth daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army (William Booth).

She was captain of Great Western Hall, Marylebone, in one of London's roughest quarters. Later she served as Field Commissioner in charge of all corps work in the British Isles, and travelled extensively, facing riots and opposition at Eastbourne and Torquay.

She has had charge of the International Officers' Training College, London, and later became Territorial Commander for Canada and Newfoundland.

Miss Booth has conducted Salvation Army campaigns in Japan and Europe, and was appointed to the Order of the Founder in 1930. This is a Salvation Army honor awarded for outstanding service.



MISS ELSA CORRY

ELSA CORRY, the 22-year-old Bowral girl, who, in the opinion of John Brownlee and Peter Dawson, possesses a magnificent voice and a great future. Her opportunity came a few months ago, when a prominent and influential Sydney man heard her singing Gounod's "There is a Green Hill" at St. Jude's Church, Bowral. Her benefactor enlisted the help of Lady Gordon, who has taken a most enthusiastic interest in the young singer, and has formed a provisional committee to help send her abroad. This young dramatic soprano hopes to leave for Paris within six months. She will go well equipped, for she has a repertoire of 120 lieder, eight operas, eight oratorios, and six cantatas. One of her few public appearances will be on the Australian Broadcasting Commission's 2BL programme on Sunday night, September 10.

# MOTHER and CHILD in STRANGE LANDS

**I**N our refined civilisations we forget how much of the world is still living along primitive lines.

Millions of women do daily toil as hard as men, even while nursing their children. As there are no day nurseries and kindergartens in those countries, novel methods of carrying the baby have been evolved.

By JESSIE GREY

**T**HERE are not exactly hundreds of ways whereby a mother may carry her child, but if one were to examine all the human races that inhabit our earth from this point of view, one would be really astounded to discover in how many different ways children are carried.

In many provinces of South America the farmers' wives carry their children in a basket on their head. It is fascinating to observe the sure manner in which the balance of these swaying loads is preserved.

The poor little Indian babies are bound with leather straps on to a sort of wooden plank or shield, which is then fastened over the shoulder or on the back of the mother.

With primitive races it is very seldom that a mother carries her child on her arm, supported against her breast. For the women of tropical lands this method of carriage is far too exhausting, and, therefore, the baby is balanced, straddle-wise, on the mother's hip or shoulder.

Among the numerous Asiatic races, the popular method of carrying a child is as follows: The mother binds a piece of cloth around her offspring's body and ties the ends of the cloth firmly around her neck or shoulders. Bound in this fashion, the infant rests on its mother's back, hip, or waist, retaining meanwhile complete freedom of movement.

Mother and child! Ever old and ever new theme for the artist whose work, however, never equals that of Mother Nature.

*Babies Have to be Carried to Work when there are no Kindergartens*



AUSTRALIAN GNS and their babies photographed in Central Australia. The babies are mostly carried on shoulders or on the hip.



A YOUNG Grecian mother with her child.

At right: IN JAPAN the baby is carried on the back, fastened by hands. Although one may now see prams in Japanese cities, still most of the mothers remain true to the ancient custom and carry their child on their back.



IN JAVA the women do the hardest work without putting the infant down.



AT RIGHT: The Abyssinian woman carries her child in a cloth around her waist, thus allowing the child ample freedom of movement.



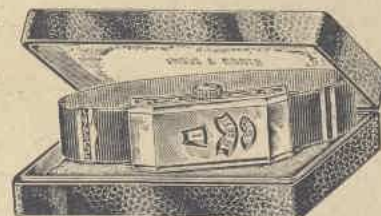
HINDOO beggar-women carry their offspring, fastened in cloths, on their hips.



AT RIGHT: With the Indians, the child is strapped on a sort of shield, with leather bands, the whole being then fastened on the woman's back.

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## TOO MANY Female Cliques?



PARLIAMENT HOUSE

## BLIGHT Chances of WOMEN in UPPER HOUSE

AS a matter of fact, it is women themselves, not men, who stand in the light of the women's cause, he says.

"In a general election, any woman who likes can present herself. If she is unworthy she doesn't succeed, and no harm is done," he continued. "In the case of the Legislative Council, however, so that the voting problem may be to some degree solved, it is hoped to limit the list of nominees, leaving a vacancy for only one, or, at most, two women."

"As the women's organisations are all sponsoring candidates, the question arises, which one shall be favored?"

"It is felt that, however one may dislike the truth, Sydney women are still so horribly 'cliquey' that, instead of being thankful that any representative of their sex has been chosen, they will be at the men's throats clawing with envy and jealousy."

"Nor is that the worst. For, as women so far have not made any very successful onslaught on the political field,

Most intelligent men to-day, according to a prominent Minister, want to give women a chance in any sphere they desire, not only because they think it tactful to humor the class that comprises half their electorates, but because if the women are really so earnest about it, how could the men be so cruel as to blight their chances."

probably the woman nominee would receive hardly any votes, thus in the end getting the men into trouble all round."

### Mrs. Littlejohn on the Prospects

Although the United Associations have been busy submitting names of their members for nomination as candidates for the Reformed N.S.W. Upper House, the president of the Associations, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, is not exactly hopeful of the results, but is determined to fight doggedly for the feminist movement.

Speaking at a meeting of the members recently she said: "Every member of the House has been asked to nominate a woman for the Upper House."

## 26 GRAND Operas BROADCAST Next MONTH

TWENTY-SIX performances of Grand Opera are to be given over the National network from Sydney studios by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, commencing the first week in October.

The productions will be under the direction of Maestro Wando Aldrovandi and Signor Izal, who is training a chorus of 40 voices. Maestro Aldrovandi was the conductor for the last J. C. Williamson Imperial Grand Opera Company. Signor Izal took leading roles in many of the operas during that season, and was also responsible for the training of the chorus.

The principal tenor will be Lionello Cecil (Cecil Sherwood), a Sydney man who has been one of Italy's leading singers for the last ten years. He has a repertoire of 50 operas, and first leapt into fame by taking Alessandro Bonci's place in "The Barber of Seville," at Turin. He is often heard in the opera houses of Turin, Naples, Milan, and Rome, and is one of the few foreign tenors who have maintained a position in Italy.

Cecil is already known to Australians through his recordings in "Madame Butterfly" and "La Traviata."

It is the intention of the organisers to present several little-known works as well as old favorites. Among the comparatively new operas to be heard will be Bolto's "Mefistofele," "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli), "Il Tabarro," "Sour Angelica," "Gianni Schicchi" (Puccini), "Pearl Fishers" (Bizet), and "Iris" (Mascagni).

It is possible that Australian operas will also be performed.

Hope is a good commodity, but it pays no dividends. We are still living in hope and we will not die in despair, for the one word that feminists do not know how to spell is 'defeat.'

The Education Circle of the U.A.P. comprised mainly of office-bearers of the women's branches took a ballot before sending in its list of names for suggested nominees to the Upper House.

There were fifteen candidates. Miss Preston Stanley topped the poll with Mrs. Glencross second. Other successful candidates were Mrs. R. R. S. MacKinnon, Mrs. Glanville, Mrs. Ashburner, and Mrs. Lavery.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



### THEIR REAL NAMES

MARY NOLAN IS MARY IMOGENE WILSON ROBERTSON.  
JOYCE COMPTON IS ELEANOR HUNT.

## Women DOCTORS HAVE Made GOOD

The Medical School, Sydney University, is celebrating its jubilee this year.

The occasion will be marked by festivities in the Great Hall on September 23, and the opening of the new medical building on September 29.

Women will take part in the celebration—women who helped to break down the prejudice against members of their sex entering the profession, and who are now recognised leaders in the various branches of medicine and surgery.

## Despite Sex Prejudice

THE Medical School for the first few years of its existence was essentially a male domain. But ten years after it was established a woman graduated in medicine and was the first member of her sex to do so in Australia.

There were actually two women graduates in 1893: Ida Coghlan was the first and Grace Beale the second. Two women from Melbourne University, Constance Stone and Janet Craig, graduated about the same time.

It seems absurd in these days to think that there was for a long time an animated and at times heated discussion as to whether women should be admitted to study medicine, but such was actually the case. Sex prejudices had to be broken down.

It was held that it would be useless to allow the State to spend so much money in training a woman who would

hospital residents, were largely responsible for the efficiency of the big pathological department at Prince Alfred Hospital. Dr. Lee Day is there now, following in their footsteps.

Other names could be added, and among them Dr. Leila Keating, who has an X-ray practice, and Dr. Sibire, who specialises in psychiatry.

The names of Dr. Harriet Biffin, Dr. Lucy Gullett, and Dr. Susie O'Reilly are among the best known in private practice, but the list of such is too big to mention.

The women doctors of this State have established a lasting memorial to their work and executive ability in the Rachel Forster Hospital. This hospital is unique in many ways, particularly in regard to finance. It has never been in debt.

### Rachel Forster Hospital

In 1921 Dr. Lucy Gullett and Dr. Emma Buckley visited Melbourne for the annual

meeting of the Queen Victoria Hospital, an institution conducted by women doctors. This visit inspired them, and they decided to have a similar hospital in N.S.W.

Dr. Buckley married shortly after her return to Sydney, and Dr. Harriet Biffin joined with Dr. Gullett in the pioneering work, but they were assisted by numerous colleagues, including Doctors Harper, Little, Susie O'Reilly, Beveridge, Cunningham, Mona Ross, Leonard, Newton, Tabrett, Helen Braye, and Hamilton.

The hospital was established in 1922 at Surry Hills. It was in an unpretentious old-fashioned house, and the women doctors did a great deal of the manual work, including whitewashing, in order to save expense.

The progress and development of the hospital from that old house to the fine building it occupies to-day at Redfern makes interesting reading.

To-day it is a complete hospital unit, and last year it treated 10,093 individual patients.

In addition to its medical work the hospital is a centre of social service, and has been a veritable Godsend to hundreds of poor families during recent years.

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# The GIRL Who GOT ON

Dick was "such a lamb"—some might even have thought him a sheep.

By  
Charles Dudley  
Ward

**T**HE touring company was assembled in a room on the first floor of a second-rate public-house. Some sat on chairs, some on a trestle table, some leaned their backs against the greasy discoloured walls. Valerie stared at a scantily dressed girl with a

woolly lamb in her arms. Mr. Ebenezer Dunkleigh faced the company. He was a clean-shaven man, thin, with a bald head and slack carriage; the forward thrust of his head and his stooping shoulders gave him an aggressive appearance.

But at that moment he wished to conciliate, to look honest, to show that his color was white. He had a deep rolling voice; he spoke with a Cockney accent.

The company listened in silence, their faces expressionless. They did not think of him in terms of color, but as a blank.

He paused. He had received no encouragement, and his oratory was not equal to the occasion. He felt that his speech was a "flop." He looked round the circle of mummies—no one spoke.

With jerky, nervous movements he took a crumpled packet of cigarettes from his waistcoat pocket, tapped one on the back of his hand. As he held a lighter to it his hand trembled, and he snapped out the little flame, whipped the cigarette from his mouth, and gave an impatient twist to his whole body.

"You can't get blood out of a stone," he said, turned on his heel and left them.

The silence that followed his departure was broken by the Juvenile Lead. "I think it's time," said he, "to have a beer!" Then everyone began to talk.

The Juvenile Lead rattled down the stairs to the bar; Valerie Orme and Dick Crocodile followed him, but passed out into the street.

"Well," said Valerie, "my married aunt always told me I was looking for trouble when I went on the stage!"

Her eyes were bright; her cheeks were flushed, and she held herself erect; she did not feel crushed.

But she felt hunted; she was pursued by visions of cold, wet streets, and hunger; of dirt, rags, degradation, prison! She always associated poverty with prison. She wanted to run, to dodge; but where? How?

A mirthless sound came from Dick. "How d'you stand when you've paid your dues?" he asked.

She shrugged her slim shoulders. "My dear, I shan't have a bean!"

"That's all right," he mumbled. "I can manage the fare for you."

"Oh, Dick, you're a lamb!" She squeezed his arm as they strolled along the dirty main street of the North Country town. "I can't afford to say No!"

Gratitude welled from her heart. It was as though the last link of friendship had been forged between her and Dick. He responded to the warm pressure of her arm within his, the conveyed trust and affection.

"You're the dearest kid I've ever met. I want you to look on me as a pal—a real pal!"

"You're all that, Dick!" They had met as fellow-members of a revue touring company, and Dick had fallen in love—such things happen to stage folk, and sometimes lead to marriage, and sometimes to divorce.

**V**ALERIE knew that Dick was in love with her, and she liked him very much—quite enough, she thought, to marry him. He had not asked her to marry him, and if he had she would have refused; but if he had been in possession of private money, or even of a position on the stage, she might have consented—he was such a lamb!

He was a kind, thoughtful darling, good-looking without being exciting—not a riot of fun, but pleasing. Yes, she could marry Dick!

Their friendship was a trusting intimacy; they were like two children of equal age. They knew all about each other, they had no secrets from each other.

The possibility that Dick might desert her in the midst of this catastrophe did not present itself to Valerie—that would not have been Dick! On the other hand, her thoughts did not at once jump to him as a rescuer with money in his hour of stress.

His offer was another proof of the devotion that she knew was sincere and unselfish; it was a natural and

inevitable offer, although she had not thought of it.

She felt a happy warmth, as though a protecting cloak had been thrown round her; and it was Dick's cloak, something that she could wear without embarrassment. She squeezed his arm. They both passed through a moment of choking sentiment.

They were charming youngsters, well educated—unnecessarily well educated for revue; but the output of educated young people is large, and they can't all be scientists, politicians, or clergymen (the higher professions for the good of mankind), or even lawyers, stockbrokers, bankers, or tradesmen.

Within the limits of the lower professions it is possible to be earnest and ambitious, and both Dick and Valerie were earnest and ambitious. The yearning for success is the great illusion of youth.

Their predicament was not entirely unforeseen. Ebenezer Dunkleigh had been suspect from the first; older members of "the profession" had uttered warnings—at least those who were working in assured rags had shaken their heads.

But "the profession" is optimistic; in its history many a fortune has been founded by a bold gambler starting with nothing; and at least 75 per cent. of "the profession" are always looking for jobs, ready to grab at anything.

So, in spite of his reputation, Ebenezer found no difficulty in gathering a company together, and

## WARNING

If you should tire of me, my dear,  
Before I tire of you,  
Why, I shall weep a few sad tears—  
As you expect me to.

But if you think that I will sit  
Alone, at home, forsaken,  
Rehashing tender memories,  
You're pretty much mistaken.

I'll make up quite seductively,  
Wear gold, perhaps, or blue;  
I'll add alluring earrings  
That I used to wear for you.

I'll put the drop of perfume  
Just behind my ear  
That invites a man to whisper  
Things that women like to hear.

Oh, I will be my loveliest;  
There's nothing that I'll lack,  
And then I'll do my dullest, dear,  
To try to get you back!

—Virginia Ledy.

starting his venture with their hearty good wishes. He had managed to pay them for seven weeks; and then, with a white man's gesture, he had announced the bloodless nature of stones.

In the ordinary course of events Dick would not have saved a penny. He wanted so much—a new suit, shoes, socks, boots. But, being in love, he had wished to give Valerie something—he didn't know what—and had commenced to hoard his weekly

balance, a matter of a few shillings. This money he now considered hers.

Valerie, out of her two pounds ten shillings a week, had been obliged to purchase a pair of shoes, some stockings, and a dress-length.

They were in a tight corner, but Dick was in a state of elation. His own condition did not matter so long as he could serve her; his devotion was wholehearted and Valerie his one thought. His attitude towards the world underwent a complete change—singleness of purpose in a ruthless destroyer.

Dick was a clean-living young man, an honorable young man. He had never done anything shady in his life—the necessity had not arisen; for although he might, while penniless, order a suit of clothes, he shared with his tailor an honorable hope.

But to shoot the moon was dishonorable; he had never disputed the right of landlord or lady to secure the rent due. This sense of morality was still with him, but active on Valerie's behalf.

In their desperate situation no word of reproach must be uttered against Valerie, no shadow of suspicion fall on her. Therefore, she must, without question, pay her landlady—but Dick had no intention of paying his!

There is no doubt that the state of a man's mind, when he's in love, is dishonorable. He is an active danger to his fellow-men—for to a lover the supreme needs, the supreme rights, are those of his mistress, and the world in general is rudely treated.

Dick had sufficient money to pay his landlady, and the two fares to London—he would actually have had a small balance—but Valerie in London would need a room, food, and

pocket-money until she had secured another job. He would have robbed a bank for Valerie, and his landlady was not so difficult.

He arranged that Valerie should settle her bill while he dealt with his, and that they should meet at the railway station. As he walked alone towards his lodgings he viewed the problem with the callousness of a burglar who plans to crack a crib.

He knew that Ebenezer's affairs were no secret to the theatrical landladies, and that his own landlady was watching him with care. He would never get his suitcase out of the house unless he paid. He dodged into a shop and bought a ball of string.

Sure enough, on entering the mean-looking house where he lodged he saw



Illustrated  
by  
Boothroyd

From her position in the chorus she beamed on Adie whenever she saw him—he never saw her.

his landlady, Mrs. Andrews, in the soiled clothes and apron of household drudgery, and with one of her husband's old caps on her head; she appeared at the kitchen door.

(Please turn to Page 36)





It's Spring  
in Farmer's  
Windows.

55/- 69/6

Both have that something different — AND ALSO NOTE **FARMER'S** moderate Prices

You know as well as we do that a swagger coat has to have SOMETHING different about it. Well both of these have that "something" and, if you ask us, they are pretty pointed hints of Farmer's value when you look at these two prices. So your best bet is to come to the source of supply, and look at the coats.

UTILITY SWAGGER at the left... for any frock or occasion; brown, beige, black, navy. **55/-** S.S.W., S.W. and W. CHECK SWAGGER at right is in light-weight wool. Brown and white. Black and white. **69/6** S.S.W. and S.W.

Make an immediate Lay-By

## MANNEQUIN TEAS

Commence Monday—One Week Only

Sydney's loveliest society girls will parade. There will be a "Hollywood Tea Party," but Farmer's are keeping that as a surprise. Two sessions daily. 1/6 includes lunch at 12.30 session or "tea" at 3.15 session. Also Friday Night Dinner at 6. No extra for booking at Ground Floor Information Bureau.



**WHITE**  
or "not all white"

You'll need to know your own mind when you see Farmer's array. Will it be hard to make up your mind? Just wait till you see them. As hot weather is liable to bring out all sorts of eccentricities in feet it's comforting to know that Farmer's recommends the comfort of these shoes... THE "COURT" combines white nubuck and black calf. Price 37/6 THE PERFORATED Swagger Sandal, white or sunburst brown calf, 27/9 MOST OF FARMER'S SHOES ARE IN HALF SIZES — 2 to 7

Remember Farmer's easy Lay-By

## Australian WOMEN and HITLER

"An Australian Woman" lodges a protest against Hitler on behalf of Australia. She writes:—

LAST week I was interested but a little shocked to read about an Australian woman, Frau Scharer, married to a German, who has become a prominent Nazi worker.

I quite understand that the principle of your paper is to publish facts, without comment, and in following out this ideal, you felt it your duty to tell us the story of this woman, and let us draw our own conclusions.

Now I am going to give you mine, and I want you to publish them... in fairness to Australian women. I feel pretty hot about the subject because I think it is a disgraceful thing to see the fair name of Australian women linked with the Nazis.

Anyone who reads the papers has been disgusted by the doings of Hitlerites. Barbarism has been let loose, and when ever men are allowed to run wild, either in War or Peace, it is the women who always suffer. Decent German women have been in Hell... I know, because I have friends with relatives there. Moreover, I have followed Nazi doings closely since Hitler came to power, and I could give you a list of assaults on women, so disgraceful that they would be hard to believe, had not reports come from such reliable sources as the London "Times" and the "Manchester Guardian."

"Never once since she left Melbourne, at the age of 18, has she been able to make a return trip," your article reads. I find it in my heart to pity this poor woman who has been denied the atmosphere of her own fine nation all her life. Australia is a big country for a big people.

We may be twenty-five years behind the times, but when I see what is happening in Europe and other "up-to-the-minute" countries, I say "Thank God we are!"

I want to protest against this Frau Scharer calling herself an Australian. She has renounced her nationality, not only legally but spiritually, and in doing so I am afraid she has thrown over the heads of fair play, toleration, and good-will to all men which are the Christian foundations of an Australian's outlook.



## BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

BACHELOR (dreamily): Sometimes I yearn for the peace and comfort of married life.

Married Friend (wistfully): I always do.

SMITH: Have you noticed by the statistics that there are many more accidents to cars than to trains?

Jones: Well, you never see the engine-man on a train with his arm around the fireman's waist, do you?

A COUNTRY man in a music shop saw an article, the purpose of which he could not understand.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"That is a chin rest," said the assistant, "much used by lady violinists."

"Oh, give me one of them," said the country man. After a pause, he added: "I'll take two, mister; her mother lives with me."

TEACHER: Well, sonny, how old are you?

Sonny: I don't really know, teach; when I was born my mother was 26, but now she is 24.

HE: This ring is a symbol of my great love for you—it has no ending.

SHE: It is also a symbol of my love for you—it has no beginning!

YOUNG B. Sc.: Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date. Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree.

Old Cocky: Cripes, so would I; it's a pear-tree!

**DON'T ARGUE**  
**EAT**  
**PINEAPPLE**  
**PORK SAUSAGES**

SOLD IN 11b PACKETS, NEVER SOLD LOOSE

## Our Dogs

HE'S such a tiny little fellow to have come down through the ages from such husky forebears, once used with success as shepherd and watch dogs in Pomerania, Germany.

The dark days of the thirteenth century saw artists painting his likeness on illuminated manuscripts. Even the catacombs of Rome show traces of his image carved in stone.

The less there is of him, the more he's worth. Under eight pounds, a Pom. is an acquisition—under five, a treasure—three, or less—words fail us!

You'd think that delicate head hadn't room for brains or loyalties—but you'd be wrong.

He knows with crystal clarity what he wants, and what you want.

He can't take care of you—he'd like to—but he makes a warm spot in your heart taking care of him.



The Pomeranian

He can't eat burglars, but he lets you know they're about.

He doesn't yap unless you are a rotten manager.

His longevity is amazing, and he retains his "zip" to a grand old age.

He isn't a cat—he's a DOG!

## READY for HOLLYWOOD

Brian Norman and Gwen Munro, the two lucky young Australians to win the Paramount Australian Women's Weekly "Search for Beauty" film contest, are gradually winding up a series of social engagements in Melbourne and getting ready to sail for America, and Hollywood.

MR. NORMAN arrives back in Sydney this week. He will spend the last days of his time in Australia with his parents at Chatswood.

It is a great adventure these two are embarking upon, and now that the time draws closer for them to leave Australia they are relishing every little minute spent with their friends and relatives in their home towns.

Miss Munro will not arrive in Sydney until September 18. It is hoped that she will be able to make a public appearance before she leaves so that Sydney people can wish her luck.

## Concerning Ourselves

IT is some time since my last chat about our paper. I have been very busy planning new features, and will shortly have an announcement of extraordinary interest to make.

In the meantime I have two very interesting newcomers to our staff to introduce this week.

YOU all know that the big Randwick races and Melbourne Cup carnival are approaching!

Well, I know that most women and girls take an interest in these classic events. I have therefore arranged for "Jocelyn," a woman horse-lover, to write a weekly article for our sports pages about the latest gossip and whippers from the stables and track.

AND now meet Miss Truby King, daughter of the world-famous authority on maternity and baby welfare, Sir Truby King.

Miss Truby King will in future contribute the feature article "For Mothers And Young Wives," which has hitherto been written by a doctor.

We have all thought that this feature needs something more than a purely medical viewpoint, and feel sure that Miss Truby King will show a sympathetic understanding, as well as the most advanced clinical knowledge.

Our doctor will continue to interest us with his other feature, "What My Patients Ask Me."

—THE EDITOR.



Just blue water instead of plain water for the last rinse! But what a difference it makes to the whiteness of your wash—that one simple rinse.

**Reckitt's BLUE**  
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!



LIKE Porphyria's lover, Bill had found a thing to do. It was the hardest thing that a cave man could do. The concluding chapters of this thrilling serial tell how well he succeeded.

Illustrated  
by  
WEP



CHAPTER XXXIV.

## The Painter of the Hour

LILLIAN had not intended to go to the salon to-day to see again her picture, "Après la guerre," the picture that had won her fame at last; but a painter often experiences the hypnotic fascination of his last work, loving that picture as he never could love anything else, and longing to be doing nothing else but looking at it, for as he looks he sees what he saw before, when he was painting it, and thus he can slip back into that old heavenly condition and lose himself again, and be happy and dematerialised, sitting and gazing at his canvas day after day, and never wearying of it.

A beautiful girl stood before "Après la guerre" to-day, and Lillian noticed in a flash how her red-brown hair curled round the clear red and white cheeks of a Greuze-like charm. She had great brown eyes, sorrowful and dreamy, and ripe scarlet lips that pointed in the middle. Her marvellous frocking, costly, yet simple, deepened her beauty.

The girl was holding the arm of a shabby old woman whom she patted and patted through the crush, while a still shabbier man in grey moved stiffly along with them, but just a little apart.

"One must fight for it, n'est ce pas, to see the New Zealand picture," the girl murmured gaily as the crowd beat round them.

The picture was as large and unafraid as a Rubens landscape. It showed you a long, white road disappearing like a white thread into far distance, and some men on horseback, their action not arrested. In a sprawling gig in the near foreground were five passengers. The tall, fair mail-man was tossing out the mail into the empty road for the unseen house, miles back among the trees. His action was not arrested. The passengers were real. They all sat talking to each other. Their handling was immense. But the mail-man was the central figure. Somehow, by the set of his bones showing through his old clothes, you knew he was a soldier once in high command, though now that the war was over he drove a gig at the end of the world, carried parcels, and

tossed out the mails. The background was all poetry, most exquisitely painted, of green, dripping rimus and blue volcanic mountains, and wide, blue, running streams.

"Who painted that?" said the shabby man hoarsely.

"No. 33, 'Après la guerre'—L. Desmond."

Bill lifted his head from his programme and looked round—he never knew why.

At first he thought he was dreaming.

How often this dream had come to him!

There, staring at him, was Lillian.

Practical always, even in this wildest moment, he made one long step towards her and caught her by the arm so that she should not escape except by evaporating before his eyes.

"Mother, it's Lillian!"

"Why, so it is! It's Lillian. How are you, Lillian?"

Ma, calm and unburied in the midst of all the racket, was like an island in a shipwreck. She was just the same old Ma. It would not have been surprising if Puss and Joey had appeared at her side.

"I'm nicely messed only for the lankwich. How's yourself, Lillian?" said Ma.

"I'll slip round to the chemist's," murmured Germaine to Ma. "I won't be long. I come home soon."

"Let's get out," breathed Bill between his teeth.

He held on to Lillian like grim death. "Please don't make a scene," she said faintly.

"Come, then!"

"People are watching."

"Let 'em damn well watch. Here's a taxi. Get in!"

Two minutes and they were at the hotel.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## After Long Grief and Pain

"WHEN are you going to begin?" said Bill. "You must have a good deal to say!"

They were alone in Bill's hotel sitting-room now.

Alone in Paris, they two, alone in Paris.

"I—I never intended to say it. I hoped I never should have to," said Lillian weakly.

"I dare say you did. But I'm waiting! I'm only a fool of a colonial—a peasant—a yokel. But still you did marry me, you know. And even a peasant has the right to demand an explanation from the wife who has deserted him for years without a cause."

"I can never come back to you," she whispered feebly. After a pause, "There is a cause," she added.

"There is a cause, is there?" said Bill. "Well, what is it?"

Her lunatic thoughts, trying to calm themselves, said, "I wonder how Joey and Puss are, and Sharp!"

Bill was overcome with fury. He had never known anything like it in his life, this fury of his.

"Joey was burnt up in the fire. He cost Arthur Ransome his life! If you'd been there it would never have happened."

"Arthur Ransome! Is he dead?"

She fell back among the cushions. "Yes, Ransome is dead. What has that got to do with you?" said Bill. But she was unconscious.

Bill took off her hat, put her feet up, and placed a cushion under her head.

He rang for brandy, and, until it arrived, he stood up and fanned her; but he did not wet her forehead; he did not touch her at all. He would not. He could not.

Staring at her as she lay there under his eyes, he saw how she had changed.

She had grown very thin, and her hair had an annoying, dull look that came from the grey creeping over the gold. Her mouth was sorrowful and tired. The laughter that used to lurk there seemed to have been blown right away by some heavy darkling agent.

A horrified feeling attacked Bill. Like that, did she look! Like that! It was awful. He had never imagined her as anything but lovely and radiant.

Even after the brandy he had a hard job to bring her round.

"So cold!" she murmured childishly. He had to fossick for a rug and cover her up.

And then she shut her eyes and fell asleep, and he had to sit there and watch her sleeping.

Lighting a cigarette, he smoked and tried to think coherently.

He had found her. She was here. She was never coming back to him. She said there was a cause.

And here she lay with her eyes shut after two years, and she had told him nothing at all.

"When are you going to begin?" said Bill. "You must have a good deal to say."

drove through the crowded boulevards under the flickering chestnut trees, and the pretty ladies inside the equipages smiled daintily with their carmined lips under their wonderful little veils, and their bright glances proclaimed that woman was ruler again, indestructible, in spite of all man's bloody years of marring most.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## He Is Dead Now

SLOWLY, with a fluttering of her long eyelashes, Lillian opened her eyes at last.

It might have been that night of the earthquake, away in World's End. She was staring up into the same face as she slowly returned to earth. And the same voice was asking, "Feel better now?"

"Bill, I'll tell you. You can never guess. Even now I can't make myself believe it happened to me. And it's War. Yes, War! What fools people are to imagine that war is over, and what it did, and what it means."

"What are you driving at? Anyway, you're driving me mad."

She said chokingly—"I married Arthur Ransome!"

In a numb kind of voice Bill repeated, "Arthur Ransome!"

"Yes, he didn't die. He was Olaf Carstairs, my first husband."

"Didn't die?"

"No. He wasn't killed! When he fell flying somewhere near Strasbourg, in Alsace, he was smashed badly. The Germans picked him up and kept him. I didn't know. I thought he was dead. They told me he was dead. He wasn't dead!"

"Get on with it, will you?"

"Yes, I know. It's awful! I thought he was dead, and I married Peter Desmond. Peter was killed. Everybody was being killed then. And afterwards I came away to the end of the world. And I married you. And then one day I met Olaf out there in the South Island. I nearly died with the shock. I found he didn't know me. He didn't know he'd been married before. He had lost his memory. He didn't know who he was. In the German confusions he had been wrongly identified with a dead ace. He had married again. He knew nothing about me at all."

Bill's face was drawn and yellow, showing by his pallor how he hated this ghastly story.

"Why did you go away from me?"

"What else could I do? He had brought out a young wife who didn't know anything."

Her handkerchief, wet with her tears, was rolled like a ball between her hot hands.

"But you left me!"

"What else could I do? I thought and thought and thought. At the last I thought I was going mad."

"Why didn't you tell me? I can't understand."

(Please turn to Page 8)

By LOUISE MACK Author of "Teens Triumphant"

"Here, wake up," Bill said (in his thoughts).

And (in his thoughts) he shook her.

"Wake up, wake up! I am waiting. I want your explanation. I have waited these damnable years!" He shook her again, harder (in his thoughts). "This is no time to sleep. Wake up!"

But, in reality, he sat dead still, looking at her and saying nothing at all.

Down below, Paris, after long grief and pain, was laughing her lovely laugh of spring.

Hundreds of carriages, electric landaulettes, motor cars of all kinds,



"I would have meant such an abominable smash all round." Bill laughed harshly.

"Wasn't your going an abominable smash? No, I can't understand why you didn't tell me."

"For you and me it was an abominable smash, but not for them," she said sadly.

"You put them before me!"

"No, I did not. But I put Olaf and his wife, and you, all into it, and I saw the awfulness all round that must follow my telling. You and I were not married. We couldn't go on living together."

"You could have divorced him, and it would have been all right."

"I wouldn't. I would have had to divorce you first. And then Olaf would have had to divorce his wife. And then I would have had to divorce Olaf. And perhaps the law would not have allowed me to divorce Olaf. You can't divorce a man because you thought he was dead, and he wasn't. He was a prisoner."

"You could have divorced him for unfaithfulness in marrying again."

"But I married Peter Desmond before Olaf married that young girl."

"Then he could have divorced you!"

## EVE'S DAUGHTER

"Well, I couldn't face it. That's about it. I went away."

"You couldn't have done anything more rotten, and more exactly like a woman, with the everlasting blind spot in her make-up. And somehow I always knew that blind spot was there. You would never have married me if you hadn't had that blind spot in your brain."

It was as though fish-hooks tore at her heart, dragged by Bill.

Then she realised that she had failed to make him understand one particular thing, and one most vital thing. She had failed to make him understand the part played, in her nightmare, by Arthur Ransome's young wife. She began explaining again, her pale face upturned, with a desperately pleading look in the turquoise eyes.

"Bill, Olaf married a French girl."

"What the devil do I care who he married?"

"A young French girl. She loved him. She believed in him. She left her country for him. She came out to the end of the world for him. She was

alone, and a girl, and French!"

"What the devil . . ." said Bill.

"I love the French. They were so wonderful in the War. And they're the greatest living artists."

"This is the funniest thing I've ever heard," Bill said to himself, thinking of Germaine.

"What the devil has that got to do with this," he said aloud . . .

"I'm trying to make you understand that I couldn't hurt her because she was French."

"I was your husband, yet you didn't care how you hurt me."

"You were not my husband. That was just it."

"You mean that, therefore, you didn't care how I felt?"

"No, I don't mean that!"

They stopped. The thing overwhelmed them. It was too gigantic. Four lives intertwined with such horrible complication all by the fault of nobody at all!

"That was life, was it?"

Sadly they sat there, gazing at the skeleton that had stepped out of its fair and frilly garments, and stood naked and boney before them, pointing towards their common fate—the grave.

Lillian recovered first. She sat up. She smoothed out her grey skirt with two long, white, delicate hands. She whispered, with a manner that tried to be natural:

"The girl with you to-day is pretty, Bill."

"I've provided for her," said Bill gruffly. "There's no need to worry about her."

"Provided?"

"Well, I had to! For her and the baby."

"Baby?"

"Didn't you know there was a baby?"

Just at that very identical moment

(Continued from Page 7)

moment his Dad took him he'd go off to sleep like a little angel."

"It's asleep," whispered Bill.

"You tripped in with it, Billy, and put it in its cradle, and I'll come along with the dummy."

Next moment Lillian found herself alone in the room.

Something raged and gnawed at her heart.

Suddenly something drove her with swift stealth out of the room, and into the lift just outside the door, and away, away to her little flat across the river Seine.

### CHAPTER XXXVII Paris and Springtime

BILL, in a big overcoat, came inside slowly, closed the door behind him, and stood and looked at Lillian.

She was in her grey princess frock, without the short grey coat, which she had removed on coming indoors.

A long, slim figure in grey, she stood swaying a little.

Marks of tears were on her cheeks, the turquoise eyes were ringed with dark smudges, the lips trembled every now and then.

Quickly Bill removed his overcoat.

"You must not run away again! Do you hear? It's the height of folly. We must talk! But I'm going to light your fire. It's very cold here."

He didn't say, "Where's the wood?" or "Where are the matches?"

He took off his coat, slung it aside, looked round, found everything, and went down on his knees.

In three minutes the fire was blazing and leaping in Lillian's very special English fireplace.

"Now we can talk," said Bill. "We've got to have it out. But you look very wan. Have you had anything to eat? Shall I make you some tea?"

"Just trouble," she said coldly.

Without a word he set about making tea.

He found her little black and blue tea-caddy and her wee teapot.

He fished the thin French loaf-sugar out of her cupboard, and two big breakfast cups in willow pattern.

(Please turn to Page 12)



## Add Beauty... with Clustering Ringlets

This beautiful model poses for the camera with one of our Andreé Waves. It depicts the new Coiffure, brushed from the forehead, and falling into soft natural waves, with tiny ringlets clustering around the nape of the neck. Under the skillful treatment of expert operators, a perfect wave is given, beautifying and making attractive even the plainest of features. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or refund of money is given with every wave. Price, with ringlet ends as illustrated, only 2/-.

## Famous Andreé Wave

Our genuine Steam Oil Andreé Wave is done on a world-famous machine (we cannot disclose the name owing to cut prices). Specially prepared sockets only are used, giving a wave equally as good, if not better, than other firms are giving for 2/- and 3/-.

15/-



## Be Young Again —New Plastic Mask

How true is the saying that "No one cares about your age if you look young!" And we can make you young . . . we have secured the secret formula, right for a famous plastic beauty mask . . . absolutely painless, with results that are positively amazing. Wrinkles, Crowfeet, Atrophied skin, previously treated with painful lightening process or distressing chemical "peeling" methods, are now amenable with simple ease to this marvellous new beauty treatment. Quality 10/- per treatment. FOR THE DAYS ONLY.

Introductory Offer . . . . . 5/3 per treatment.

Moles, Guaranteed Cured . . . . . 10/6.

Facial Hair . . . . . Single Treatments 5/-, Course 11/1/-.

Corns Painlessly Removed . . . . . 1/-.

RING POST FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT—WE ARE ALWAYS BUSY.

**Buckingham's**  
OXFORD STREET

### BE GLAD

Wear roses in your hair,  
A smile upon your face,  
But keep your sorrow,  
Keep your care,  
Within some hidden place.  
Yes, give the world a smile,  
And give the morn a rose,  
But hide your troubles  
For awhile  
Where no one sees or knows.

Be brave, the more the need,  
Be good, the more the wrong;  
The kindly greeting,  
Kindly deed,  
Will help the world along.  
Yes, give the world your best,  
And hide the worst away,  
Speak only gladness,  
And the rest  
Leave someone else to say.

For joy's a thing to tell  
To all the world so wide,  
But grief to bury  
In a well.  
For hurt's a thing to hide.  
Yes, give the world a song,  
Whatever world you met,  
And all your worry,  
All your wrong,  
You may yourself forget.

—J.B.

Ma knocked at the door, calling, "Let me in, the baby's comforter's in there. Listen to it howling—it's mother's gone to the chemist's to buy some bath powder, and I'm minding the scamp. Open the door!"

Ma came in with a bundle of baby in her arms—a downy, crying thing, all dainty muslins and white silk knittings, smelling of baby powder.

"Take it, Billy, while I look for its comforter," said Ma.

She put the baby into Bill's arms.

The baby smiled and went gladly to Bill.

"Just like you when you was a baby," said Ma. "You always preferred your Dad to your Ma."

Bill took the bundle and cradled its downy head between his cheek and his shoulder, and at once the child stopped crying, soothed by Bill's strong, yet gentle, animalism.

Suddenly Lillian felt like a tigress. She wanted to claw and rend.

With little panting breaths the baby had opened its genuine blue eyes wide and was looking up at the funny face above it, and Bill was tickling it with his finger, and then the baby's face grew funny, too, smiling in gummy sweetness from ear to ear.

It leapt and crowded. It seemed to say: "Bill, tickle me again!"

He gave it his finger to play with, and it fixed its teeth on that, and looked happier than ever.

"It's wonderful how that baby takes to Billy," muttered Ma, still hunting for its comforter. "It takes more to him than to its Ma."

The baby grabbed at Bill's nose, pecked a tiny finger into his mouth, then rolled its downy head comely into his neck, while Bill covered its back comfortably with one big hand.

"Billy was just the same! The

## Enjoy the Beauty Magic of Olive Oil

Nature's own beauty aid

—that's what makes Palmolive green

For 3,000 years no surer safeguard of youthful beauty has been found to compare with the soothing oil of the olive tree. Again and again women have learned the folly of entrusting their complexions to beauty aids of unknown content—and have hurriedly returned to the ever-faithful guardian of tender skins—gentle olive oil.

It is the olive oil that gives Palmolive Soap its natural shade of green—no artificial colour or heavy scent in this famous complexion soap. Enjoy it not merely as your facial soap, but for your bath—for the entire family!



This vial of Olive Oil explains the enthusiasm of beauty experts.

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. When we tell you that no one beauty expert endorses this soap, it is easy to understand why.

**PALMOLIVE**  
SOAP



# COMMERCIAL Work Offers a WIDE SCOPE—Careers for Girls No. 14

One of the biggest fields of employment for girls at the present time is general commercial work. Every month hundreds of girls are absorbed in this field.

The prospects are reviewed in this article, and details given of the training required.

By Our  
Special  
Commissioner



**INQUIRIES** from business men in the City show that the girl regarded as most suitable for a position in a commercial office is one of 16 or 17 years of age, who is educated up to the High School standard, particularly when she has secured an "A" in English. A good knowledge of English not only constitutes an educational background, but in the case of a shorthand writer or correspondence clerk it is essential, because where there is no facility in language a tremendous amount of mental friction is inevitable in that class of work.

It is pleasing to note that the State Schools are now paying more attention to the teaching of English than was the case a few years ago. Neat and legible handwriting is another qualification invariably expected in the commercial world, and will often turn the scale in favor of an applicant for a clerical position.

In many of the State and private schools to-day, commercial subjects, such as shorthand, typewriting, and book-keeping, are available to students, and girls who have not taken these subjects should enter on a course of commercial training at one of the excellent business colleges before seeking employment in a clerical capacity.

So keen is the competition in business to-day that employers have not the time or inclination to train their office clerks in business methods. They expect a good knowledge of office methods and routine as well as proficiency in the use of the typewriter, and, in most cases, a fair ability in shorthand writing as well.

The girl who applies for a position sans these qualifications will find that she is handicapped by the fact that there are scores of other girls available with them, and that the business office has no place for her.

**UNFORTUNATELY**, there is a strong tendency in these times of economic stress for young people to displace older hands in commercial offices. In normal times the routine clerk of 35 or 40, who has been years with a business firm, would be retained in his position, but so keen is competition, and so heavy is taxation, that business men have to reduce their expenses wherever they see an opportunity, and the process is going on continually of weeding out mediocrities and replacing them by young girls trained in commercial office work. Employers find the modern business college girl highly efficient: she is prepared to accept small wages for a start, and, in addition, with experience in the business, the employer looks ahead to the time when she will be able to take much of the burden of detail of his affairs off his shoulders. This untrained clerk, often after years of service, has not shown his capacity to do.

**A REALLY** efficient girl is invaluable in a business office. If treated decently a girl has an inherent loyalty to the other sex, and she brings into the business that loyalty and a personal interest which could not be measured in terms of wages.

A girl can soften a business office a

great deal, and it is generally recognised that the amenities of offices are better because of the presence of women in them.

The commencing wages of girl clerks are small—£1 to 25/- a week is usually offered to commence, but the opportunities for advancement are only bounded by the limitations of the girl herself.

**GIRL** clerks are generally recognised as having a greater capacity for detail than youths, and many employers have found how reliable they are, and how much they can be depended on. Hundreds of girls who have proved their worth are to-day occupying lucrative secretarial and executive positions.

The social opportunities for girls engaged in the commercial offices are unrivalled in any other avocation, and the personal charm and efficiency of girls in business offices very often result in good marriages either with the employer or with the executives of the firm in which she is employed.

The life of an office girl, be she clerk or stenographer, is just as interesting as she likes to make it. The hours are usually from 9 to 5.30, and she gets out of the position just as much as she puts into it. The "clock watcher" gets very little out of her employment, and although she may think she is getting away with it she may rest assured that she is being watched and marked and labelled all the time. Commodities are always reckoned according to the value that is in them, and if a girl finds that her pay envelope is not increasing she will find that usually the reason for it is in herself.

Good looks do not count for much in a business office, and they should not count. Too much artificiality in the matter of lipstick, jewellery, and face powder is not only out of place in a business office, but is actually offensive to business men. A quiet efficiency in dress and courtesy are desirable, and some of the leading business colleges are concentrating to-day on instructing girls in the psychology of how to make the best of themselves in an office, apart from their technical efficiency.

**MANY** mothers of young girls hesitate to allow their daughters to enter the employment of what may be called "one-man businesses." Most men have an inherent respect for women, and in the majority of offices of this class girls are quite safe. They have an additional advantage in entering a small business. They learn the whole of the routine of the business, and as it grows they grow with it, and the opportunity of advancement is often better than with the larger firms. There are, however, a few "one-man businesses" in the city which are black-listed by the reputable business colleges, and under no circumstances will girls be supplied to them, and in every case in which a college student is employed she is advised by the college authorities to return and report to them any circumstance in connection with her employment which she considers offensive to her.

## PRESERVING that Lower's Hints on SYLPH-LIKE Beauty FIGURE Culture

By L. W. LOWER,  
Illustrated by WEP.

Do you want a figure like a bean?

People in all walks of life, and some who find it hard to walk at all, keep pestering me for information on how I preserve my sylph-like figure. I will explain it here, once and for all. After this I don't want to be bothered any more on the subject.

**WITH** me, I suppose, it's a gift. I can reduce my bust measurement by about two inches simply by taking all the things out of my vest pockets. Exercise and diet are the main things.

As regards diet, Marlene Dietrich recommends stoned raisins soaked overnight in lemon juice. I have not tried this, but think it should be good. Ladies who are bad shots should get someone else to stone the raisins for them. Moderate sized stones should be used, and the stoning should take place in the open, where the risk of breakages is less. Oranges and lemons were used in days gone by by the belles of St. Clement's, who found them very beneficial.

### Try a Coconut

Coconuts are good. By the time you have finished one coconut the day is done, the light has fled, and you are

### MEMORIES

Oh the high gods give us in moment

brief

The glories of life away;

But they take their toll in the lonely

tears

Through the barren stretch of the

long, grey years,

And ever the guiltless pay.

There are times for all of us, com-

rades mine,

When the veriest trifles sting;

When a cloud's swift passing across

the blue

Can waken the longing that lives

anew

In the spirit, remembering.

The scent of a rose in a darkened

room,

The lit of an old refrain,

Can bring us the past from the

shadows deep,

That we vainly thought we had

lulled to sleep,

Fraught with the old fierce pain.

The sound of a once familiar song.

The wail of a violin,

Can pierce to the depth of the lis-

tener's heart

Till the pulses thrill, and the hot

tears start

As the old dreams enter in.

The sudden flash of a bird's bright

wings,

A shadow on slopes of green;

Or a moment's glimpse of a white

road flung,

On the hills, at dusk, and the heart

is wrung,

Remembering what has been.

—NELLIE A. EVANS.

too worn out to try to eat anything else. People with tender gums should soak the coconut in warm water before eating, as it softens the shell. Starchy foods, such as potatoes, stiff collars, and dress shirt-fronts, should be avoided.

Exercise should be taken in moderation. Here is a good one for reducing the hips: Stand erect with the hands on top of the head, and slowly raise the left leg to the level of the shoulder. Keep it there for five or ten minutes, then gently lower to the ground. Do this 10 times with the left leg and 10 times with the right leg. Then do it with both legs at once. You will actually feel a difference in your hips almost immediately.

**THERE** is an excellent vibratory massage machine on the market. The lady is not supplied with the machine. Superfluous flesh taken off by means of the vibrating belt falls into a container attached to the chassis.

A brisk walk each morning will work

**H**OST HOLBROOK says: I have shed

olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?\*\*\*



wonders; or failing that, a brisk drive around town in the limousine. This, however, does not take in bending and stooping exercises, which are essential for the maintenance of a good figure.

I have found that the best way for a husband to persuade his wife to go in for bending and stooping is to make the fence which stops the view into the next door neighbor's yard about ten feet high, and then to block up all the cracks, leaving only a few peep holes about one foot from the ground. The husband next door should bear half the cost of alteration, as the scheme works both ways.

### New Diet Hints

**I** DIET very strenuously myself. First my breakfast, then diet; lunch fol-

lowed by a fairly light diet in order to prepare for afternoon tea, which should be followed by a fair amount of dieting until dinner time. If the system can stand it, one should fast from then until supper.

After supper, to bed. A little exercise may be had by getting up a couple of hours after retiring and wandering around the house wondering if there was any of the rice pudding left over.

Don't be misled by weighing machines. Weighing machines are the most lying things on earth, and should be treated accordingly. When you see "16st. 10lb." on the dial, think of the number you first thought of and stick to it. And don't be disheartened if results do not come immediately. Slim women may look sick, but a fat woman stays. Ask any corset manufacturer.



## One of the BEST-PAID Careers for Girls is JOURNALISM

Let us Help YOU to Success!

Journalism is one of the few professions in which a woman can have opportunity to use ALL her gifts—if she is ready when opportunity comes.

The scope of a clever woman journalist's activities need not be limited to a routine job. She may attain to highly-paid appointments of special responsibility and distinction—and her training and experience prove of value and service not only in her own land, but overseas, wherever she may travel.

Every important newspaper has a considerable number of women on its staff, and many well-known periodicals have women editors.

Even the average woman journalist's work is well paid, compared with that of many other well-educated women—and it is full of variety. Her profession gives her the entrée to all branches of society and shows her all phases of life. And though sometimes her "daily round" may seem rather ordinary, her assignments frequently offer a challenge to her ability and there is the compensating "thrill" of triumphantly demonstrating her skill and initiative.

### The Metropolitan School of Journalism

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Granted that you have the necessary qualities as a groundwork, the M.S.J.—with your co-operation—can develop them to a surprising degree. This "individual" tuition and the keen constructive criticism given on each student's personal work prove invaluable—so that, when employers compare your work with that of others, not M.S.J.-trained, yours will show outstanding character and merit.

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## An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 9, 1933.

## BRIDGE TRAGEDIES' LESSON

LAST week saw the Sydney Harbor Bridge's grim record of suicides swollen by two deaths in a single day, bringing the death-roll up to 29. Two reflections suggest themselves.



First, it is remarkable that during the 18 months since the bridge was opened, not a single person has jumped to death from the Gap, whence the tide of fashion has swung to the bridge. It is pathetic that there should be fashion even in suicide, but it is a fact.

Similarly, the intending London suicide invariably selects Blackfriars, from the several Thames bridges, to be the stage of his last act. Perhaps the unhappy soul about to launch itself into eternity has an impulse to mitigate the sordidness of self-destruction by conforming to a convention.

Then, delving deeper into the motives of those who are weary of the world and would "shuffle off this mortal coil," it must have been observed that not every suicide from the bridge has been penniless, homeless, desperate because of economic adversity. True, economic pressure seems, sad to say, to have pushed most of them over the brink.

But there have been people of means and position among the bridge's victims, people with homes and, as it has seemed to the outsider, security.

Evidently they found that money alone was not enough to make life worth living. So those of us who haven't much money, and are uncertain of our material prospects, can count our blessings in other currency than coin of the realm, not placing too high a value on that which rust and the moth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal.

—The Editor.

## LYRICS OF LIFE

## THE LIFE THAT LIVES

I would not have my life forever laughter,  
I would not have the fields forever sun.  
A little rain will make them lovelier after,  
A little sadness life a sweeter one.  
I do not envy those who live so lightly;  
Life is a fantasy, a futile smile.  
I know the sun to-morrow shines more brightly  
For those who know the shadows for a while.

No, I would have my life a little labor,  
A little laughter, and a little pain,  
Live not for self, but also serve my neighbor,  
And for the sake of roses know the rain.  
I would not run forever over shallows,  
Would know the depths, and comprehend the skies:  
The life that lives, the happiness that hallows,  
Must weep to smile, must even fall to rise.



DARLING, WOULD YOU MIND SITTING ON MY OTHER KNEE?



THIS ONE'S GONE TO SLEEP NOW



THE DEVICE! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS



AN INSOMNIA TREATMENT?

## POINTS OF VIEW

## Women Writers

AT the Lyceum Club the other evening, Mr. H. M. Green, Fisher Librarian at the University of Sydney, discussed present-day Australian novelists, and it was remarked that of those he cited as worthy of note, the majority were women.

Two names stood out above all others—Henry Handel Richardson and Katherine Susannah Prichard, in that order. Even of those in the second rank, there were more women than men. There is nothing distinctively feminine about the work either of Henry Handel Richardson or of Katherine Prichard. One might read "Richard Mahony" by the one, or "Working Bullocks" and "Conardoo" by the other, and not know the writer for a woman. Novel-writing is one field where women hold their own in most countries of the world to-day.—X.X.

## Good News

WOOL is up! And so, at the news that the opening of this year's Sydney wool sales brought prices up to a point profitable to the grower, is every Australian heart.

For it has been well said that all Australia rides upon the sheep's back. "Home on the sheep's back" should be our expression for a happy ending, surely. A rise in prices for our exports, a readiness in foreign buyers to pay more for the goods we have to offer them, means more money in circulation, better prospects of employment, for those who are workless now, perhaps even an easing of the taxpayers' burden.

Two benefits the great depression of the last four years has brought us; every man and woman, now, has a sufficient grasp of what the people's prosperity depends upon, and we all realise, far more clearly than we did in the piping times, how closely our interests are bound up with those of other countries.

It was Japanese and French bidding that sent wool prices up, and it is a thought worth musing over that citizens of countries which the majority of our people have never seen, and never will see, have so contributed to lightening our spirits.

## Radio's Best Customers

"IT has long been a puzzle to me," writes "Mee Par," "why there is not a women's broadcasting station—that is, a station that gives out only programmes suitable for women at home."

The solution of the puzzle is that, once again, men have got in first, and there is not an available wave length left on which to start a women's station.

However, the suggestion is an excellent one, and it may not be long before one of the existing stations wakes up to the fact that women are the best listeners.

## Non-Stop Kissing

AMERICA is a land of paradoxes. She does some very fine things, and some very foolish ones. The latest stunt is a non-stop kissing championship.

Twenty-two starters in a New York event, called the International Kissing Marathon, were still kissing when the contest was called off, after one hour and six minutes.

One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb, both 70 years of age, stopped after 19 minutes. "Anything gets tiresome after one has been married 53 years," said Mrs. Newcomb.

Even these crazy marathons get a little tiresome, don't you think?

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By WEP

## Psychology "Quacks"

SPEAKING at the annual meeting of the Institute of Industrial Psychology, Professor H. Tasman Lovell warned people against psychology "quacks."

He said they picked the eyes out of money spent, in Australian cities, on psychology.

The trouble is that the "quacks" are showmen (and show-women, for that matter), while the properly qualified psychologists are not.

It is hardly the public's fault if it is attracted by the better displayed article. The duty of experts like Professor Tasman Lovell is to fight the "quacks" with their own weapons.

## A Job for Somebody

A DEPUTATION waited on the N.S.W. Chief Secretary, Mr. Chaffey, last week to ask for the appointment of an advisory board, similar to that existing in Victoria, with a view to more adequately protecting the flora and fauna and the wild life of the State.

This commendable ideal suggests the creation of another advisory board to protect historical relics, which should be just as much the property of the nation as flora and fauna.

At present, for instance, Sydney's historic



Blondes have high, flute-like voices, and brunettes speak in low, vibrating tones. This is the latest addition to the blondes-brunettes catechism, and provides a reason why nearly all Australian women radio announcers are brunettes. To prove the theory, here are Miriam Hopkins, blonde, and Claudette Colbert, brunette, and their respective sound tracks. It will be seen that Miriam pitches a lighter strip.

"Burdakin House" is in the hands of wreckers, and the "Tingira," once a convict ship, lies rotting in the harbor.

## Did We Really Forget?

IN last week's issue you had an article on "the part women took in the freeing of the slaves," and no mention was made of one whom I always thought was the most noted of all—Harriet Beecher Stowe, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame.—Elizabeth Bedford.

## Our Deplorable Speech

"OUR deplorable Australian speech" was the subject of a discussion at the Sydney Arts Club when women radio announcers were entertained last week.

Mrs. Florence Taylor said wireless would effect infinite improvements, but she evidently has not done much listening in.

An Education Department authority's theory is that Australians are bi-lingual; that is, they can speak perfect English when they want to, but they lapse into a sort of Australian slang when they are intimate or off their guard. He said he had been horrified by the enunciation of some Department teachers.

Phonetics and enunciation were taught at the Teachers' College, and in all schools, and they did not seem to make much difference. The problem was a psychological one. It appears you can lead Australians to the Standard English manner, but you cannot make them speak it out of school.

## A Glory Box Dream

## Memories that Last Through Life

We sit beside the glory box  
And wondrous visions see,  
The glorious time, the golden days,  
The coming "soon to be."

IT happened years ago, when I was the busy mother of three young children. I was in bed with a severe sick headache. A little friend had just got engaged, and I was selecting a gift to send for that secret hoard known variously as the "bottom drawer," "hope chest," or "glory box."

As I turned over the basket of cut-glass which had been sent from the shop for my selection, handling tenderly the bowls and vases my soul adored, I thought rather bitterly of my own youthful treasures.

"Yes," I said to myself cynically, "where are all the lovely things I got together with such joy? Spoiled and smashed by the ruthless hand of time. All gone. The gift of life all off the gingerbread."

At that moment the nurse passed my door, taking the two little toddlers out for a walk. "Want to see mama," lisped my little girl. "No, no," whispered the kindly nurse. "Mama has a bad head; let us creep quietly past"; and I could just visualise the three of them making a game of tip-toeing along the hall, finger on lip with many audible "Shh's."

A rush of warm feeling washed the bitterness from my heart. "I don't care," I said with conviction. "I've got the very best glory box in the wide world," and snatching up a pencil and the blank back of one of my morning's letters, I wrote some verses to send with my gift.

## THE GLORY BOX

We sit beside the glory box  
And wondrous visions see,  
The glorious time, the golden days,  
The coming "soon to be."

Our friends their kindly aid have lent  
Its mystic depths to store  
With thoughtful word or merry jest  
They add the "one thing more."

Then comes the day. The holy rite  
And maiden days are done.  
We empty out the glory box  
To grace the little home.

Alas, alas! poor empty box,  
Your charm has fled at last;  
But swift winged Time has other joys,  
They're coming sweet and fast.

When little tongues begin to lisped  
And little feet to start,  
We find another glory box  
And keep it in our heart.

I am an old woman now; my glory box has been emptied again. Of my three children, one is sixty miles away, one in Queensland, and my first-born in England; but my glory box is still full, crammed to the very brim with memories worth all the gold of the Indies.

My husband and I sit over the fire in our country cottage and lift, tenderly out some relics that bring the salt to our eyes, but rummaging among the contents, more of them set our eyes brimming with laughter as we glance at funny sayings and doings, and, somehow, the glory box has become a "hope chest," too, as our hearts burn with pride at the accomplishments and endeavors of our treasures, and we pray fervently with Dickens—

"Lord, keep my memory green."

—E.W.

## Why Do Women Want To Wear Trousers?

LONDON.

TWO nurses in the Leicester Hospital have been asked to resign because they wore trousers in the street when off duty, and their case has excited general comment on the whole question of women in trousers.

In an attempt to solve the problem of why women want to wear trousers, one critic waxed eloquent as follows:

"No man can quite understand why women want to wear trousers. Men have to, but they despise them."

"Trousers are the most despicable garments. Very few men can wear them with dignity, and their tendency to slovenly bagginess can only be overcome by expending upon them far more time and care than the average man can afford."

"They are the despair of painters and sculptors. How many men of noble men and distinguished bearing have lost their prestige for ever after a Royal Academy portrait showing them in trousers?"

"Modern woman's enthusiasm for trouser-wearing can only be explained by the fact that for a long time now the trouser has been the emblem of man's domination."

"That domination woman has challenged successfully. To-day, woman rules the world and man merely exists for her delight and amusement and—if he has any money—to pay her bills. The one thing which has so far eluded her is the right to wear the garment which indicates supremacy."



# The MIRROR of NATURE

By Cosmo Hamilton

An unusual short story by the senior member of the world's greatest literary family.



HE instinct of self-preservation made the man draw back. The taxicab, unconscious of his escape, cut experimentally through the thick yellow fog.

He laughed as he fell his way to the embankment above the sullen Thames. That movement into safety on the part of one who was on his way to commit suicide was comic in its irony, it seemed to him. He faced the city over whose hard pavements he had trod hungrily and shabbily in search of bread, and waved his hat. Big Ben struck twelve, and its muffled reverberations were like the voice of a chaplain to a man on the edge of death. He put his hands on the stonework as that he might vault into peace, and fetched them back with a jerk. One of them pressed against something that was warm and soft.

Illustrated by WILHELM



"Pluck? I need more pluck to go on living than to end my life to-night."

THE woman moved closer and peered into his face. But the fog hung like a pall between them and frustrated her morbid desire to see what he was like. "Come with me," she said, seized by a new idea. "We may be able to shed a little mutual philosophy on the question of Life and Death. I live quite close to this place. In Adam Street, in fact. We shall have to grope our way through the fog."

And this they did, arm in arm. His hungry eyes had often rested on what had appeared to be an inhospitable door. She opened it with her key. The walls and staircase were panelled and so was the room on the third floor in which he found himself. It was a poignant and dramatic moment when they faced each other under the glare of a central light. A tall, well-dressed

woman about whom there was an unmistakable air of breeding and intellect; a face still beautiful though lined by discontent. A man of middle-age who, with a thin hand, held a worn and shabby coat together so that he might hide the fact that he was minus a waistcoat and shirt; black hair streaked with grey, which had not been cut for weeks; eyes which were almost doglike, those of a hounded dog, but which flamed with an optimism and a love of life so that they put the woman to shame.

"Follow me, brother," she said, and opened another door.

He drew up short with a cry. It was years since he had stood in a place so warm and companionable. Everything he saw there had belonged to him in his dreams. "And you went down to the river," he said reproachfully.

"I'm thirty-six," she answered, "and I'm all alone in this place. I came from the country at twenty where all my blood had danced and my future was filled with romance and idealism and the patter of children's feet. Every day since then I've worked in the British Museum. I've kept myself from hunger by poring over old volumes in that mausoleum of death. I've been digging into deep heaps for the worms of information. For the benefit of other people, and with a metaphorical spade, I've dug in youth, looks, health, ideals and hopes of motherhood. And when a week ago I came out of a monotonous coma to find that my business enabled me to take these rooms and that my income was large enough to permit me to employ an assistant so that I could find an hour or two a day during which I could stand in the sun—"

"You went into the nearest church and thanked God on your knees," she said. "That's where you're wrong," she said. "I was like the man who spent his youth and strength in climbing a huge mountain so that he could feast his eyes on the view and then found that he was blind. All this is dead sea fruit. My sense of joy has been eaten by those museum worms." She covered her face with her hands.

HE watched her for several minutes with intense eagerness. On the road of his life he had been able on several occasions to help his brother tramps. Here was an unhappy woman, despoiled of joy by work, for whom he might be able to do something before he groped his way back to the river and wrote failure against his name. Here was a tired and hysterical per-

son, temporarily devoid of sanity and courage, in whose mind it would be good to be able to plant a seed of hope, content, and gratitude before he said good-bye. She had been kind to him. At that moment he was eating her biscuits and sitting in the warmth of her fire. And so very quietly and simply he drew a relentless picture of his own far harder life and painted into its dark corners the optimism and sunniness of an unconquerable faith which had remained in his heart. If

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on my back. My only cheque-book was the joy of living, and my only bank was my heart. I made hay for honest farmers. I walked the river tow-path and pulled people's boats along. So long as summer lasted I broke my bread to the orchestra of birds and was lulled to sleep under haystacks by the quiet song of the stars. The beauty of sky and trees, the intimate friendship of beasts, the charity of men and women, made rain less wet and hunger less intense. In winter I returned to the city, sold papers, and ran for cabs. When permitted, I slept in doorways as I have often slept in yours. Now the time has come when exposure has made

me weak. One of my lungs has gone, and one foot's in the grave. At the end of my way there is suicide because I cannot wait for death. Nor do I care for a pauper's hospital and a nameless hole in the ground. I would gladly go on living for the world is very beautiful and one can always lend a hand."

He stopped and got up slowly, coughing a little now. The woman's eyes were on him with wonder, admiration, and pity, and a certain eagerness.

"I go alone," he said, holding out his hand.

"Go into the country when the summer comes. The stars will send you messages and all young growing things will hold up the mirror of nature and you'll begin again. Thank you and good-bye."

"No," she said, "we will only say good-night."

There was a tremble on his lips. "Take your place in my office. I engage you from to-night. It was God who placed your hand on mine out there in the dark. Help me to lift this fog."

He bowed, but couldn't speak. His tears fell upon the floor among the other crumbs. And when he was alone he stood up with his eyes alight in the room of which he had dreamt. The unsatisfied river moved on to the sea. (Copyright)

## The First Depression

Great was the grief when that first leaf  
Fell off from that first bough,  
And primal man at once began  
To talk the same as now:  
"The summer's o'er," he said, "no more  
The world will bud and bloom."  
Not even we in thirty-three  
Could equal that first gloom.

"Things grew too fast, it couldn't last,"  
The pessimist (the first)  
Wailed as they do, "and we're not through,  
We haven't seen the worst.  
We've passed the peak, from week to week  
The world will now decline.  
Our big mistake was tools to make  
And plant the tree and vine."

Then came the frost. "I told you so,"  
The pessimist declared.  
"The vine will freeze, so will the trees,  
And nothing will be spared.  
The cave's too big, too fine the fig.  
We've overdone the thing.  
This dismal day is here to stay—  
And then, then came the Spring!"

—I.T.

his last act on earth were to enable this poor woman to adjust herself to fate without casting away her whole preceding life how fortunate he would be! The momentary hope that he must make in the unconscious water might then be marked by the reflection of a star.

HE said, "I was born without ambition, unpractical from the start, and when the money which I had inherited had all been spent and no one would give me a job, I left the streets of the city with nothing but a song. I carried all my possessions in a bundle

## In the Street To-day

I HEARD Sydney's voice. Her tones were rippling, gay and lilting. I had been away and was glad to be back again. Tasmania was not Sydney, nor was New England. So the lovely melody of the black and white butcher birds, and the ringing, sweet, chiming of the bellbirds receded in memory, and I went about the streets rejoicing in their fullness of music and song. I heard it in the shops. I heard it on the street corners. I heard it from flats and windowed houses—music, music everywhere.

Then as the day passed the music spoke to me in a different language—the language of despair. I heard it in every note. But, as evening fell, and the streets became bare of the day's musicians, the Cathedral chimed rang out over the city, taking up the task of reaching hearts that the music had left hanging in night.

—VERONICA M. MILLS.





THE kettle he put on the fire was her smart electric one. It would be ruined. But he thought all kettles were made for fires, and innocently looked round for the milk. Did they have milk in France? It was just the sort of thing the Frenchies wouldn't have. Yes! There was milk in the fat cream and gold jug in the ice-chest. The butter stood near it, daintily rolled. There were bread rolls in the cupboard. His homely eye had seen them when he got out the sugar. He buttered them carefully, then strolled around, looking for a tray.

In the bizarre sitting-room, with its plain black papered walls (and a picture here and there) and polished black floor, with one big red and blue Turkey rug, he looked incongruous, even amazing, as the red firelight glistened on his shirt and trousers (so he had never gone back to those horrible braces that he gave up to please her!). He looked what he was—a man. Masculine to the marrow. And never more masculine than now, in this little black room, getting food for the poor grey female bird.

Lillian sat watching him in a stupor with her head on one side.

## EVE'S DAUGHTER

A baby!

But who could wonder at it, after all?

As he waited for the kettle to boil he stopped in front of her, looking down at her with those hard, grey eyes.

"I've come to the conclusion about you that you're not what you used to be," he said slowly, his eyes on her face. And now he was trying to get at something. He was not trying to hurt.

"C'est evident," murmured Lillian bitterly, dropping her faded head. "But I really don't see the necessity of you telling me."

"Once you used to know best, and you used to be always right about everything. But now..." He paused.

"Now you find me different," she said, with an effort at a laugh.

"I do," emphatically.

"I'm old," she flung out defiantly, and that was real defiance, for in making that speech she defied her heart, her discretion, her common-sense—everything.

"You're not so old as that," said Bill, quietly. "You're not in your second childhood. You're not babyish. And that's what you're being. You're going on like an utter fool."

"Thanks!" Her face went whiter. "Instead of thinking out this situation, you're running away from it again. And I credited you with common sense, not to say WISDOM."

Amazement began to stir within Lillian as she realised that this man, who was always a master at physical things, was now coming at her on mental grounds.

Full tilt Bill went at her. Her ideas seemed to desert her in a swarm.

The bell rang loudly.

"Visitors! I had forgotten," she distractedly muttered to herself as she heard the bell ringing again.

Prince Cassi, the wealthy Florentine painter, had brought Howard, the English poet, to call on L. Desmond, the painter of the hour.

"Tea by the fire—how charming!"

(Continued from Page 8)

cried the Prince, rubbing his long, pale hands.

They both liked Bill at once. Just as instantaneously as you feel affection for a dog or cat the very first time you laid eyes on it, so you could like this man immensely—love him, in fact, at the very beginning of your acquaintance with him.

The poet himself was stalwart, fair and chiselled, just from Oxford.

The Prince had long crooked legs, curly dark hair, buck teeth, and

(Continued in Column 5)



"Of course he loves me. When he kisses me he trembles all over; shakes like a jelly."  
"How perfectly thrilling—what flavor?"



Keep your face Young!  
Use LUX Toilet Soap  
Supercreamed to keep away  
tell-tale lines



Pretty Sidney Fox has the sparkling loveliness of youth. She says, "I want to keep youthful charm. I use Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps my skin smooth and soft."



Lovely Marilyn Miller knows the secret of keeping her youth and charm. She says, "Lux Toilet Soap is simply a delight, so soft and smooth does it keep my skin."

IN HOLLYWOOD THE STARS MUST KEEP YOUTH That is why nearly all the important screen stars choose Lux Toilet Soap—they know its supercreaming will guard their youth.

Your skin may be fresh and smooth and young now—so young that you may forget to watch for the warning lines that every woman dreads. Don't let the years rob you of youth! Lux Supercreamed Toilet Soap can keep your skin smooth and unlined.

Cream your skin while you cleanse it... that's how to keep it young. The natural oils in the skin keep it soft and young, but these oils dry out as the years go by, and then the skin soon begins to wrinkle. You can supplement these natural oils by using Lux Toilet Soap—a unique process of supercreaming blends

nourishing skin creams into this soap. While the mild, soft lather is cleansing, the cream softens the skin, nourishes the tissues and smooths away tiny lines.

THE WHITENESS OF LUX TOILET SOAP TELLS YOU HOW PURE IT IS

Every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap is flawlessly white—no need for colouring to hide impurities because all ingredients are of the finest quality. This pure, mild soap is wonderfully soothing for sensitive skins. Lux Toilet Soap is delicately perfumed with the refreshing scent of flowers—the fragrance you look for in expensive toilet soaps.



EYES NEED CARE!  
Watch the laughter lines—supercreamed soap smooths out the skin.



YOUR MOUTH IS IMPORTANT!  
Keep lines away—they spoil the charm of pretty lips.



A DANGEROUS PLACE!  
Pay special attention to cleansing here and prevent blackheads.



WATCH YOUR THROAT!  
Wrinkles can be avoided—Lux Supercreamed Toilet Soap keeps the skin smooth and firm.

rolling black eyes on large, white backgrounds.

They were both immaculate in their evening dress. Their manners were equally immaculate. So were their boots, their hands, their creases—everything. Simplicity was their god. Each strove to acquire that quality which represented to them the supreme factor.

But simplicity was Bill's by right. Bill was simplicity itself, the real thing. And they knew it. They both knew it, and so did the Roman aviator and the sculptor who came in later; and they lifted him for it immensely—oh, immensely!

Lillian, with amazement, felt all this. Something swelled and fluttered in her breast, something sweet, yet cruel. It was sweet because it was wife's pride in husband.

It was cruel, since another woman had taken him from her.

He was hers no longer.

A log flew out of the fire.

The Prince and the poet started nervously.

But the big fair man from World's End alighted forward like a lizard, and, without turning a hair, tossed the log back into the fireplace, then picked up the sparks in his fingers and tossed them after the log.

Then followed that strange, strange evening in the red firelight, high up in the little black sitting-room, with Bill listening to their talk about Mussolini and the Italian workers, or talking perfect grammar to these men who sat drinking in his stories of life overseas.

Afterwards, outside in the night the Prince began telling Bill about Lillian as they went away together.

How much charm meant to him in a woman! How hard it was to find brains with charm. But she had it, this Lillian Desmond. He was sure she had it. And her tall, fair build was the type, his type. Do you believe in type? One's own type; but, of course, a noble lady, so truth-telling, so unafraid. Very rare, said the Prince, with a passionate certainty that filled Bill with terror.

"I'm almost thinking to run a menage a deux," said the Prince confidently, "a little home to ourselves."

The poet was ahead with the sculptor and aviator.

The Prince went on pouring out his troubles. He was really in love with Lillian, he thought. "C'est l'amour! But she is strange. She is English! And I do not always understand the English. You know her well, c'est evident. That's why I want to talk with you. Tell me, with frankness—what does she think of me? They all like to be a princess, but she is different. Perhaps to her it will mean nothing. I do not, of course, think to marry her!"

At that moment Bill came completely to his senses.

"Now," said Bill to himself, as he sat at the cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens later that night, having books with Lillian's friends, "I'm simply going to find out what these foreigners are after. Are they serious? Are they genuinely in love with Lillian? And do they intend to propose marriage? Or are they only fooling? Are they hanging out their idle compliments and flattery about her because she happens to be the fashion? By God, if they are!" Then horror and sadness overcame Bill simultaneously. They could do as they liked. They could flatter and fool. It was none of his business. None of his business any longer!

As a matter of fact, what they said about Lillian was really quite pleasant, though sometimes it bordered on familiarity, dissecting her figure, her hands, her teeth, her hair, her laugh, her manners. But always pleasantly. They all liked her. That was evident. Yet when they talked about her bones, and her grace, and her beautiful hands, a dull rage smouldered within Bill, and he wondered how much longer he could stand their "damned hide."

(Please turn to Page 40)



# WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA . . . . .



IN A DRESS to match her dog Dan, Joyce Duggan made a pretty picture at the R.S.P.C.A. Dog Gymkhana at "Rona," Bellevue Hill, on Saturday.



ALL OVER the world at the present time there is war talk. These Japanese maidens are members of the Young Women's Association of Osaka, photographed during recent anti-aircraft manoeuvres at Osaka, Japan.  
—Our Special Service.



MONA BARLEE, the popular young Australian actress, who has just been given a long-term contract by the Fox Film Studios, in Hollywood, according to a cabled announcement during the week. She took part in "Bitter Sweet," at the Sydney Criterion.



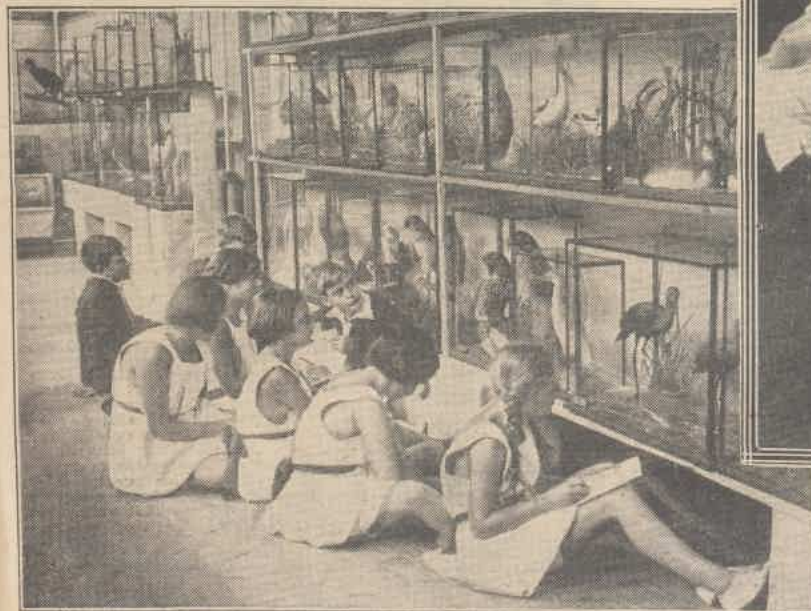
THE BLESSING of St. Christopher, the patron saint and protector of travellers, was invoked on behalf of motor car travellers by the Rev. Father Walsh in a special service in Baldwin, U.S.A., recently.  
—Our Special Service.



"THIS IS MY first romance, and my last one," says little Marjorie Hughes, the 14-year-old Los Angeles girl, when she married Dr. Baker, aged 51. The couple explained their marriage by saying, "There is nothing unusual about our marriage—we just happen to be in love."  
—Our Special Service.



THIS IS NOT an ancient Egyptian embalming chamber, but a group of prospective beauty specialists in California passing the Government Cosmetology test.  
—Our Special Service.



LEFT: An exhibition of bush life is being arranged by the Rangers' League, to be held at David Jones' next week, in furtherance of the campaign to protect native flora and fauna. This picture shows children studying museum specimens of birds in order to instill in them a love of Nature.

PICTURES taken by The Australian Women's Weekly may be obtained from our Photographic Department at 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.



# SNAPPY SPORTSWEAR • for MISSIES

**33/6**  
Tailored Check Spun Silk Sports, pleated back and front and finished with white collar and buttons in (one). In blue, red, green, and grey. Lengths, shoulder to hem, 43, 45, and 47 inches. PRICE 33/6

**28/6**  
Ideal for Sport-Maid's Spun Silk Frock. Bodice to hand embroidered. In white, lemon, pink. Lengths, shoulder to hem, 43, 45, and 47 inches. PRICE 28/6

**29/11**  
Smartly tailored all-white Spun Silk Frock, pleated back and front and finished with fancy belt and buttons. Lengths, shoulder to hem, 43, 45, and 47 inches. PRICE 29/11

**18/11**  
White Spun Silk Frock, showing capelet sleeve, flared skirt, and finished with buttons. In white only. Lengths, shoulder to hem, 43, 45, and 47 inches. PRICE 18/11

**29/11**  
Attractive Check Spun Silk Sports Frock with white collar and pockets and smart sleeve, trimmed with buttons to hem. In red, blue, grey, green. PRICE 29/11

## PURE SILK HOSE, 4/11 PAIR

Pure Silk Hose, full fashioned. Service weight, double line tops, toes, and heels. New Paris panel heels of V point if required. In all the new Spring shades. All PAIR 4/11

# HORDERN BROTHERS

## TURNED Out Of BOTANIC Gardens

ON the grounds of "staff economy," it has been decided to close the gates of the Botanic Gardens at 6 o'clock instead of allowing them open to the public until 7 o'clock during the long summer evenings.

Some time ago, when there was an agitation to have the Gardens opened at night, it was refused "in the interests of public morality."

Now, in its determination to apply the Early Closing Act to the Gardens and add another piling by-law to its collection, the Executive Council advances the excuse of "staff economy."

It has evidently escaped the notice of these frugal potentates that public parks and gardens are intended for the use of the public, and not as by-law factories to be closed when the staff is ready to leave.

On warm summer evenings, and more particularly on late shopping nights, hundreds of men, women, and children flock to the Gardens for a rest from the noise and fume-laden air of the streets. The Botanic Gardens is one of Sydney's breathing spaces, and should not be closed until the last remnant of the summer's twilight has gone.

## A Church Believes In DANCING

REV. ARTHUR E. RIX, of St. John's Rectory, Balmain, sees no harm in dances in connection with his church—in opposition to the ideas of many of the clergy, who disallow them on church premises.

Mr. Rix describes a recent dance in St. John's Hall as the best ever held in Balmain "for sheer, pure, innocent enjoyment, in which clergyman, wardens, fathers, mothers, and sons and daughters engaged."

"They felt," he says, "that their Master, Jesus Christ, was there, blessing it because His spirit was shot right through it."

"Yes," he contends, "we do dance at St. John's, and endeavor to save souls, too. We have a dance almost every Saturday night in St. John's parish, and thereby keep our young people off the streets, away from promiscuous dance halls with pernicious influences. Parents come with their children, and all is conducted under the surveillance of the clergy."

"We consider we are saving souls, not saving them from hell hereafter, but from hell here; not trying to get men into Heaven, but Heaven into men."

The people of St. John's parish evidently take their minister's view, for Mr. Rix states that the church is crowded, the Sunday school attendances large, and all the church institutions in a thriving condition.

## Combat Flu With Commonsense

THAT an epidemic of influenza is a definite evil in our midst is a fact to which the general public has been compelled to give attention. Records afford very convincing evidence of the extent of its ravages in the community.

It is not a matter for panic or even one to occasion widespread unease. It is a matter that calls for and foremost for common sense. Practical measures should be adopted to prevent contagion. When the germ has been contracted it takes approximately forty-eight hours to develop, and, during that time, symptoms such as slight irritation at the back of the nose, sneezing, and a tendency to sore throat become apparent. These symptoms should not be ignored. Prompt measures will often avoid a more serious attack.

The throat should be gargled with a mild solution of permanganate of potash. Care should be taken to keep thoroughly warm and to get ventilation that affords plenty of fresh air without any chance of a draught. Avoid bodily fatigue; it renders one more liable to contract influenza.

A "SLIMMING" Course at the Langridge School of Physical Culture, Women's Section, 254 George Street, Tele., B4578.\*\*\*

HORT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.\*\*\*



These gorgeous silk mesh stockings are very fashionable abroad. They were introduced to Sydney women some months ago, but did not become popular here as they were too costly for everyday wear.

## Wise Cracks

SOME women look their age. Others overlook it.

A woman in time is one in nine. Masculine diplomacy: Remembering a woman's birthday, but forgetting her age.

Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

A trio: Three people singing together and wishing one of them wouldn't spoil it.—M., Concord.

## Law For Women

## MAKING Husbands PAY UP

By A LAWYER

When separation has become inevitable in a strained domestic circle, there generally follows a visit to a solicitor's office. In due course the impressive ceremony of signing, sealing and delivering a Deed of Separation is completed.

NOW such agreements provide for many things. To live apart; that suits both. Each agrees not to molest the other. Well, to live and let live is the intention of the parties. What might be termed the "Piece de Resistance" is the covenant by the husband to pay so much a week or month to the wife, and her agreement not to sue for more so long as it is paid.

Owing to the common impression that an agreement is, after all, an agreement, and the faith reposed in the efficacy of legal clap-net, many a husband recklessly treads the path of his dalliance as soon as the ink of his signature is dry, in a fool's heaven of false security. Gone is his reticence about business affairs, and in its place is a boasting of prosperity that has not been in evidence during the months that the angry domestic storm clouds have been gathering and the negotiations for the amount to be allowed his wife been proceeding.

If his boast is true, and he is in fact much better off than his wife had reason to suspect or opportunity to observe when she agreed to accept the sum fixed, she need not rest content. She may sue for an increase notwithstanding the terms of the agreement.

Our courts have held that such an agreement is not binding on the wife. They have said, in effect, that it is against public policy to allow the husband to contract himself out of the primary obligation of marriage: adequately to provide for his wife having regard to her station in life and his own means.

Fortunately for husbands, wives usually observe the spirit of the agreement. As far as binding the wife to acceptance of the amount fixed is concerned, the deed is a nullity. The only protection that a husband could get from it would be to show that the wife had accepted it as an amount sufficient for her needs.

How many  
custard dishes  
do you know  
?

GOOD as custard is with stewed fruit, it should be remembered that there are dozens of other most attractive custard dishes. This is important, because it would be difficult to mention anything for the pudding course more thoroughly wholesome than custard, or more complete in all the essential food elements.

The creamy custard made by Foster Clark is thoroughly recommended by cookery experts, because it is as pure as any food-stuff you can get even in these careful days. Fresh natural flavourings alone are used, and for this reason Foster Clark's custard appeals particularly to folk who pride themselves on their palate.

## Foster Clark's creamy CUSTARD

Write to Foster Clark (Australia) Ltd., Dept. H.B., Hordern, New South Wales, enclosing 1d. stamp, and Elizabeth Crick's recipe book will be posted free.



# WOODED for MONEY—WED for LOVE

Romance of Disraeli and Mary Anne

By A. P. Garland

the famous English writer, who will re-tell exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly the love stories that changed history.

**D**EBTS drove the exotic young dandy, Benjamin Disraeli, into marriage with a widow many years older than himself, but love kept him by her side.

There can never have been a union that began so inauspiciously and finished so well.

He made little attempt to disguise the fact that it was the bank account of his bride that he cherished above her charms.

For her part, she was content to be wooed by the most brilliant man on the fringe of society—no matter what his object.

Yet it did not take Disraeli long to discover the treasure he had won—a love that was to guide him, and with him, England through the blackest of crises.

## A Handsome Fop

It was about 100 years ago when the Bohemian section of London society took up the young Disraeli—later to become Lord Beaconsfield—who, at the age of 21, had written "Vivian Grey," a novel of much brilliance and greater promise.

The somewhat declassé circle, over which Lady Blessington presided, found in him something new and strange and, as it would be expressed now, wonderful. He was handsome, attractive, impudent, and talented.

But though as a dandy he rivalled the Count d'Orsay, and though his witty and audacious sallies were often quoted in gatherings where talent rather than birth commanded admiration, the orthodox London society of the time would have shrunk from contact with him.

For in those days, while English feudalism was still shivering from the shock of the French Revolution and the menace of the Reform Act of 1832 loomed up, the great landowning families, proud of their wealth and caste, could have nothing in common with a young fop, who was not only poor and of alien Jewish origin, but who in politics was then an advanced Radical.

## Fortune-Hunting

Yet the day was to come when this adventurer—for such he was—would be hailed as the saviour of the Tory Party, would win the confidence and even affection of Queen Victoria, and would become, to a large extent, the idol of the British nation.

In the year 1837, after repeated and humiliating failures to enter Parliament, he secured one of the two seats at

Maidstone, where his colleague was a certain Wyndham Lewis, with whose wife—who bore the highly unromantic name of Mary Anne—he soon attained a footing of strong friendship.

She was twelve years older than Disraeli, and at the outset bore herself in a rather motherly way towards this clever, unbalanced young man, in whom she somehow discerned the elements of greatness.

Then her husband died, and the mercenary thought of marrying the widow came to Disraeli. In this way only, he argued with himself, could he obtain relief from the burden of his debts, secure a competence on which he might live without giving up all his time and abilities to novel-writing, and thus get a chance of battling his way to the highest office of the State—an ambition

Mary Anne was a steady influence that was of enormous value in his career. And her undying love was a constant solace.

that, even in his darkest days, he never allowed to recede from his mind.

All this he admitted to his wife later. Love had no part in the motives that urged him to this marriage.

Apart from that, the prospects of a happy union seemed dimmed from the start by the host of incompatibilities that severed the couple.

She was 47; he was 35—a difference in age usually too large to be bridged where the woman is the senior. She was orthodox in birth and upbringing; he was alien in race and culture.

She had lived the comfortable, sheltered life of the upper-class Englishwoman; he had been a careless Bohemian and a political adventurer, who had fought 100 battles, had made a host of enemies, had given back insult for insult and jibe for jibe, and who had never struck his flag.

She was of limited intellect and a woman whose "gaffes" in conversation were a byword; he was mentally a genius, with a gift of epigram and repartee that made his rivals gasp and stare.

## She Surrendered

Was it to be wondered at that this woman, despite her warm admiration for her youthful suitor, insisted that she should be given 12 months in which to study his character and his temper before she would make up her mind?

Disraeli had to acquiesce. His debts were huge, and he never seemed capable at any stage of his career of looking after his own financial affairs, and he was always in the hands of moneylenders.

In Mary Anne's money-bags lay his hope of redemption.

Yet before the year of probation had passed he was definitely in love with the woman to whom he had made a mercenary offer.

This his letters unmistakably reveal, and when, after some little tiff between them, he wrote to her in extravagant terms, we are bound to assume that he was merely expressing his genuine feelings for her in the hyper-romantic manner that was part of his make-up.

Because, or in spite of, its flamboyance, the letter achieved its purpose. Mary Anne surrendered unconditionally, and in 1839 she became his wife.

## Her Undying Love

Cynics took keen delight in scoffing at this marriage, and with all the greater zest when they learned later on that the woman's fortune was by no means as great as her suitor had been led to believe. An unhappy outcome was cheerfully predicted.

But the cynics were wrong. The marriage endured for 33 years, until Mary Anne died in 1873, and every contemporary piece of evidence forces us to conclude that it was at least as happy

Love stories that changed history

as the vast majority of those that set forth under the most romantic auspices.

To the adventurer, the dandy, the intriguer, the romantic, the playboy, the

statesman, the visionary, the bankrupt, the fighter that was Disraeli, Mary Anne was a steady influence that was of enormous value in his career. And her undying love was a constant solace for his political loneliness and for the savage shafts of malice that all his life were hurled at him by men of his own party as well as by his political foes.

It is not, in fact, going too far to say that, without her aid, material and moral, Disraeli could never have persevered in that long, arduous and desperate battle which culminated in his attaining the position of arbiter of Europe at the Treaty of Berlin.

To the woman who bore the maiden name of Mary Anne Evans may it, therefore, be largely attributed that the middle of the 19th century saw a rebirth of the Tory or Conservative Party, saw a new creed of Tory democracy imposed on it, and saw pride in the British Empire avowed and made part of the national creed.

But, also among Disraeli's achievements is the Treaty of Berlin, whereby Russia's slow, inevitable progress to the seizure and retention of Constantinople was curbed for generations.

One result of this treaty was that the Hapsburgs were countenanced in establishing themselves in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

And in the opinion of many foremost historians this largely paved the way to the Great War of 1914.

If this be so, then it is a striking example of the little things on which great events hinge that the most appalling tragedy of any epoch was partly the outcome of the love of a man for a woman who, once in society, when the topic was the fairness of human skins, could with childlike naïveté remark, "You should see my 'Dixie' in his bath."

But in fairness to a woman with a genius for love and loyalty, let us remember Mary Anne rather by another oft-quoted saying of hers: "Dixie married me for my money; he'd marry me now for love."



SARI MARITZA is one of the most arresting figures on the Parisian stage, and is noted for her gorgeous frocking.

## AUSTRALIA is LAND of HOPE Bright Girls and Flowers

**H**OPE is a characteristic of the Australian people, as opposed to the sense of fear and uncertainty of other lands; brightness prevails everywhere, in the faces of the girls, and in the wonderful flowers of our land, in the opinion of Miss Van Asche Van Wyck, world president of the World Young Women's Christian Association, and Miss Charlotte Niven, world secretary, who were in Sydney recently.

In a joint letter written by them to the association after they left Australia, they expressed appreciation at the warmth of welcome given to them in each centre, and by every part of the membership, and were grateful for the hospitality shown them.

It pleased them to be taken right into the heart of the association, seeing the regular work, discussing problems, and outlining plans for the future.

They were impressed by the great extent of our Commonwealth, and emphasised the necessity for opening new associations in country towns and districts.

## REDUCES BUST

FROM 43 to 36 INCHES WITH YOUTH-O-FORM



**ASK** any costumer: "It is hopeless," she will say, "to make for the stout woman frocks that seem elegant and fascinating—their figures simply spoil the whole effect—poor dears!" Every woman who is decidedly overweight realises this, and regards her lot as inevitable while envying the slender graceful figures of her friends. How often do you hear a woman say: "But why should I be fat?—I do not overeat—I am most careful with my food."

Now doctors say that too much fat on the body is due to faulty assimilation of the food that is eaten and not to the amount of the food itself. It is just that some people assimilate every particle of fat from the food they eat and they steadily put on weight. It is for this reason that diet and exercise so often fail and where the Youth-O-Form, tonic reducing capsules have proved so valuable to people who cannot or will not diet. There is no stringent diet or exercise with Youth-O-Form. You just take a little capsule an hour before a meal. This prevents the accumulation of extra fat from your food and the body reduces to normal weight easily and naturally.

Read what this Sydney woman said recently— "Youth-O-Form is just wonderful. By just taking one of those little capsules an hour before a meal I have reduced from 12st, 8lb. to 10st, 10lb. in a remarkably short time. My bust reduced from 43 inches to 36 inches, and I am delighted, too, that I can now take woman's size in frocks again after so many years. I did not trouble to diet, either, and I have never felt better in my life." — Mrs. J.L. Bondi.

Safe, pleasant, easy to take, Youth-O-Form contains valuable herbs, which not only reduce surplus fat quickly and permanently, but banish rheumatism, constipation, and indigestion in a few short weeks. In Australia, Youth-O-Form costs so little, too, that anyone can afford it, for a full six weeks' treatment costs only 20/-, enough to give it a reasonable trial and to show definite results, or you can get a 30-day carton for 3/6 from any good chemist, or privately direct from W. J. Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, 255 George Street (Dept. 3), Sydney. If you can't call personally get a postal note to this advertisement, send it to Mr. Rogers, and Youth-O-Form will reach you by return mail.\*\*\*

**"4711" Loose Powder**  
of pollen-like fineness;  
for every complexion

**In health and illness**  
**In everyday life —**  
**to regain fitness**  
**and elasticity when**  
**tired or run down —**  
**"4711" Genuine Eau**  
**de Cologne will prove**  
**an excellent refresher.**

Factory Representative for Australia:  
**JULIUS BLAU,**  
14 YORK ST., SYDNEY.

**Matt-Creme**  
The 4711 Vanishing Cream  
Gives that velvety complexion —  
Perfect as powder base

**& 4711 Genuine Eau de Cologne**  
Blue & Gold Label





**EYES TROUBLESOME?**  
Consult  
**L. PARR & Co.,**  
OPTICIAN.  
H. G. PARR, Optometrist.  
Ten years' practical experience and the most up-to-date scientific sight-testing equipment at your service.  
A.M.P. Chamber, 255 Beamish Street.  
89 Pitt Street, (Private Res.)  
Sydney. U.A.2002.  
Tele. B5545.  
Note that Mr. H. G. Parr can only be consulted personally at the above two addresses.

## HEALTH & STRENGTH

### Read how to attain and keep it in these difficult times

The strain of life to-day is reflected everywhere. It is seen in the faces and bearing of the people we pass by the way, many of them overburdened with care and anxiety. It is more than ever a vital necessity to strengthen our armour against the bodily and mental strain which is slowly sapping our reserves of health and strength. To safeguard ourselves bodily fitness should be the first and main consideration. A well-nourished body is the best resistant to sickness of mind and body, and we must fortify ourselves by taking such foods as are rich in the constituents yielding the greatest body-building elements.

In this respect Roboleine stands in a class of its own. For Roboleine is a food that possesses the entire confidence of the Medical Profession, and which has been consistently prescribed by them for over 25 years. The British Medical Journal says it is "the perfect food for brain, muscle, and bone."

Roboleine is not a beverage. It is not a mere tonic. It is a perfectly balanced food, every particle of which is concentrated nutriment of the highest order, replete with natural vitamins essential to the health and nourishment of the body.

Here then is a food for the times, rich in body-building elements, easily assimilated, delicious to take, and equally valuable to the growing infant as the mature adult. If you are run down, with frayed nerves and little appetite, take Roboleine for a week or two, and you will realise what a wonderful restorative it is. Roboleine may be taken off the spoon or in a cup of tea or a glass of warm milk. A spoonful spread on a biscuit makes a palatable and strengthening mid-morning snack. After a few doses the appetite improves, fears and depression vanish, digestive troubles disappear, and soon a feeling of fitness ensues, indicating the speedy return of normal health and vitality.

Roboleine is not expensive; in fact, when the cost per dose is considered in relation to results obtained, it will be seen how much more economical it is than other products containing fewer body-building elements. Take a jar of Roboleine home with you to-night. There isn't a member of your household who will not benefit by a course of this wonderful tonic food. It is well named the "Guardian of Good Health in the Home."



SAMPLE

VOUCHER

Muir & Neil Ltd., Box 1562E, G.P.O., Sydney.  
I enclose 2d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

Name .....  
Address .....  
W.W.S.

## CUMBERLAND CROSSWORD No. 2

1st PRIZE £60; 2nd £20; 3rd £10; EARLY ENTRIES £10.  
IN AID OF PARRAMATTA HELPING-HAND SOCIETY.



£5 Special Prizes for Readers of Australian Women's Weekly.

CLOSING DATE, 14th SEPTEMBER.

Two Prizes of £2/10 each will be paid for the first two entries received on this diagram which contain less than seven errors. Every letter wrong counts as an error.

- CLUES ACROSS.**  
1. Part of a tool.  
5. A female.  
9. Liquid obtained from fruit.  
12. Public disposal of goods.  
14. A measure.  
17. A container.  
18. To shut up.  
20. Contented about.  
21. To keep.  
23. A prefix.  
25. T.I. (actual).  
26. A corner.  
28. A person.  
31. A horse.  
33. A syllable (musical).

- CLUES DOWN.**  
1. Interjection.  
2. Land.  
3. A.I. (actual).  
4. A bird.  
6. Fazel.  
10. A Christian Name (Dim.).  
11. To fall like rain.  
12. Fish.  
13. A vegetable.  
15. To bestow.  
16. A point.  
17. A brood.  
19. Ulema.  
22. Escape.  
24. A bird.  
25. Something worn to protect part of the body.  
27. Warning.  
29. Syllable.  
30. Indefinite article.  
Conditions as Always published.

I AGREE TO ACCEPT THE DECISION OF THE JUDGE AS FINAL AND LEGALLY BINDING.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
POST ENTRIES TO CUMBERLAND CROSSWORDS, 194 CHURCH ST., PARRAMATTA, N.S.W.  
ENCLOSURE STAMPED (1d) ENVELOPE FOR RESULT.  
Send the whole of this advertisement to ensure your entry being judged for these prizes.



### They Sunbake Even on Cold Winter Nights

LONDON believes that it has at last found a remedy for its greatest failing—the climate! A Lido has been installed down in the basement of the First Avenue Hotel in Holborn. A great cylinder of green elastic canvas occupies the centre and is notable for its expanding qualities so that it never overflows or splashes. Around this "sportapool" are deck chairs and colored tables amid a regular tropical vegetation of palms. The bar is in one corner, and there is a huge gymno wheel and lectro-bell.

The great attraction, however, is the set of Vita-Ray sun lamps which flood-light the whole place and give out the same health-giving properties as natural mid-summer sun. Londoners are looking forward to an all-the-year-round tanning, and how strange it is that these modern days afford the strange experience of sun-baking on a cold December night in London.

## HOW THEY ACQUIRE THAT Eastern LURE CHINESE WOMEN ADOPT WESTERN METHODS

From NELL MURRAY, Our Special Representative in Europe.

THESE facts are told by Mrs. Beatrice Thompson, whose profession consists of boosting British goods in China and Malaya. She will be an interesting visitor to Melbourne next year for the Centenary Celebrations.

Left a widow at the age of 22, with twins six months old to provide for, the story of her courageous venture reads like a romance.

When she first began it, travel facilities in China had not developed to their present state of comparative modernity, and a journey into the interior was a thing to be accomplished by slow and laborious stages.

As sole official woman delegate to the recent Advertising Exhibition held at Olympia, Mrs. Thompson and her methods have aroused a great deal of interest in London. Only 33 years of age, attractive in appearance, and with a charming manner, in ten years she has succeeded in building up business connections of much potential interest to Australia, in view of the projected visit of the trade ship to Eastern waters.

This remarkable woman, who has spent most of her life in China, is emphatic that business must be done with the Chinese in their own language. She herself knows several of the dialects, but even so finds it necessary to enlist the aid of salesmen who are actually of the people to be dealt with.

"Considerable enterprise has been shown in late years by the Chinese in the matter of road-building," Mrs. Thompson remarked. "Thanks to the initiative and practical business sense of Chinese merchants, so rapid has been the increase of roadways in Southern

The modern Chinese women drive cars, work in shops and offices, and are striking out in many new directions. They are earning good money, and can afford to buy anything that takes their fancy. They can and do pay half a guinea for a box of face powder, for instance; £3 for a bottle of perfume, and £1 for a pair of silk stockings. They can and will have Western food products, and Western material for their clothes.

China that one can travel by car or send goods by light lorries to most parts of the interior of some of the provinces. I myself recently made a business tour covering some 2000 odd miles in a baby car through the interior of Kwangtung. An American organisation with its excellent staff of Chinese-speaking European salesmen, seems to have a strong hold on this particular market. When is the British manufacturer coming along to develop it for buses, touring cars and lorries, particularly for light lorries of the one to three-ton class?

THROUGHOUT China, English education has made rapid strides, particularly in South China. Chinese merchants, largely returned emigrants, are subsidising schools which teach the English language. There always has been a tendency to copy anything and everything Western, but it is more aggressively so to-day. Men are discarding their national costume in favor of Western-cut clothes, made of Western cloth; even the humblest office boy is wearing Western clothes. Here is indeed a chance for the woollen manufacturers of both Britain and Australia.

"Five years ago about ten per cent. of the better class Chinese men and women were wearing leather shoes; to-day at least 50 per cent. have taken to them. This 50 per cent. will rapidly increase if the British manufacturer seizes his opportunity of capturing the market for his leather.

"To-day in the big hotels in Hong-kong you see young Chinese dressed in dinner jackets driving up in sports cars, drinking their whiskies and sodas, and behaving in a way that would have been utterly revolutionary two or three years ago."

## When Depressed and "Out of Sorts"

When you feel so depressed and irritated you could smash something—just try a couple of tablets of Cream of Yeast. These will give you back your good spirits in surprisingly quick time; they're good for headaches, sleeplessness, "tired feeling" and poor complexion, too. Just get a package of Cream of Yeast from the nearest chemist—the cost is trifling, and the cheery smile that will soon light up your mirror will show the benefit you've gained.



Mrs. Rouse

## "In 5 days I had a cheque for £1000"

"OH, IT WAS WONDERFUL! I always had faith in Lucky Fred. There was something genuine about his claims for being so lucky. Three weeks ago I sent for a Lucky Charm and a fifth share, and since then I have had a share in each Lottery. I was often close, but I really felt miserably later that Fred would change my luck. A week last Friday, the 25th August, I received this wire—

"Mrs. C. E. Rouse,  
7 Banks Street,  
MAROUBRA.

Heartly congratulations your fifth share number 63443 in Lucky Fred's Syndicates shared the first prize of £5000 in the 18th Lottery. Please call in at once and collect £1000 cheque for yourself."

(Sgd.) Lucky Fred."

### £1000 that same day

"I phoned my husband, and we went straight in to Lucky Fred's office, and, sure enough, a cheque for £1000 was waiting for me. If I had never invested that 1/6, I would not have £1000 in the bank to-day.

"I had many tickets in the Lottery by myself, but it took Lucky Fred to change my luck and win £1000 for me."

## LUCKY FRED can win for YOU TOO!

Without your share you have no chance. If you cannot afford a whole ticket, you can afford a share. Step out of the crowd! Eighteen pence can put you on the road to success. Remember, Lucky Fred is lucky for the ladies. Eight hundred out of a thousand people who win shares in Lucky Fred's Syndicates every month are women.

While you feel lucky, get a pair of scissors, cut out this advertisement, and forward it with a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/6 and a STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS (please don't forget this), and by return mail Fred will send you a FIFTH SHARE in a State Lottery ticket.

If you would like one of his Lucky Charms, which have won for their owners over £60,000, AS WELL AS A FIFTH SHARE, send a Postal Note for 1/6 and a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address.

Winning won't help you—action will! £1000 may be yours next week. Lucky Fred is the only person who has won the first prize of £5000 THREE TIMES, and has won THREE TIMES the amount of any other Syndicate. Lucky Fred's Syndicates are definitely the luckiest you can join. You may be ever grateful for the thought which prompted you to send for a fifth share, so do it now! Here's the address—

LUCKY FRED,  
"DESK WW2,"  
Box 3908TT, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

**TO thoroughly CLEAN every TOOTH**  
DENTISTS DESIGNED THE BRUSH  
**NADA**  
...AT ALL CHEMISTS only

## FOR SALE Silks — Silks — Silks

Clark's Oton A Broader, assorted boxes, 3/- box of 12. Our price, 12/- box. Chadwick's platts, 12 in box, sold 7/- box, only 12/- box. Chadwick's Knitting Wool on Cards, sold 2/6d card, only 1/6d dozen. English pure silk on reels, 12 in box, sold 8/- box, only 6/- box. Clark's. All goods guaranteed sound or money returned. In five days we sold 14,000 boxes Little Thread Mending.

Cards sold 3d each elsewhere, only 1d dozen, 50k, 12 Reels 5d.

HALF PRICE HOUSE,

321 GEORGE STREET, OPF PLAZA.



# A PROBLEM

## Solved

### A TEN MINUTE STORY



H. GOODNESS! I am sick of this. Do you think my leg will soon be well enough for me to get up, Nurse? I'm getting desperately tired of lying here. Perhaps it is because I am so well in myself that the days seem so endless. My friends soon tire of coming to see me—in bed. They come once or twice and then—no more. I suppose it's human nature to like people better when they are well and able to run around with us, and to entertain us, so perhaps I shouldn't complain," rather peevishly rambled the patient.

"Well, the doctor has promised us a definite date to-morrow. Personally I think he'll soon let you get up. But cases like yours are always slow and so much depends on keeping the leg absolutely still!" replied the nurse.

"That doesn't make me any less sick of it!" tiredly answered Mavis Sterne, as she turned in her bed to face the windows.

The afternoon sun was just beginning to find its way through the rather thickly veiled windows of the bedroom. Mavis Sterne did not like too much light—so inarticulate, she thought, besides being very trying to the appearance, and surely it was difficult enough at any time to look one's best in bed.

The coming of spring! How jolly it would be to be up and about again. The gardens would all be getting their spring clothes on, and for her the shops would be gay and bright. How she loved to shop when she had been denied that pleasure for weeks. She must make up for lost time. . . . Personally she thought the doctor was unduly cautious. Absolutely still—it seemed simple, but, oh, how tiring!

Young, attractive, full of life, Mavis Sterne indeed loved life. Just to be up again . . . the gay little parties . . . And Bob . . . What an unsatisfactory husband he was when she was "hors-d-combat." She hardly saw him at all . . . Much the same each day . . . just popped in, in the morning, and again in the evening. Why, she was beginning to know his conversation off by heart.

"Well, Mavis, how are things to-night?"

"Getting along, thanks. What's the news from town to-day?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Everything is much the same as usual," and then he would wander round, looking as uncomfortable as a fly on a tangle-foot paper, and after a few minutes would come the parting shot. "Oh, well, if you're all right, and there's nothing I can do, I'll go and have a smoke and a stroll round the garden before it is too dark."

IT wasn't worth waiting all day for that, and yet—if she were only up. How different he was then! Ready and keen to go out with her—eager for cards, dances or dinners. Strange things, men!

But, anyhow, Muriel Hyne was coming to see her to-day. She wished she would come earlier in the afternoon, but always she chose about half-past five, just the time she wouldn't mind being alone—because Bob always came in about that time, even though it was a fleeting visit he paid. She could always live in hopes that some day he would draw up a chair and talk interestingly to her for a reasonable while. Surely sometimes Muriel could make an effort to come a little earlier.

Bob would always bury himself away while visitors were upstairs—even Muriel, such an old friend of both, too—always made the excuse that women preferred to talk together. A man was a wet blanket on their gossip, he affirmed.

But she mustn't growl. Muriel had shown herself a good friend—in spite of her late habits. She always came along at least twice a week, which was considerably more than anyone else bothered to do. She picked up the book lying at the side of her bed. Not for long did she read. Her mind began to form a little plan.

Bob was going away this week-end, fishing with a friend, he told her. How jolly if she could be lifted downstairs to greet him on his return. What a surprise it would be for him! How sick he must be of her lying here, though goodness knows it was far slower for her. A change of room—a change of position. It would make her feel she really was getting a little better. Yes—she would . . .

Muriel Hyne came quietly into the room, so quietly that her footsteps were barely audible. Just the swish of the filmy frock caused Mavis to cease her musings and look up.

"Very fashionable, and very late, as usual, Muriel. But I suppose I shouldn't complain. You're a dear to come so often. I depend on you, you know, for

all the gossip and all the news. Husband's fall lamentably in that line."

MURIEL came over to the bedside and seated herself comfortably in a luxurious chair. She placed a bunch of rosebuds on the table.

"I saw these in Janos to-day, and I knew you'd love them. Isn't their color wonderful? Just like fire. Just tiny buds, too. They ought to last for days." Emptying a dull blue bowl on the dressing table, she added, "Oh, I must arrange them in that bowl. That blue is just the shade for them." Mavis' gaze followed her friend. How elegant and graceful she looked. It was always a pleasure to look at her—so well dressed, every detail so perfect, not a hair awry. Strange she had never married. It certainly was not from lack of admirers.

By Linda Littlejohn

Having finished her little self-appointed task, Muriel stood a little distance off, admired her arrangement, and then placed the bowl where the invalid could have a clear view.

"I'm sorry I can't stay more than a few moments to-night, dear. I have to pay another visit before I get home, and it's just on six now. Rather late, isn't it? But my friends understand my dilatory habits and always seem to pardon me."

"Oh, then, I suppose I, too, will have to excuse you. Thanks so much for the flowers. Bob will probably be in soon. He's late to-night. I haven't heard the click of his key in the door. I listen for it just as if it were a bundy clock. You may meet him on the drive. He's not generally so late."

"Remember me to him if I don't see him. I'm afraid I can't wait even for him to-night," and she leaned over and kissed the pale dimpled cheek of the invalid. "I'll let myself out. Don't ring. Good-bye!"



DOCTOR: Did you tell that young man of yours what I thought of him?  
DAUGHTER: Yes, papa, and he said you were wrong in your diagnosis as usual.

Mavis thought she heard the key turn in the door. In fact, she was sure she heard it. Nothing further.

Again she listened. Surely? It must have been. No. Was it? It seemed very faint to-night. It always sounded much more clearly than that. She'd certainly hear in a minute if it was Bob. She listened again. No sound. The door didn't slam. It must have shut if Bob came in. And, yes, when Muriel went out. It must have been Bob—or perhaps she didn't hear the latch at all. But yet she was sure she did.

She lay and listened. Strained every nerve—each ear.

How silly! What a state to be working herself into. And yet, a strange feeling. . . . Now she was sure. Yes. She had heard the key turn in the door, and she hadn't heard the door shut.

This was too absurd! A ridiculous thought. It simply couldn't be. Of course, it was too absurd.

No. It wasn't absurd. She felt . . . she must know . . . She simply must be sure . . . Madness!

She would perhaps damage her leg beyond remedy. What did it matter? Nothing mattered, except that she must know.

SLOWLY she dragged herself up, clutching the edge of the bed. It wasn't far to the top of the staircase—but that little hall—could she manage it? Yes. She must do it. Oh, that awful twinge! Could she do it? Just a little more effort. She must let go the door handle for the last short lap. She mustn't fall. She could and would. She sat down on the floor. It was the only safe way, and like a child she worked herself across the passage.

Once at the top of the stairs the rest was easy.

Slowly she worked her way down, step by step. Six steps, seven, and now the turn on the stairs.

In the dim evening light she saw them, hand in hand. She had one hand holding the door to stop it banging. They were talking earnestly. He moved his hand. He placed one arm around her.

Muriel seemed to be laughing. What could she be saying? Why was he so earnest? She could not catch all he was saying, only snatches.

"You're not trying to back out, are you? You gave a promise," she heard her husband say.

And then Muriel's look. She had never seen her look like that. And now he was talking softly again, almost whispering to her. His face so close to Muriel's . . .

They were parting now. She must get back. Never, never should they know that she had seen—and heard. Would she ever manage to get back? No one, not even Nurse, must come till she had succeeded. If only her heart, her throat, her whole body did not quake and quiver so, she would stand the strain better.

The top of the stairs. They seemed a journey off. How much harder to go up than to come down . . . The top at last, then just across the hall and she was safe.

She heard the key turn in the lock. She heard the door slam. He must be coming up. Nothing else to be done. She absolutely must wait it.

How she got back she knew not. Certainly all feeling of pain was overwhelmed by her desperate need.

The beastliness, the deceit of it all! What should she do?

She buried her head in the pillow and her whole being throbbled and shook. Good God! What should she do?

In a flash her mind rebounded, rebounded to cold, hard facts.

Her gaze seemed fixed on the dull wall opposite to her. Surely no solution could be found there.

Do! . . . What should she do? What could she do? . . .

## Not This Paper

## By Gluyas Williams



BEGINS STORY IN MAGAZINE



URNS TO BACK OF MAGAZINE WHERE STORY IS CONTINUED



GETS SIDETRACKED LOOKING AT ADVERTISEMENT OF RESULTS AT AGE 65 OF NOT TAKING OUT ENOUGH LIFE INSURANCE



BEGINS READING AGAIN. FINDS HE MUST HAVE TURNED TO WRONG PAGE. THIS SEEMS TO BE ARTICLE ON RUSSIA



FEELS IT'S PRETTY INTERESTING AND FINISHES COLUMN



URNS BACK TO FRONT OF MAGAZINE TO FIND BEGINNING OF ARTICLE ON RUSSIA



CATCHES GLIMPSE OF EXCITING ILLUSTRATION FOR A MURDER STORY.



DECIDES TO READ MURDER STORY FIRST, AND THEN FINISH ARTICLE ON RUSSIA



FINDS MURDER STORY DULL AND SPENDS REST OF EVENING LOOKING AT ADVERTISEMENTS

## Things That Happen

### One Barrow Town

THEY say the age of the horse is over. It may be; but how about this? In our town, one of the principal tourist resorts of the South Coast, the leading storekeeper delivers his orders per wheelbarrow, and the wheeler is a partner of the firm—R.B. Eden, N.S.W.

### To Save a Sale

I HAVE a girl friend who is in an office in town, and she seems to me to be very ingenious. The other day, when we had heavy rain, she found to her annoyance that she had a hole in the sole of her shoe. However, she did not worry, but sent the office boy out to buy her some chewing gum. After she had "chewed it well," she flattened it out and gummed it over the hole, and said it was completely water-tight.—Miss H. Gerrard, 15 McLeod Avenue, Roseville.

### That Was Uncle Lino

DURING the bedtime story session from a B class station during the week, a new record was put on the air, entitled "Dan, Dan, the Yodelling Man." My young hopeful—44 years old—who has a good ear for music, informed us at the end of the session that he knew the new song, and said "You listen, Mummy." In a piping voice came the right tune—but imagine our amazement when his version of the words was "Danni, Danni, the Yo-Yo Man."—Mrs. B. Donagan, 18 Hillview Street, Sans Souci, N.S.W.

right . . . Absolutely nothing . . . It had never struck her in that light. Yes, there was no other way of saying it—she was penniless.

All these comforts, all these luxuries, all these fine clothes, and yet—penniless.

She buried her head deeper into the pillow. Her heart burned more fiercely than any flame.

Do! . . . What can I do? . . . Nothing! . . . Good God! To think that that man is my bread and butter, and my very clothes!

After a while Bob came upstairs into her room.

"Well, Mavis, how are things to-night?"

"Getting along, thanks. What's the news from town to-day? You're a bit later than usual, aren't you?"

"Just a little. A cable just came through as I was leaving, and I thought I'd better wait to see if it was anything important, but it wasn't. No, nothing in particular to record to-day. Everything much the same as usual. . . . And by the way, old girl, about this week-end, I'll try and get back by Monday, but . . ."

(Copyright)

### Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and there will be consolation awards.

### "O Sole Milko!"

MILKMEN sometimes sing! One, in particular, persistently gave voice in our street every morning at about 4 o'clock. The noise of his singing, plus the rumbling of his cart, drowned the insulting remarks hurled at him. Having discovered that this driver was the dairy proprietor himself, my husband wrote naively thus: "Evidently you have in your employ a man with a voice so painful that even people disturbed hesitate to hurt his feelings by telling him so. Could you tactfully give the poor fellow the hint?" That milkman may still sing sometimes, but he certainly does not perform in our locality.—A. J. Bethers, 44 Ardoyne Street, Black Rock, 68, Vic.

### Mystery Caller

A NORTH SYDNEY resident was driven from her home one day by the constant ringing of her front door bell. Each time she answered it, but found no one there. She then hid in the front bedroom, and, when it rang, slipped out, but she still found no one in sight. So, thoroughly unnerved, she dressed and went out for the day, phoning her husband to meet her at the ferry on his way home. As soon as they arrived the bell started to ring again, so the husband dismantled the bell and released a beetle which had been struggling to escape all day.—Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Broadmeadow Road, Newcastle.

### Lottery's the Best Policy

A "SWAGGY" called at a station in the Carrathool district and asked the cook at the huts if he could let him have some flour, sugar and tea. He told the cook he had no money, but he did have an art union ticket, which he would give him in exchange for the food. The cook gave him the food and told him to keep the ticket. A few weeks afterwards the art union was drawn. The tramp drew the winning number—£5000. He returned and paid the cook, besides making him a present of ten pounds.—M.M. Carrathool.



"Mother must keep fit, too!"



To enjoy the boisterous romping of healthy, happy children, Mother must be fit too. When the noisy fun of youngsters makes you "nervy," then it's time for Clements Tonic—the great standby of Mothers everywhere. This letter from a user of Clements Tonic is of interest to all women.

"As Good as a Holiday"

Auckland, N.Z., September 19, 1932.  
"Feeling run down I was advised to try a bottle of Clements Tonic. After taking one bottle and feeling the benefit of it, I had another. It did me as much good as if I had twelve months' holiday. Two bottles were enough and I feel quite well again."

(Mrs.) J.P.

(Original letter on file for inspection).

For Nerves, Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

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**CLEMENTS TONIC**  
"Gives you nerves of steel!"

**Lots of People own Black Cats**

But that doesn't mean  
**GOOD FORTUNE!**

Black Cats . . . rabbits' feet and lucky charms! They can't help you win lottery prizes—for there's no such thing as luck, really.



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Continual success can only be the result of KNOWLEDGE of your favourable days and numbers, and that knowledge . . . the secret of the ages . . . is now available to you!

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**"KNOW WHAT TO-MORROW HOLDS"**

will tell you all you need to know to be really successful. Don't wait any longer—send 2/6 NOW to Box 1611, G.P.O., Sydney, and get your copy by return mail.

## The NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

### WOMAN Writer's First NOVEL

MRS. ALBERT LITTLEJOHN, the well-known Australian Feminist, has at last found the time to put the finishing flourishes to a novel, "Life and Lucille," which is to be published at an early date in Sydney.

Forcefully written articles from her pen have appeared in various publications; short stories have been accepted by different journals, including "Time and Tide," London. So she is an experienced writer, and her books will be awaited with keen interest by all women.

Mrs. Littlejohn has been, for many years, one of our best-known Feminists. Her keen executive ability, together with her charming personality, have made her a power in the forefront of practically every movement conceived with a view to furthering women's interests in the community.

"I have always longed to write a novel," Mrs. Littlejohn said in an interview, "but somehow I could never find time. One simply must be able to concentrate, and I have always been too busy. However, 'Life and Lucille' is written at last, and I am looking forward to seeing it in print. I wrote it some time ago; then I had to put it away until I could find an opportunity to polish it. Eventually



MRS. ALBERT LITTLEJOHN

I seemed to practically re-write the whole story."

The book deals with the experiences of an English girl who visits Australia. She returns to England and then goes to France and Italy, which countries Mrs. Littlejohn is able to describe first hand.

"One More Spring," Robert Nathan. Might be described as the idyll of a bad woman. A very beautiful little idyll it is, too. The story is a fantasy. A ruined furniture dealer and a starving musician camp out in a hut in a New York park. But it might be any park. They are joined by Elizabeth, a charming young girl of the streets. She shares their shelter, their hardships, and their simple fun. Later they are joined by a ruined banker, fresh from Wall Street. Elizabeth falls in love. (Cassell and Co.)



## SHORT REVIEWS

"The Autobiography of a Black-guard," Raymond Paton. This popular story has been brought out in a new illustrated edition. Michael, an orphan living with a degenerate old grandmother, turns out to be a genius and becomes a violinist of international repute. He is discovered by a painter, who uses him first as a model and then trains him. (Angus and Robertson.)

"Glory Hole," R. W. Thompson. A cook's assistant in the galley of a great ocean liner tells his story through this book, and very unusual it is, too. The "Glory Hole" is the name given by the stewards and cooks to the galley, and it has every quality except that of glory. Far below the waterline, men work and sweat so that the passengers may lie in ease and luxury and eat their heads off. To the passengers the men of the "Glory Hole" are like creatures from another world. The book is a clever study in psychology. Women who hate washing-up should read the "Glory Hole" just to find out what real washing-up is. (Dymock's.)

H. R. HOLBROOKE says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the sauce of the House of Holbrouk. The World's Appetizer. (Cassell.)

## BOOKS



MRS. J. M. SPENDER, whose first novel, "The Charge Is Murder," has just been published, is one of Sydney's most beautiful young writers. Her husband is a well-known barrister.

### Queen Victoria and PRO-MAN Ideals

MODERN women, with the freedom they take as a matter of course, will be interested to read that "rights for women" (according to Mr. Philip Guedalla) was one of the questions which roused the wrath of Queen Victoria.

When Dr. Mary E. Walker lectured in England on the subject in 1889-7 the Queen thought her "a very objectionable woman."

The recurrence at the same time of John Stuart Mill's proposal to give votes for women, and the "mad and utterly demoralising movement of the present day to place women in the same positions and professions as men and, among others, in the medical line," simply made her furious, for she wrote to Gladstone:

"She is most anxious that it should be known that she not only disapproves but abhors the attempts to destroy all propriety and womanly feeling which will inevitably be the result of what has been proposed."

"The Queen is a woman herself and knows what an anomaly her own position is—but that can be reconciled with reason and propriety, though it is a terribly difficult and trying one."

"Alarming Danger"

"But to tear away all the barriers which surround a woman, and to propose that she should study with men—things which could not be named before them, certainly not in a mixed audience, would be to introduce a total disregard of what must be considered as belonging to the rules and principles of morality."

"The Queen feels so strongly upon this dangerous and unchristian and unnatural cry and movement of women's rights that she is most anxious that Mr. Gladstone and others should take some steps to check this alarming danger and to make whatever use they can of her name."

"Let woman be what God intended: a helpmate for a man, but with totally different duties and vocations."

This is one of 1600 documents which Mr. Guedalla presents in "The Queen and Mr. Gladstone."

## Piano Sale

Each instrument is in first-class order, having been thoroughly overhauled and polished, and is FULLY GUARANTEED.



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Mrs. E. Hanham of Auckland, N.Z.

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## NOTABLE WOMEN in Public Life of U.S.A.

IN the administration of Australian public affairs our women have not received anything like the encouragement extended to women in other parts of the world—notably the United States. The opportunities open to American women, as reviewed in the following article, provide a sharp contrast to those existing in Australia at present.

IT is literally true that every position (except, perhaps, that of President) is open for a woman to fill in the United States. They may become Governors of States, members of Parliament, both Houses, State and Federal, Judges of the various courts, also trust positions in all branches of the world of commerce and industry, economic experts, professors of all branches of science, and diplomatic representatives in foreign courts.

During my visit to the United States of America in 1927, I had unrivalled opportunities (being a Government representative) of meeting distinguished American women in all their different professions and avocations.

Firstly, I must say a word about America's first woman citizen, Jane Addams. She is, of course, a world-famous woman, and her work at Hull House, in Chicago, is known in every country where migration to the United States is permitted.

Starting now with the women in the Public Service, I would like to give a brief sketch of three prominent women in the Federal Public Service—Mary Anderson, Grace Abbott, and Dr. Stanley.

Mary Anderson is the chief woman officer of the Women's Labor Bureau in Washington. She was appointed to this position by the late President Wilson at the request of the various women's organisations who had long recognised her value as a practical and sympathetic worker in the cause of the women employed in factories and shops. Mary Anderson is the chief of her department, and receives the same salary a man would receive.

She controls a large staff, and when one realises that she is responsible for the collection and co-ordination of all matters pertaining to women's work in 48 States, one realises the nature of her task. There are many other phases of

By  
**MAY MATTHEWS**



Mrs. Jennings Bryan, the American Minister to Denmark.

the work of her department, such as trying to level the standard of wages and hours in industry, and the protection of child labor (particularly in the old cotton States).

ANOTHER prominent woman in a Government department is Miss Grace Abbott, in charge of the Child Welfare Bureau (Federal). Everything connected with child welfare comes within the purview of this department, and the ramifications spread throughout the whole 48 States. Miss Abbott has frequently represented the United States at international conferences, and is recognised as a world authority on child welfare.

Dr. Stanley is in charge of what is known as the Bureau of Home Economics. This is a unique department which supplies experts to explain the latest labor-saving machinery, especially



MISS FRANCIS ROBINSON, of Washington, has all her time well spent assisting General Hughes Johnson, Administrator of the National Recovery Act. Miss Robinson is the 27-years-old secretary and personal aide of the General.

to the farmers' wives. The American woman has revolutionised the home by the application of science and electricity, so that it is literally true that one hour will cover all the operations necessary to thoroughly clean a home and keep it in order.

During my stay in New York I met Miss Van Kleeck, who is regarded as one of the most brilliant women in America. She is connected with the Russell Sage Foundation. Like the Rockefeller Institute, the Russell Sage Foundation is an independent organisation, financed by the millionaire, Russell Sage, to carry on a great amount of educational and research work.

The special work which Miss Van Kleeck supervises is industrial relationship of employer and employee.

For instance, there had been a long protracted strike in the Colorado mines, with intense bitterness, strife, and even bloodshed. Miss Van Kleeck was sent to study the position at the mines, and her report was accepted as an absolute and unbiased presentation of the case by both mine owners and miners. Miss Van Kleeck presided over an Industrial Conference in New York, at which all the Australian delegates attended.

I ALSO met the famous Mrs. Chapman Catt in New York. She is one of the pioneer workers in the suffrage movement—a very forceful personality. She asked me questions about the Australian Women's Movement, and, of course, could not understand the lack of women representatives in the Australian Parliament. Mrs. Chapman Catt edits one of the leading women's magazines, the "Women Citizen."

The United States, one must admit, has shown more appreciation of their womanhood by honoring them with positions of trust and leadership than Australia. Besides the position of high place in private life, American women have been elected to the various State Parliaments in the U.S.A., also the Federal Parliaments. President Roosevelt has appointed Miss Perkins to the position of Minister for Labor, and Mrs. Jennings Bryan as Diplomatic Representative of the U.S.A. at Copenhagen.

## THE HUB

### IT'S SMARTER TO SWAGGER AND SAVE!



#### Swagger Suits

For smart wear, the Swagger Suit, so useful for between-seasons, shows a frock, the skirt of which is plain Maroon, smartly tucked and pleated. Bodice of fancy silk with becoming short sleeve. The Coat is prettily trimmed on back and sleeves. Lido, Red, Green, Black, and Navy. S.S.W. and S.W. Usually 49/11. **HUB PRICE . . . 39/11**



#### Swagger Coats

The ideal for Sports and general use. The Swagger Coat of fine all-wool Coating Flannel. Broad shouldered effect is gained with the epaulet. Tie at neck, and two pockets. Royal, Red, Fawn, Green, Black, and Creme. S.S.W. and S.W. Usually 25/11. **HUB PRICE, ea. . . 17/11**

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Art. Silk Morocains. Double width. Special purchase 5000 yards, bright finish in a durable weave. Colors: Pink Primrose, Lemon, Sage, Lido, Royal, Brown, Grey, Lettuce, Red, Cardinal, Fawn, Black, and White. Usually 2/6. **HUB PRICE, yard . . 1/61**

#### PRINTED VOILES

Printed Art. Silk Organdi Voile. Double width. Twenty rich colorful French floral designs. The smartest for festival or street wear. Dominant colors are Jade, Red, Royal, Orange, Pink, Beige, Gold, Sage, Navy, and Black. Usually 2/6. **HUB PRICE, yard . . 1/61**

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Georgettes. Double width. Pure Silk, and serviceable in wear. Extensive color range, including Ivory, Pink, Mauve, Nil, Jade, Orange, Flame, Salmon, Red, Wine, Sage, Lido, Royal, Grey, Brown, Navy, and Black. Usually 2/11. **HUB PRICE, yard . . 1/111**

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Lack-lustre eyes, sallow skin—a revelation indeed!

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Begin the CARLISTA health habit to-morrow morning. Watch your skin clear and your eyes brighten after even the first dose of two DOSES in the jar. To enjoy a healthy, happy life is your birthright. Find it in the Salt Nature herself has provided and which are combined for your convenience in CARLISTA.

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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## GOOD TEETH

—A Priceless Aid to Beauty and Charm



IT is said that a winning smile is a certain short cut to success. It wins friends. That's why teeth—lustrous, white teeth, are a priceless possession. They give your smile its winning charm. But they mean more than that. They are absolutely necessary to perfect health, without which life lacks its lustre.

This article—specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly by the Australian Dental Association—stresses the vital importance of caring regularly and scrupulously for your teeth. Not only does it carry special significance for grown-ups, but for the YOUNG youth of Australia to-day. And in the latter capacity makes earnest appeal to mothers everywhere.

TEETH, when perfect should be capable of fulfilling all the functions for which they are intended. Although mastication is the most important function, there are really three main duties:

(a) **Beauty.**—To add to the beauty of the face. This function of the teeth is too often forgotten, and it is only when teeth are malformed, or absent, that the part they play in adding to the beauty of the face arouses general notice. To realise this, it is only necessary to recall the part teeth play as aids to beauty in the film world, in the theatre, and in portraits by great masters.

(b) **Speech.**—The part played by teeth in the articulation and enunciation of words is brought home to one when some, or all, are lost.

(c) **Mastication.**—The teeth are fashioned to cut and to grind food. The front teeth, the incisors, are chisel shaped, and, as the name suggests, are used for cutting or incising the food.

Next to the incisors stand the canine teeth, large, strong, and pointed. They tear the food and give character to the face. Behind the canines are the bicuspids and molars, teeth which are adapted to grind the food into small particles.

Beauty or good looks cannot be gauged by any set rules or measurements, because there are many different and distinct types of faces. But one thing is certain, and that is: In all cases, the teeth must be regularly placed and of good appearance before a person can be considered beautiful. In fact, the rule is that the facial type, whether perfect or imperfect, is in direct relation to the conformity of the teeth and jaws. So, if the jaws grow properly, we have beauty, but if they are misshapen and the teeth are crowded and irregular, we have disfigurement.

One reason why babies look so pretty and attractive is because their little

Note the evenly-placed, perfect teeth of lovely Nancy Carroll, of Paramount. Don't you agree they add, indescribably, to her piquant charm? And winsome Jean Parker, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—her pearly teeth have meant much to her success. So, for beauty's sake, for your health's sake, for success, keep in mind the vital fact that your teeth are far too important for neglect.

teeth are usually more regular, and better placed, than the permanent teeth which come later.

By the time adult age is reached, a large proportion of people in Australia have misshapen jaws and crowded and diseased teeth, and this is reflected in their appearance. Dental disease, often due to neglect, has in many cases produced ugliness where once there was beauty, and, in many cases, has seriously interfered with the health of the individual.

So, if for no other reason than the preservation of your good looks, make every effort to preserve your teeth.

Visit your dentist periodically to have your teeth examined. Do not wait until they start to ache. Care for them from babyhood onwards, help the jaws to grow by vigorous mastication, keep the teeth scrupulously clean, and breathe through the nose.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

### Pains in the Back

Does pain in the back mean kidney disease?

Very rarely. Pain in the back is not a symptom of chronic kidney disease, though it is sometimes a symptom of an acute inflammation of the kidney, not a particularly common disease. Pain due to kidney disease is usually situated on one side or the other, and rather high up under the last ribs. But for pain in the small of the back we must seek another cause. The most usual cause in women is some disorder of the pelvic organs. An infected or misplaced womb that pulls on tubes and ovaries is a particularly common cause.

Another fruitful source of chronic backache is injury to the muscles or ligaments in the small of the back; this is often a difficult condition to treat since the back muscles are being used all the time. Whether standing or sitting, or lying, these muscles have always some work to do, and, consequently, the injured part is continually being pulled on, and the result, of course, is continual pain. To make matters worse, the injured person naturally keeps the part as still as possible, with the result that some of the muscles may become weak from insufficient use.

The symptoms of chronic kidney disease are often very slight till the condition is well advanced. The only things that an affected person may feel may be slight attacks of giddiness, shortness of breath, headaches, and frequent passing of the water. The kidneys are most commonly affected after the age of forty,

### Poisonous Spiders

Are spiders dangerous, and what is the best treatment for spider bites?

There are two notably poisonous spiders in eastern Australia, the "Red Back," and one which is called the



LYING on the back, circle the knees to the left, over the chest, to the right, then down straight, and repeat the entire circle several times. Then reverse the procedure. The shoulder stand (right) is valuable to restore sagging internal organs to their natural positions. Bear the weight on the neck, shoulders, and elbows.

"Trapdoor." This latter variety is, according to recent evidence, not dangerous, but is mistaken for the "Funnel-web," which is a very poisonous spider. This "Funnel-web" spider builds a funnel which is a sort of corridor, down which it runs when retreating. The "Red Back" spider bite is painful, the "Funnel-web" spider bite is not. The treatment for spider bite is the same as for snake bite; i.e., scarify the wound, remove the poison if possible, and rub in the usual crystals, at the same time placing a ligature between the wound and the heart.

## COMPACTS

BLUE EAR-RINGS, or blue beads, or a hat faced with blue, enhance the beauty of blue eyes. The girl with green eyes should always wear some accessory in green to bring out the fascination of her eyes. The brown-eyed girl will find that amber beads help to emphasise the flecks that appear so attractively in brown eyes.

HERE IS the correct way of using creams and lotions night and morning: At night clean the face with cleansing cream, and wipe off. Wash with soap and water. (If the skin is very dry this washing should be done only once or twice a week.) Apply skin food or nourishing cream. In the morning dab on an astringent, and afterwards a little foundation cream. If the skin is oily, the astringent may be sufficient as a powder base, in which case the powder should be applied before the lotion dries.

WITH SPRING here, and summer on its way, fair-skinned people must remember that they are particularly sensitive to the sun's rays. If they will only "take" a little at a time they are safe enough and can get browned as well as anyone; but they should only expose their skins gradually, a few minutes the first day, and by degrees a little longer each succeeding day. In addition, they should smear a little olive oil over arms and shoulders before going to the beach, and in that way avoid getting sore and blistered.

DAILY CARE of the nails adds charm and attractiveness to your appearance. Possibly you are in doubt as to the correct tint when nail varnish is used as a finishing medium. Although natural and pale-rose shades accentuate the normal flesh tint, colorless varnish meets every requirement for casual use. It has the distinction of restraint and simplicity which is always a mark of elegance. With frockings of "difficult" shades the tone is invariably pleasing and effective.

HAVE YOU "shadowed" those eyes with effect? Apply eye-shadow with the tip of the finger, and smooth carefully on the upper lid over a smearing of cold cream. Begin at the inner corner of the eye, widen slightly at the centre, and then continue just beyond the outer corner of the eye. The apparent length of the latter is increased in this way, but study your individual type. After applying the eye-shadow, dust the lids gently with powder to remove shine of the cosmetic. Finally, remove every trace of powder from brows and lashes with a soft brush.

THE WOMAN whose hair is white has little cause for complaint—when neatly dressed her coiffure should be most distinctive. Remember, however, that olive oil should not be used for massage in this case, as it tends to darken the hair. For the purpose, and also as a dressing, use white vasoline or liquid paraffin oil, the latter if sheer only is required. Special shampoos are retailed for white hair, which should be used and followed by a rinse in water tinted with ordinary washing blue.



Photo Dorothy Welding.

### MISS ELLA SHIELDS

The Brilliant Theatrical Star, now at the Tivoli Theatre, is another of the famous stage celebrities who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

## Its Effects are Wonderful

YOU can't compare Mergolized Wax with face creams. There is no comparison. Mergolized Wax works on an entirely different principle. It is pleasantly soothing, just as most face creams are, but, unlike creams, Mergolized Wax is beneficially active.

Mergolized Wax helps the skin to do its own cleansing. Permits it to show its natural beauty. It stimulates the pores and enables them to throw off particles of dust and powder. This wonderful Wax then absorbs and thus removes these impurities. Having cleared the complexion, Mergolized Wax leaves the skin beautifully fine and supple, and ready for the light dusting of powder which is all that is necessary when the face is refined and, as it were, dressed with Mergolized Wax. Invaluable for Windchaps, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Base for Powder.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

# Mergolized Wax

"The Modern Skin Beautifier"



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

**ANN BEVAN** has a fringe? Mr. W. G. Layton last week sent a Sydney hostess £1 and wrote to the Boy Scout movement, accepting an invitation to a sherry party?

Many eligible young men have lots of time on their hands now that Edye Taylor is cruising to Noumea?

Mrs. Willy Arnott does not allow grey hairs to keep her off a ballroom floor?

Mrs. Isabel Tout plans to do most of her summer entertaining on her verandah?

## Distinguished Queensland Guest

Mrs. Arthur Smythe, of Gordon, is going to be one of the busiest hostesses on the North Shore in the next few weeks. Her daughter, Mrs. Greene, wife of the Lord Mayor of Brisbane, came down on the "Orungal" at the weekend to spend a long holiday with her, and as Mrs. Smythe not so long ago was feted royally in the northern State by her present distinguished guest, she has planned all sorts of parties to show her that New South Wales can hold its own in the social entertaining line.

## Bridal Dress Astray

Although the fond mother of a Darling Point bride is once again her usual genial self, she has made a solemn vow that when one of her other daughters is married she will not allow anyone but herself to take custody of the bridal robes after the bride has changed into her going-away dress.

Noticing one smart young man at the breakfast celebrations who refrained from taking any stimulants of any kind, she handed him the package after her daughter had changed with instructions to place it at once into her taxi. The smart young abstemious man rose with a bow to accede to her request, and everything would have been right if he had not put the parcel into the car of another bride standing outside the Australia, which was destined to make a long trip north before the mistake was discovered and rectified.

## Modern Peter Pan

Percy Lindsay, eldest of the famous Lindsay brothers, is the one man I know who positively refuses to grow up. He is the modern personification of Peter Pan. He is younger than his nice young son, Peter, of the butter-colored hair and the cherubic countenance, and in familiar circles is known as the latter's infant brother.

His youthful figure, on fine days, is to be seen at various points of scenic beauty on the northern side of the Harbor, garbed in spotless white, and shielded by a gigantic canvas umbrella—made by himself.

Percy tells an amusing story of an encounter one windy afternoon with a stranger, who, obviously taking him for his brother, Norman, remarked: "Not a good day for the nood—eh, Mr. Lindsay!"

## A "Rona" Record

One of the lady dog owners who many thought met with hard luck at the canine gymkhana, held in the paddock of "Rona," the Knox home—stead, at the week-end, was Mrs. Eric Sheller, whose faculty for gathering groups of interesting people around her at her parties is on a par with her devotion to the arts and music.

She possesses a mongrel purchased at the Dogs' Home, the breed of which was probably the most uncertain at the whole show, excepting that there was one stray streak of Irish terrier about him somewhere. She and some of her intimates fully expected him to take a prize in a section set apart for such freaks, but he arrived too late to compete owing to a motor breakdown.

The dog, however, made up for the mishap by having three good fights during the afternoon and winning them all... a record for "Rona."

## Women Surprise Government

MR. STEVENS and others of the State

Government taking an interest in suggested racing reforms were lately surprised when a suggestion was made to them by a body of women to introduce five shillings and two-and-sixpenny totes on the various racecourse paddocks and shilling totes on the "outers."

They pointed out that women had as much right to a little flutter as mere men, and that as they got as great a thrill out of a little win as a big one, such an innovation would be of benefit to the feminine community generally, and save them the bother of whacking wagers with others to keep within the bounds of economy, or go beyond them, as at present.

## The Latest Cult

Two well-known Australians stood out in the various deck games played on the last outward voyage of the "Orama." Philippa Stephen and Mrs. Frank Harvey, wife of the actor, who before her marriage was "Bobby" Macmillan, daughter of the late Sir William Macmillan, a former State Treasurer.

Both reached the finals in practically every section of outdoor sport they entered into, and "Bobby" had to look on at every final and see herself beaten by more competent Phillipa.

On arrival home, "Bobby" received another shock in the form of an admonishment from her mother—Mrs. Watson Munro nowadays—for getting so sunburnt on the voyage out. But the censure was quickly countered in a way that still has mother puzzled.

"That's not sunburn, mater," "Bobby" replied. "It's moonburn. It was too hot in the tropics for sunbaking, so we all moonbaked!"

## From the Hills of India

Included in the latest overseas mail received by the "Intimate Jotter" was a chatty epistle from Janet Aldis, the famous English historical research and travel writer, who recently visited and made a host of friends in Australia.

She wrote from Nilgris, in the hills of India, where the best people, native or British-born, including Governors and suites and Rajahs with their vast entourages, were dodging the southern summer heat and making the mountain settlements colorful with their pomp and splendor and life one big round of social gaiety.

During the festivities the authoress found time to lecture there on her adventures in Australia and the South Seas, and get well ahead with yet another travel book in which this country and its people (of whom she is a great admirer) will figure prominently.

## Dot Brunton's All-Nighter

At the opening night of "Road House," at the Criterion, one of Dot Brunton's most ardent admirers from the boxes was husband Ben Dawson, who was also one of the leading spirits at the after-theatre party given to the cast and their friends by the John Longdens.

Nor did the Dawson celebrations end there. Ben and his wife took along a party of friends to their luxurious flat at the Astor, where Dot regaled the guests, seated on the floor, with ale, sack, and sandwiches, and kept them sparkling until the grey dawn appeared with stories narrated from her extensive repertoire.



Tall palms and other tropical foliage fringe the Kokopo Road, which is one of the favorite motoring spots in Rabaul.



## Marriage Proverbs

A SECOND WEDDING is a triumph of hope over experience.

## Specimen Hunting

Phillip Game has just finished with all University lectures, and intends to wander from now until February around Cudgong (near Mudgee) with map and bag of tools, looking for geological specimens.

There is said to be plenty of gold in the district, and that Commander Gifford owns a reef there! Philip will take occasional runs to town to see his family. Next year he hopes to continue his scientific studies at Cambridge.

## The Man and the Job

Acting-Chief Justice Sir John Harvey is the most unassuming of men, and does not care about being an acting-speaker.

When he arrived at a meeting at the Y.W.C.A. the other night, he was suddenly called upon to say a few words, someone having disappointed the organisers. "There is too much of this sort of thing!" said the Judge.

Some people agreed that a man in his position ought not to be asked to speak at a minute's notice, while others argued that only a man in such a position would be asked to do so.

## Settling Down

Wallace Pratt (brother of Douglas Pratt, the etcher), who, as secretary of the Student Christian Movement has been travelling all over Australia for some time, has at last come to rest, having accepted the ministry of the Congregational Church at Broken Hill.

His fiancée, Enid Edmonds, M.Sc., who won the University medal in zoology, and has since been teaching her subject at the University, and her old school, Kambala, is planning the wedding for early next year.

She is thrilled with excitement at the prospect of living in Broken Hill, having been told it is extraordinarily interesting, and has picturesque mountains in the background.

We all have our illusions.

## Ideal Rock Garden

Can you imagine a rock garden, where a crazy stone path leads over a rustic bridge, goldfish swim in the stream below, bright flowers make a splash of color, as they peep out of the crevices; where there is a rock table for our "feathered friends" to feed on, and a sunken stone bath for them to bathe in?

This artistic garden was designed and built by Miss Rachael Windeyer, in the grounds of her delightful old convict-built home, "Kinross," Raymond Terrace.

## Racing Whispers

Many ladies expect Silver Scorn to provide the Randwick frock this year. They should get it before Epsom Day.

Melbourne girls coming over for the Spring Meeting have already arranged about their dance frocks from Waltzing Lily's three wins.

Chatham is said to roar when galloping. Just listen to the roar when he leads the Chelmsford field in on Saturday.

Peter Pan is having his troubles early—he should pass them all on to the bookmakers on Cup Day.



# DISTINCTIVE CHARM

## In FRENCH HATS and BAGS



• **CELIA** looks very distinctive in her crepe satin model, which had its inspiration in the petals of a flower and, therefore, falls in the softest folds. She wears it with her smartest cocktail gown.

• **DEMI-LUNE** is a very chic handbag to complement the race ensemble. Its unusual outline is emphasised by the skilful use of color in the flap that has small sections cleverly outlined.

• **DE LA PAIX** is a handbag that mingles color with the precision that marks artistic designing. A pointed section of beige is confronted by a surface of cornflower blue. It makes a charming finish to the daintiest party frock.



• **BIARBITZ** is an unusual handbag, specially designed to match an arresting sports suit, in the new twisted macrame twine. Its color-scheme is a dull champagne with lip-stick red to add the note of contrast.

• **PARIS PLAGUE** discloses an interesting treatment of the envelope bag. Its gay stripes are woven to match a colorful gown and the handle is made in a fine plait with smart tasselled ends.

• **STEPHANIE** is very demure in her simple model of black pedal straw. It droops in a graceful line just over her right eye to reveal a delicate pink rose placed just at the front of the crown.

• **CORALIE** has chosen stitched organdie to wear with her frilly muslin party frock. Her modish millinery was inspired by a model at the Ascot races. Its tiny fitting crown forms a piquant contrast to the wide sweeping brim.

• **REVERIE** is a scintillating little affair with stripes of silver beads in sharp contrast to the black crystal beads of the background. It beams with pride at the most formal party, and offsets the most recherche evening toilette.



£50



£36



£25



£20



£15/15



£12/10



£10/10



£8/8



42

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Every "F & R" Diamond Ring expresses good taste in design, perfection in quality and workmanship, and honest value in price.

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"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney."

23-25 HUNTER STREET.

TIDINGS of the exciting fashions that

were seen on the lawn at Ascot, England, have stirred the interest of all who are looking forward to the race festivities.

Fashions will be picturesque and arresting, and our camera gives a foretaste of what we may expect to see at forthcoming meetings.

Paris gave the inspiration for the modish millinery and the very smart handbags on this page. Dame Fashion decrees that accessories must be chosen with the utmost finesse.

With the advent of elabor-

## Fashions Assume Artistic Guise

ate gowns and coiffures that display soft curls at the nape of the neck, millinery has assumed an added importance. In due deference to the charm of the coiffure, hats are worn on one side in a manner that is definitely provocative.

Jean Patou designed the originals of these artistic models. The pictures above, that might have come from the palette of a very great

artist, were posed in our studio by Miss

Audrey Connell.

The actual models were chosen from the "Hatbox."

"Emilienne" is the artiste who designed and made the handbags. They represent the very newest fashion note from Paris. Skilfully made from twisted macrame twine, their unusual outlines and sharp color contrasts form the perfect accessory for the most distinguished ensembles.

There are no duplicates of these bags, which are made for the big stores. Each one is a model in the most exacting sense of the word.



# THE FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT...

## FROCKS for the RACES

### Black Satin to the Fore

When race week arrives we are all anxious to wear our new summer clothes. Almost invariably it is too cold. One sees people shivering in thin frocks, and a few unfortunates freezing in organdies. The most sensible costume to have is a light-weight woollen suit or a summer dress with a sheer wool coat to wear over it.

THE suit sketched, which was made for Lily Damita, famous film and stage star, was originally in heavy white linen. It would be equally smart, and more suitable to our spring, to have it in string color, grey, or of white sheer woollen material, with navy organdie hat and blouse, and navy gloves, shoes, and bag.

Another attractive suit, designed in Paris by Marcel Rochas, is of bright green open-looking woollen fabric. The jacket has wide revers that broaden into epaulettes over the top of the arms.



An ensemble for the races; dress in white ottoman and coat in coarse black ottoman. The toque is in fine white straw trimmed with black twisted straw; a black veil.



A gay print of black silk crepe with dusty pink splashes. Pink grosgrain bows and belt. The hat is a pink panama. The little jacket to wear with it is coarse pink linen.

The blouse is in crepe-de-chine of an ochre yellow; it, too, has wide shoulders, achieved by curved pieces of the crepe set over the tops of the arms. The skirt is straight, with two inverted pleats back and front.

Other good combinations of color would be—a grey wool suit with a wine red organdie or spotted silk blouse; royal blue suit with an emerald green blouse; navy blue with red and white spotted or checked blouse; yellow suit with a dark brown or navy blouse; black with pink or white; beige, with brown or coral or yellow. The blouses give the smart note to these suits, which are plainly made but of good material. If you have a blouse of organdie, a little high hat of the same could be worn. These organdie hats are so light and comfortable to wear, and they should not crush if treated carefully. If you choose a printed blouse or scarf and you desire gloves to match, you can have them made at one of our leading stores.

#### Frock and Coat Ensembles

Printed or plain frocks with coats are perhaps more popular than suits, pos-

sibly because they are more "dressy" for the races. Dark dresses with white three-quarter swagger coats will be innumerable. If you feel you must have this combination, try a pale pink coat and hat instead of white. It is very new and looks particularly smart with black or navy.

String is better for spring than white

and can be combined with every color.

The smartest women are garbed in black, navy blue, pearl grey, string, or beige, with accessories in the last three shades, or in white with black or navy, and black or navy accessories with grey, string, and beige.

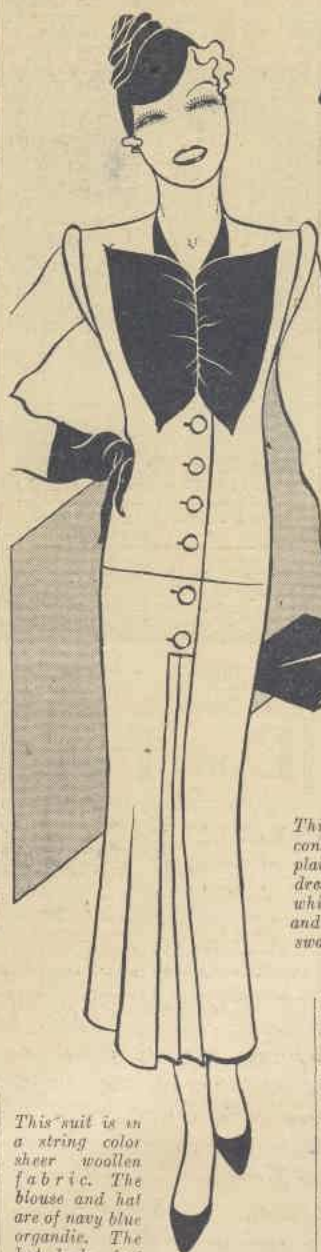
#### Monkey Fur

Coats for the races will be smart, either with or without fur. Monkey fur will be much used, in the shape of cape sleeves, tie-on capelets, trimming on sleeves and on jackets. Lanvin makes a little jacket of black satin for Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge (one of the best-dressed women in Paris); it has elbow-length sleeves, deeply shirred at the armholes, monkey fur falls in a thick fringe around the neckline of the jacket.

This is worn over a frock of black crepe, with a hat of black satin.

#### Black Satin

Black satin has staged a big revival. Not only black crepe for day and evening, but crepe-backed shiny satin for street, for afternoon, for evening. Paris shows two dresses—one is a shiny black satin dress with short sleeves, the square shoulders being suggested by a fold, coming from the waist and continuing right over. The only ornament is a large crystal clip at the base of the V-neck. With this dress is worn a white hat, and gloves. The other is a frock of black sheer wool. The sleeves, which are set in, in Raglan shape, right to the neckline, are of satin. The high neck has the appearance of being a square satin handkerchief folded diagonally and let in. Black satin will be much worn for suits—the blouses for these will be of white satin or white net.



This ensemble consists of a plaid crepe dress in red, white and blue, and a navy wool swagger coat. The large cartwheel hat is of fine navy straw.

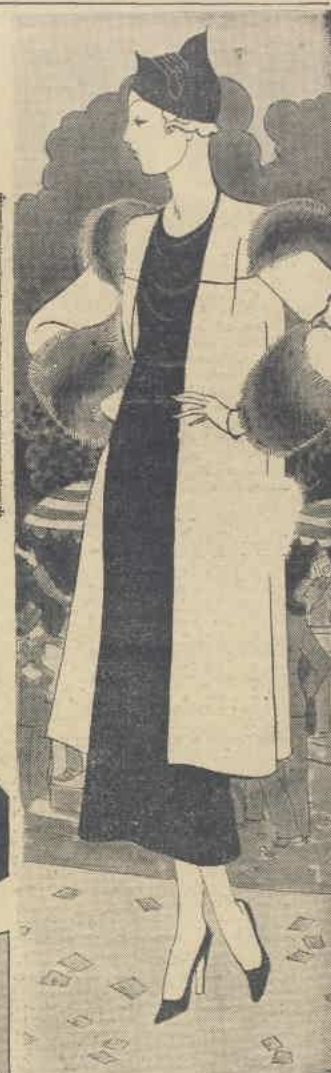
pink panama and pink gloves and bag. An emerald green or red coat, preferably of a heavy linen, will go over a navy or black thin wool dress. Nigger brown and eggshell or duck-egg blue is a very new color combination. A dress of eggshell crepe worn with a three-quarter coat of brown, with hat, gloves, shoes, and bag, all brown.

SCHIAPARELLI has introduced a new bag to the fashion world. It is a rigid affair of fabric and leather that looks like a book when carried. The bag is about two inches thick. The clasp is concealed, but opens to reveal rich fittings. The most summery of the evening bags are small ruffled affairs of organdie lined with taffeta.

#### Contrasting Color and Fabric

A dress and a coat of two materials, different in color and texture, will look smart. Patou makes a dusty pink crepe frock and puts over it a powder blue sheer wool coat. With this ensemble goes a

PALE pink seems to have successfully ousted white. . . . Pink costume accessories are the most flattering thing you can sew into your dark-colored dresses.



This smart race coat is of fine white woollen cloth; it hangs straight from the shoulders at the back. It is trimmed with two bands of silver fox rolled in spiral effect round the sleeves. The dress beneath is black crepe.

## OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

AT Monte Carlo beach, a swimming suit consisted of four harlequin-colored linen diamonds attached at their points. Two forming the shorts and the two smaller ones a brassiere slung on a slender linen cord necklace.

EVENING hats take on a new angle, being worn on one side toward the back of the head—just the opposite to the forward tilt of the daytime. A symmetrical coiffure effect with curls on one side, the other plain, is required to complete the smart head silhouette.

FROM Laper come sunshades of transparent mica allowing the passage of the healthful rays of the sun, but keeping out the heat.

THREE or five graduated jewelled clips spread on the front neckline take the place of a necklace with the new high-necked evening gowns. Plaid metal clips, made by Worth, are worn on sports clothes.

PALE blue and pale pink panamas are seen everywhere in Paris. "Toast" is a new color for slightly darker than natural panama hats.

PARMA violet is the smartest color for accessories to be worn with white or grey. Beetroot-red for dusty blue and lemon yellow.

THREE separate superimposed and graduated capelets of flowered organza that tie on make a charming summer evening accessory. All or any of them may be worn together or alone.

PLAID organdie coats worn over plain colored cotton frocks are new and smart. They are made just like a topcoat, with long semi-puffed sleeves, two pockets, and a swagger belt.



# WIN £10

Do You **DRAW?**  
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and send us your Drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise the Australian School of Sketching, and is OPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES TO TRY. The only persons not allowed to compete are those who have had sketches purchased by a newspaper or advertiser. The competition is confined strictly to Amateurs.

## PRIZES:

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## BEGIN NOW!

Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to the competitors at the close of the competition.

DON'T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE £10. WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch to-day.

## RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. Anyone is eligible to compete except employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by 30th September, 1933.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly "Competition".
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with State.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 10 in. high by 6 in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize-winners. The Australian School of Sketching cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a postal note value 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence). Please do not send stamps or coins.
9. Sketch and postal note MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketches in one envelope and postal note under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (10s. for 2d.).
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the Australian School of Sketching as final and conclusive.
12. The Australian School of Sketching reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of 22/2- (two guineas) for each sketch.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL OF SKETCHING  
193 London Bank Chambers, Martin Place, Sydney



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**VARNISH STAIN**

It varnishes and stains in one operation and imparts a hard-wearing gloss that may be washed without injury. "QUICK" VARNISH STAIN is made in seven realistic, wood shades—all intermixable. If you wish to retain the natural beauty of the grain use "QUICK" CLEAR VARNISH to protect the surface.

Ask for particulars and a "QUICK" colour card from the Berger, Sherwin-Williams or Rogers agent near you. "QUICK" finishes dry in 4 hours!

## DEPUTATION Failed to Secure SUPERVISOR

The National Council of Women was not successful in its attempt to secure a trained supervisor from the Education Department for the proposed children's playground at Glebe Point.

A DEPUTATION, led by Mrs. Muscol, waited on the Minister for Education (Mr. Drummond) and requested that the Department should supply a supervisor, as this appointment was contingent on an offer made by the Glebe Council to provide land, fence, and equip it as a playground if a supervisor were placed in charge.

The Minister refused the request on the ground that he considered it was a matter for the local authorities and not the Government. It was pointed out to him that in cases where such playgrounds were most urgently needed they were in poorer districts, and the councils would have difficulty in raising money for a supervisor.

This system of the council providing the ground and the Education Department supplying the supervisor was in operation almost all over the world. In South Australia this joint responsibility had worked so successfully that Adelaide had now about a dozen playgrounds in operation.

The Minister agreed that if he did anything in the matter it would only be a temporary arrangement, and asked the deputation to find the names of five or six places where such playgrounds were urgently needed, and to let him know later and he would again consider the case.

Members of the deputation included Miss M. M. Simpson, ex-Inspector of Schools; Mrs. Walsh, president of Mothers' Club Federation; Mrs. M.



MRS. G. L. HYNE, president of the Jazz Carnival for the N.S.W. Protestant Federation Girls' Home.  
—Dulwich Hill Studios.

Middleton, Miss Kathleen Chase, of the Kindergarten Union; Miss Muriel Swain, representing Parks and Playgrounds Movement; a clergyman of the Glebe district; the president of Parents' and Citizens' Association of Glebe; and Dr. Irene Sebire, representing Children's Welfare movement.

## Don't Forget

NINE well-established teams are working enthusiastically in the special drive for funds for the Far West Children's Health Scheme, which will be brought to a close on November 20. Burwood team is arranging for a picture show evening every fortnight. Manly is arranging a gala performance, and Strathfield and Eastern Suburbs have commenced work towards the purchase of a garden lot which is to be held at Quambi, Edgecliff, on October 21.

DISPLAYS of folk dancing will be given in the garden at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Read, of Wahroonga, on September 16. Proceeds of the afternoon are for the Australian Students' Christian Movement of N.S.W. Miss Françoise Wood is president of the organising committee.

TO assist the Far West Children's Health Scheme, the Overseas League Ball will take place at the Blackland Galleries on October 5. Lady Game is president of the ball committee.

MIL PETER DAWSON will make his last public appearance at the "Good Comrades' Ball," which will take place at David Jones' on September 16, to assist the T.B. settlement.

MEMBERS of the Mosman branch of the Country Women's Association will commemorate the tenth anniversary of the branch by holding a social afternoon at the Mosman Town Hall on September 19. Members of the association and presidents of the metropolitan branches will be the guests of honor. 25 members of the branch and country visitors will be welcome.

A JAZZ Carnival will be held at the N.S.W. Protestant Federation Girls' Home, Carmel Street, Dulwich Hill, on September 15 and 16. The N.S.W. Police Band will be in attendance, and in the evening the grounds will be illuminated and a cabaret will be held in the recreation hall.

## Are You Getting It? INFLUENZA ABOUT

SYMPTOMS AND HOW TO BEAT IT

According to hospital authorities, influenza is again prevalent in Australia. Sufferers are advised to take all precautions, as neglect of this ailment generally leads to pneumonia. It's a sure sign you're getting influenza if your head aches, your eyes run and redden, your back pains you, or your throat is sore. The first thing to do is go straight to bed and keep warm—it's sheer madness to try and fight it off—you might win, but the chances are you will finish up with something more serious. So be sensible and go to bed and keep the bowels open (preferably with castor oil). Then every two or three hours take half a teaspoonful of concentrated Heenzo (straight from the original bottle) in half a wineglass of hot water. The medicinal properties of Heenzo will keep the influenza germ in check and open the pores of the skin, causing the patient to perspire freely. To guard against a relapse, DON'T leave the bed until 24 hours after the temperature has abated. To soothe the throat and ease the chest in cases where the coughing is troublesome, take either Heenzo made up as a family cough syrup

(instructions on the bottle) or Heenzo Cough Diamonds—the wonderfully effective cough jubes that are medicated with Heenzo. One of the features of Heenzo is that it is absolutely pure, and does not contain any poisons; therefore, there is no danger of overdosing, and it can be given with perfect safety to even the youngest baby.

As well as being a wonderfully efficient remedy for chest and throat ailments, Heenzo is a great money-saver. A two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual made-up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. You will be delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping-cough. Order a bottle of Heenzo from your chemist or store to-day, and keep it handy for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.\*\*\*

## STOP YOUR CATARRH and HEAD NOISES in 24 HOURS 1000 Free 30-day New Advance TREATMENTS to be GIVEN IN SEPTEMBER:



I Offer You  
Freedom from  
Catarrh!



These are The  
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TO PROVE THE GENUINE NATURE OF THIS SPLENDID "NEW ADVANCE" TREATMENT, I OFFER TO SEND A FULL 30-DAY TREATMENT UNDER MY NEW PLAN TO THE FIRST 1,000 GENUINE CATARRH SUFFERERS WHO RESPOND TO THIS OFFER IN SEPTEMBER.

NEVER MIND HOW LONG YOU HAVE SUFFERED, OR HOW BAD YOUR CASE MAY BE, SIGN AND POST THE COUPON NOW—enclose a 2d. stamp to ensure a FREE treatment under this new plan.

## END CATARRH THIS NEW EASY WAY

Here is your chance to get rid of your catarrh and end your suffering once and for all.

My "New Advance" treatment stops itching, stinging, continual nose running, sneezing, sore throat, and all other symptoms of CATARRH IN ONE WEEK IN THREE WEEKS you will be a new person and IN SIX WEEKS you will be FREE.

## CATARRH IS DANGEROUS

Don't wait till your Catarrh develops into a more serious trouble, and don't waste any more time or money on worthless remedies that WILL NOT cure you. Acting now, you benefit. Send to-day for the "NEW ADVANCE" treatment that has brought HUNDREDS FREE from all their Catarrh troubles.

## DON'T DELAY

Only one thousand FREE treatments will be given. If you avoid disappointment SEND FOR YOURS NOW. Enclose 2d. stamp to postage.

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Send No Money—JUST THE COUPON  
FREE OFFER EXPIRES 30th SEPTEMBER, 1933.

QUITE CURED  
After suffering from Catarrh for 14 years and trying all sorts of remedies, your treatment has cured me.  
Mrs. C. Wheatley  
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Miss Florence  
Petrie, of Rutherglen, Victoria  
writes:—  
"In justice to your New Advance treatment I must say it has absolutely freed me from my Catarrh. It is really marvellous. I will recommend it to anyone suffering as I was."



## Mother's Rights to Custody of Children

For many years women's organisations have fought for legal recognition of a mother's rights in regard to her children.

WITH the Guardianship of Infants Bill, 1933, which Mr. I. Martin, N.S.W. Minister for Justice, is hoping to introduce early in the present Parliamentary session, it is hoped to remove some injustices, and extend the rights of mothers in regard to the custody of children.

The issue is of fundamental importance to all women. For, by the present cruel legal paradox, only if your child is illegitimate is he your own! If a child is born in wedlock the mother has full social approval in the birth, but the law gives to the father the sole legal guardianship.

As a rule, of course, both parents have the best interests of their child at heart. Yet, even so, the opinions of mother and father may easily differ as to what is best for their child. Suppose, for instance, a boy is crippled and leading medical advice states that an operation will give a fifty-fifty chance of complete cure, or of death. The mother and the father, both loving their child, passionately disagree as to whether the operation should be performed, yet, in spite of all the mother's entreaties the father decides.

AGAIN, should a girl or boy under the age of twenty-one wish to marry, the mother's consent is neither necessary nor of any avail. She may have to see her child forbidden to marry someone whom she herself approves, or to stand powerless at one side while her husband allows their child to marry somebody in whom she places no confidence whatever.

It is, however, when the father's character is such that he really is no fit guardian for his child that the position is intolerable. Apart from the evil results of an irresponsible father's control of his child in his moral training, to-day the father has legal control of his child's finances, so that, if he is in any degree a wastrel—perhaps a drunkard, gambler, or mere spendthrift—he can, without restraint, squander any money his child may happen to possess or to receive during his minority. By making the mother equally the child's guardian this evil could be checked.

The aim of the new law is, primarily, to further the interests of children, not of mothers. By giving minors two guardians, both of whom are as a general rule concerned for their highest welfare, in place of one, far greater security will be given, for, in the case of deadlock, the matter will be referred to the unprejudiced law for decision.

Moreover, provision is to be made, under the new law, for the appointment of guardians by the mother as well as the father. Upon the death of the parent appointing them, these guardians will act jointly with the surviving parent—except, if the surviving parent objects to act jointly, the Court may determine who is to act as guardian.

Thus, always, in the last resort, children will have the steady and disinterested protection of the law.



## ROMANTIC Story Of Our BUSH CHURCHES

### Camels, Cars & Aeroplanes Carry the Gospel Outback

Undismayed by distance, undeterred by discomfort, chaplains, deaconesses and nurses of the Bush Church Aid Society pursue their work.

They travel by caravan, by camels, by car, or by aeroplane, in their efforts to reach men and women in the isolated parts of Australia.

FORMED fourteen years ago in the face of much scepticism, the Bush Church Aid Society of Australia and Tasmania is now a well established organisation carrying the word of God and helping the sick in the sparsely-populated areas throughout four States of the Commonwealth.

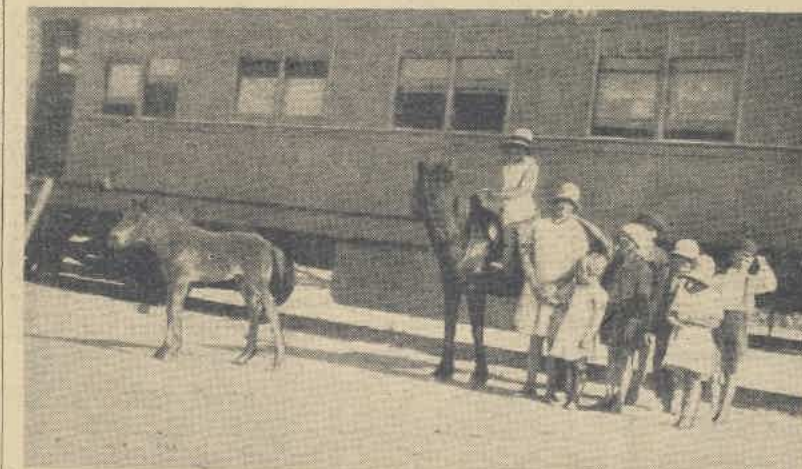
So far back as 1914 the late Archbishop Wright advocated the need of ministering to those of the remote parts of Australia, but the war intervened and nothing was done until May, 1919, when the foundation of the Bush Church Aid Society was laid. Five months later the Rev. S. J. Kirkby, B.A. (now Bishop Administrator) was appointed executive officer for the society.

Matters progressed slowly at first; substantial support was slow in coming, and, to quote the words of Rev. Kirkby himself, "For the first six months I carried the whole of the assets of the society in my trouser pocket." However, later a more generous attitude was adopted, with proof of support that has enabled the activities of the society to grow to what they are to-day.

The parish of Wilcannia, which had been without a minister for five years, was the first to benefit from the society's formation. The volunteer for the work was the late Reverend F. W. Harvey, who, with Mrs. Harvey, did pioneer work in that great West Darling parish covering nearly 100,000 square miles.

Their work began during a time of severe drought, when the Darling was little more than a string of water holes and there were many privations to over-

come. An idea of the immensity of the parish can be gauged by the fact that it embraces Menindee (105 miles distant), White Cliffs, Milparinka, and Tibooburra (230 miles).



TOP: Camels in the North-West of New South Wales, one of the areas covered by the Bush Church Aid. CENTRE: Rev. S. S. Viney pumps up a tyre not far from Croajingalong in the Gippsland district. BELOW: Children on their way to school near Werri-mul, in the Victorian Mallee.

TO-DAY one of the most tireless and most beloved workers in the west is Sister Agnes McGregor.

She generally travels alone, over

flat, monotonous country where she could be easily lost.

It is in this country that the caretakers of the tanks and waterholes, mostly old pensioners, live out the last years of their lives. It is their business to see that no marauders go into the tanks, and to notify drovers should the supply of water run out. A caretaker generally has his hut nearby; a dog may be his sole companion.

IN 1920 attention was paid by the society to the district around Croajingalong, in the eastern part of Victoria, which had at that time only isolated settlement in rough timber country of towering hills and gorges, though to-day the Princes Highway facilitates transport arrangements.

At the time there was no Anglican Church of any kind, and services were held in private houses.

### Red Cross Rally

OVER 200 members of the Junior Red Cross will form a guard of honour for Lady Isaacs on her arrival at the Red Cross membership rally at the Town Hall on September 8.

huts, and in the open. The tracks were impossible for ordinary traffic and very often swag and surpluss were associated in long tramping journeys.

Sister Reese, an Englishwoman, was the first woman to go there. In 1923, she held services in kitchens, halls, and road camps, visited and helped in many homes, taught Sunday school, and built up a solid Church life. She retired in 1929 and was succeeded by Sister Bazett.

The call for service along the Great Australian Bight came in 1921. Rev. N. Haviland volunteered to take over this parish, which embraces Ceduna, Penong, and Fowler's Bay.

Members of the society worked as far west as Eucla, over the W.A. border, and for a while the diocese had one working sister, Miss E. Matthews. Later the B.C.A. took up work on the Eyre Peninsula, and recently opened a mission centre at Denmark, W.A.

A NEW type of women's work in connection with the missionaries was begun in 1926 when Sister Grace Syme and Miss M. de Labilliere started out in a mission van for the south coast and across the State to Broken Hill and right up north to Tibooburra.

It was a roomy van after the style of the Men's Mission van, and was fitted with organ, gramophone, tracts, and books, and it has proved one of the most successful of the B.C.A. undertakings.

Many of the settlements visited by these two women have not seen a minister or had a service for five years, and some even ten. Since that time the van, staffed by two women, has made regular trips throughout the country, each lasting several months.

Need of women as deaconesses and sisters and nurses was demonstrated when the B.C.A. decided to open a hostel at Wilcannia in 1920. The object of the hostel was to provide an Anglican home for the children who lived far from the schools, so that they might attend the public school, going home only on their vacations. After thirteen years of work the hostel has proved its worth.

The second hostel was opened at Mundgindi, and to-day there are housed there about thirty children, with accommodation for more if desired.

Two hospitals have been opened by the B.C.A., one at Ceduna, which was opened in 1925, and the other at Penong—the last township on the overland route to W.A.—which was established in 1923 and of which Sister Bazett is matron.

## Don't IMPINGE on MEN'S Rights

"Women are now in the heart-beat of the world," said Mrs. I. H. Moss, president of the National Council of Women, in a special interview to The Australian Women's Weekly, while passing through Sydney on her way to holiday in Noumea.

"TO look back over the past 40 years even, we see that the growth of their work has been phenomenal," she added. "More and more their work is being recognised and is steadily going ahead every year. Women are now taking a wide interest in the affairs of the world, and they have a good sense of proportion."

Even with such a broad tolerance and understanding of women's problems, Mrs. Moss emphatically declared that women should not impinge on men's rights. Women greeted each new advance with a whoop of joy, but they should remember that in their own domain men should never be secondary.

Asked how she thought the life of the Australian women compared with women abroad, Mrs. Moss said, "It is the fullest, freest, and most emancipated."

40,000,000 Members

Speaking of the work being accomplished by the National Councils of Women, Mrs. Moss said that she regarded it as a great organisation. It was represented in 42 countries with over 40 million members. America had the largest membership, having over 50 millions.

### Noted Leader's Advice to Women



MRS. I. H. MOSS

—Dayne photo.

Having no class, creed, or party, it stood apart watching to endeavor to better the laws for women and children.

Mrs. Moss has the distinction of being the only woman member of the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations Committee. She explained that it had been difficult to have a woman allotted a

place in the organising of the Centenary. She was of the opinion that opposition should never have arisen, as women shared equally with men the duties of citizenship.

There are 103 societies affiliated with the council in Victoria, and the presidents have formed into a Women's Centenary Council and will organise the women's part in the celebrations. The Women's Week will be from November 18 to November 25 of next year. Groups will be arranged in which conferences, pageantry, and child welfare will take their part.

It is the hope of Mrs. Moss to have a world conference of women during the celebrations, including the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair (president of the International Councils of Women), Lady Astor, and Dr. M. Ogilvie Gordon (fourth vice-president of the I.C.W.).

The Victorian Government has been approached on the matter of these invitations, and is now considering the suggestion.

### International Marriage Laws

Consideration is being given by the Australian National Council of Women to the attainment of some form of unified international marriage law that will enable a woman marrying a foreigner to retain her own nationality or relinquish it voluntarily if she so desires.

The Latin races look at the status of women from such a different standpoint to our own, but Mrs. Moss is hopeful that the British Empire will take the lead in this matter.

Mrs. Moss, who has been actively engaged in public work since 1904, has visited almost every country of the world, and has been a delegate to many international conferences.



## Bachelors —BEWARE!

At smart shops everywhere girls are buying the wonderful new face powder that makes faces creamier, more alluring, more devastating in their effect upon masculine hearts! So, young men, if you see a girl with a snappy red-and-white powder box in her possession, be sure to look the other way if you want to keep single! There's a witchery about 'Australian Rice' Face Powder that endears it to all who love fine skin; that all who dislike the harsh, pasty-looking effect of ordinary powders; to all who find charm in a perfume at once gay and subtle. And 'Australian Rice' Face Powder does not lose its magic—it stays on for hours, defying the hottest or the coldest days, ignoring the fiercest wind, and even taking kindly to the salt spray that flings itself so joyously upon the beaches. There's one consolation though, young men! If you don't look the other way, you'll be glad to know that the girl with the red-and-white powder box is a fine judge, not only of what's good, but also of what's the least of all been valued—and there's a very good chance that she also uses the wonderful new 'Australian Rice' Face Powder to make her charm truly attractive!



Girls who use 'Australian Rice' Face Powder say that even when they know they don't powder, like other girls!

## 'Australian Rice' Face Powder

1/3d. A BIG SMART BOX  
IN ALL THE LOVELIEST SHADES!

## They CARRY TORCH of FEMINISM

When a little band of University graduates, headed by Mrs. Barker-Young, in 1913, formed the Feminist Club, it was considered by the wisecracks that the title was an unfortunate one—too militant to be popular—and that it was destined to an early demise like so many other organisations which had set out with high hopes and met with an untimely fate.

BUT fortune was with the Feminists. Very soon it was realised that the ideals behind the new body were inspired by sincerity, and that the early members had set themselves the definite task of smoothing, as far as in them lay, the stony path of life for womanhood in general.

The club has long since cut its wisdom teeth and attained to healthy adulthood, with an enviable record of achievements to its credit, and the ambition to secure for women at least some of the privileges hitherto enjoyed by men.

Perhaps the greatest of these achievements, and one which promises to have widespread effects, belongs to 1932, when Miss Preston Stanley's play, "Whose Child?" based on the famous Emilie Pollini Case, was produced at the Criterion Theatre. As a direct result of the play, the Minister for Justice, Mr. L. O. Martin, who saw the play

on the first night, undertook to introduce a Bill, embodying the reforms aimed at, during the next Parliamentary session.

Thus, the end of the long campaign conducted by the Feminist Club for an Infant Guardianship Bill is in sight, and more women than those who belong to the club will entreat of the gods that the Bill becomes an established law of the State.

Among its noteworthy achievements the Feminist Club claims to have secured the passage of the Women's Legal Status Act, under which the women of N.S.W. were made eligible for every office under the Crown, except that of juror; the establishment of the Chair of Obstetrics at the University; 100 per cent. extension of the training of medical students in obstetrics; organising the Emilie Pollini Petition, which was signed by 35,000 women; removal from the Crimes Act of the power of the police to use force in searching female prisoners arrested under the Vagrancy Act; directly responsible for the mental testing of a group of children at the Children's Court, with a view to discovering the ratio between child delinquency and mental deficiency in the State; conducting a campaign for the education of the public in regard to the care, control and segregation of mentally defective persons; securing

## WORLD WIDE Girl's SOCIETY

With ideals of fellowship of prayer and service, and purity of thought and deed, and an organisation of the Church of England, the Girls' Friendly Society, which held its annual inter-diocesan exhibition at Dymock's Buildings recently, is a very old society.

It was founded in 1875, the foundress being Mrs. Townsend, in whose memory Townsend House, London, the headquarters of the society, was built. Now, after 58 years, the society has branches throughout the world.

MEMBERS of the society offer friendly comradeship to others, and opportunities of service, through introduction from branch to branch, and from one country to another.

Australian headquarters are in Sydney, where there are 65 branches in the metropolitan area. Miss May Millsop is



Miss L. Pilcher —Miss May Millsop  
—Sidney Riley. —Sidney Riley.

the organising diocesan secretary, and is to be found daily at headquarters, which are on the eighth floor at 428 George Street, adjoining the Kingfisher Cafe. This and the Girls' Hostel in Parramatta Road are the two main activities with which the head office of the society concerns itself. Besides the branches of the metropolitan area, there are scores in the country. Each has its weekly or fortnightly meetings at which there are debates, discussions on religious and topical subjects, and addresses by prominent members and others. Various clubs have been formed, and recently there has been keen interest in the tennis competitions among the branches, as well as in swimming, basketball, and other athletics. Every year, generally on the Eight-Hour Day weekend, from 30 to 40 girls and women go into camp either on the mountains or at the seaside.

Comparatively young, the Kingfisher Cafe has been established three years, and has alongside it a rest-room for the convenience of patrons. Meals are served from 10.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. During the year, many social functions were held in the rooms, and the Church of England Migration Committee meets there fortnightly for lunch. The cafe appears to be growing in popularity, and during the second year of its duration it paid \$85 in to the central fund of the society. Mrs. Ellen J. Mallinson is in charge of the arrangements.

At moderate fees, about 40 girls are provided with—as they declare—a home away from home, at the Girls' Hostel in Parramatta Road. This building, which has accommodation for 50, was recently freed from debt, and has as its warden Miss Laurie Pilcher. Owing to its vicinity to the University it houses many students. On the spacious roof of the building there is every convenience for the girls to do their laundering.



MISS ELLA MARTIN, the honorary secretary of the Younger Set of the Royal Hospital for Women, which last year raised sufficient funds to endow four bassinets at the hospital.  
—New Palma Studios.

adequate female medical attention for the indigent woman labor in Fiji; organising and conducting the first social investigation into the living conditions of basic wage earners; and contributing \$900 to the maintenance of the Little Citizens' Free Kindergarten.

To those of us who know little about its inner life, this seems to be a splendid record, that fully justifies the foundation and continuance of the Feminist Club, and that must be a cause of gratification to those courageous spirits who were responsible for its foundation.

Membership is open to all who believe in an "unfettered, noble and an enlightened womanhood," and who are prepared to take a share in working for that end.

## SPEED Boat QUEENS Aid HOSPITAL

THERE is always a thrill of adventure and anticipation in any competition, but where the efforts are to help along a worthy cause, strenuous efforts are made to make the effort a success both financially and socially.

Great interest is being shown in the Queen of the Speedboats tourney, which the Royal Motor Yacht Club are sponsoring at their regatta to be held at Rose Bay on December 2, and as the proceeds will aid the Royal Hospital for Women, willing workers are combining to make it one of the most outstanding events of the year.

Over 72 entrants are competing, each being helped by her own individual committee, who are displaying originality in their endeavors to increase the funds of their particular representative.

Entrants will be formed into one or more groups, and the candidate whose committee raises the largest amount by November 24 will have a place in one of the racing speedboats at the Tourney Regatta.

Winners of the other groups of en-

trants in the tourney will occupy other boats.

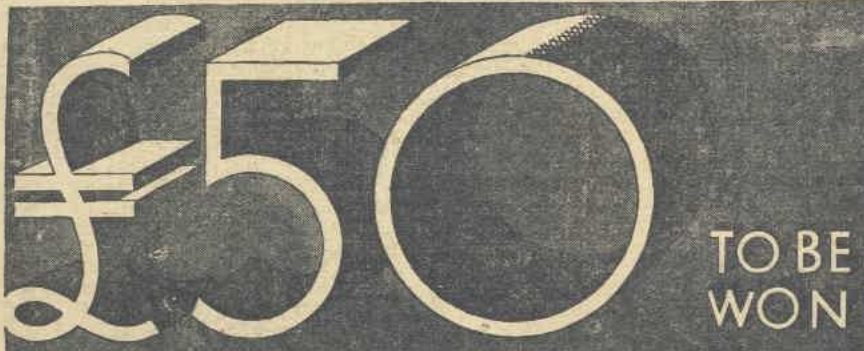
The lady in the winning boat will be acclaimed "Queen of the Speedboats" for 1934, and as well as receiving the trophy she will be the guest of the Royal Motor Yacht Club at their ball and will also be given an open order for \$50.

An aerial display at the regatta is being arranged by the Aero Club of New South Wales in honor of the winning lady.

To help swell the funds, a combined Tourney Picnic Ball will be held in the Sydney Town Hall on September 14. Picnic and pay-at-the-door is the plan to be adopted.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and the Minister for Public Works and Health, Mr. R. D. Weaver, will attend the ball, and during the evening the 72 entrants for the tourney will be presented.

Reservations for the ball may be made at the office of the Benevolent Society of New South Wales.



## GREAT SEPTEMBER COMPETITION!

1ST PRIZE £25 2ND PRIZE £10 3RD PRIZE £5

AND 20 PRIZES OF 10/- EACH. Here's one of the easiest opportunities you've ever had of winning a lot of money! Your chemist will tell you all about it. Look for this sign in his window; that means he has the entry forms. There is no fee to enter the competition; just make a purchase at your chemist's from a great choice of products represented by these advertisers.



### VINCENT'S A.P.C. STOPS 'FLU

To stop 'flu or a bad cold, take a genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet with a hot lemon drink before retiring—as recommended by doctors, chemists and nurses. Used successfully in influenza epidemics.

### IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Both dentists and chemists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps the teeth perfectly clean and makes them brilliantly white. 2/- a super-size tube. Trial size 1/-

### DENTALUX TOOTH BRUSHES

There is a Dentalux "Addis" Tooth Brush for every need. Strong sterilised bristles make for service and safety. Guaranteed by the oldest firm of toothbrush manufacturers in the world. 1/6 to 2/6

### CEREBOS HEALTH SALINE THE MORNING TONIC

You want a cooling, invigorating tonic such as Cerebos Health Saline to keep you bright! It's safe and gentle, and contains no harsh mineral salts. Banishes headaches and feverishness caused by functional irregularity. ... Bottle 3/-

### GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

every two hours when you have a cold or sore throat. Repeated tests show that Listerine Antiseptic reduces mouth germs by 98 per cent. Non-poisonous, absolutely safe, actually healing to tissue and deodorising. 3oz., 7oz., 14oz. bottles.

### SOLYPTOL ANTISEPTIC

THE IDEAL MOUTH WASH  
This valuable germicide should be in daily use in every home. At the first sign of 'flu or cold, use as a gargle as directed. Small size ... 1/6 Large size ... 3/6

### MERCOLIZED WAX Clears the Skin

Do you bury skin blemishes beneath a film of face cream, or entirely remove them with Mercolized Wax? One clogs, the other clears the skin. Mercolized Wax gently frees the pores from all impurities. Ask your chemist.

### PARKE-DAVIS "NEKO"

The original and genuine Germicidal Soap, as a dandruff preventive, a perspiration deodorant, a sick-room disinfectant, and antiseptic soap and as a foot soap. Per cake ... 1/6

Note: Prices in this advertisement apply to the metropolitan area.

Authorised by a Joint Committee of the Pharmaceutical Society of New South Wales,



and the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia (New South Wales Branch)

# CHEMIST



# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour

MRS. NORMAN LOWE

has had a succession of guests at her home in Bradley's Head Road Mosman, to ensure freedom from loneliness during her husband's absence in Central Australia. Her latest guest was her sister, Mrs. Dick Abbott, from Dungog.

**O**BSERVANT people do not need to be told that the schools have broken up for holidays. Cars laden with children and baggage have been careering round, and trains are filled with children eager to enjoy every minute.

This means a pause in the social activities of fond parents, but they are compensated with the thoughts of gaiety ahead—the spring race meeting and its attendant parties.

Younger women are being enmeshed in the net of the "Snappy Sydney Revue" organisers. An

THIS rather hard to cause a sensation these days, when fashion practically decrees, to "Do and wear what you like!" but I believe Margaret Vyner did, one evening last week in Melbourne, when she visited a fashionable restaurant in long black velvet slacks and a white satin blouse—looking as lovely as she always does.

**A** CRUISE to Tasmania by the "Strathaird" in December was the delightful prize of one of the competitions at the third annual Maritime Ball held at the Wentworth Hotel on Wednesday. Funds are for the Catholic Seamen's Institute, and patroness of the ball was Mrs. Frechill. Decorations were unusual. There were ships of all varieties on the tables, some floral, others plain; anchors, buoys, and other things associated with the sea and ships. Mrs. W. R. O'Connor was president of the ball committee, and the honorary secretaries Mrs. M. C. Noonan and Miss C. O'Connor.

**THE Smith**

Family has received consistent help from the staff of the restaurant at David Jones, and further evidence of this support was found in the "Canary Revel" held on Saturday. All branches of the firm gave assistance, and the result was a jolly party and a financial success.

**PEG McINNIS**

who went to Newcastle for the golf, has returned to Sydney. She had a very successful time, too, I'm told.

at her home in Bradley's Head Road Mosman, to ensure freedom from loneliness during her husband's absence in Central Australia. Her latest guest was her sister, Mrs. Dick Abbott, from Dungog.

**MRS. LESLIE HILL**, formerly Jean Arnott, of Strathfield, has been entertaining Marjorie Manchee and Mrs. Donald Matthews (who were her bridesmaids) at her home, "Terlings," Moree. No doubt talk sometimes reverted to the preparations that were made for Mrs. Hill's marriage, for it was one of the big social events early in the year. It is rumored that another wedding will take place in the Hill family shortly.

**JIG-SAW** puzzles are being added to the attraction of cards at afternoon parties nowadays, and proved most successful in the case of the entertainment at the Baxland Galleries on Monday organised by Mrs. W. M. Meek, Mrs. J. M. Hornbrook, and a large committee of ladies working for St. George District Hospital. Funds are needed to provide theatre equipment at the hospital, and Monday's party should provide substantial help in that direction.

**NEWS** received this week from the H. V. Hodsons is that Mr. Hodson is unable to accompany his wife to Australia owing to some business in London, but she will continue from America to Australia to visit her mother Mrs. Byron Beans. Mr. Hodson is known to us as the husband of the fair Margaret Honey, and the writer of those clever political articles which we see in our daily papers.

**COLIN HALL** entertained a number of people at a bridge evening at No. 11, Onslow Avenue, recently. With Mrs. Hall to see that everybody enjoyed themselves the party was its usual success. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wickham, the Misses Carson, Kath Rundie, Mary Doherty, Beatrice Meeks, Lynette Dickinson (Melbourne), Messrs. Darrell Hall, Brian Carson, and Harry Meeks.



WITH WOOL PRICES booming and the industry in general being a popular topic of conversation, we find personalities associated with it coming in for their share of attention. Mrs. Alan Macgregor, shown in this Australian Women's Weekly study, is the wife of one of our well-known woolbuyers. She was formerly Miss Noela Kerr. Mr. and Mrs. Macgregor have made their home at "Morny," Wentworth Road, Point Piper.



MISS BUNTY BLACK, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Black, of "Taroo," Pokataroo, who after motoring with her mother to Sydney has been spending a few weeks shopping here.

army of girls with 2000 stickers for sale will invade the city shortly and attack motor car owners—all in the interests of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. There are lots of other schemes afoot to raise funds for the revue.

**PRELIMINARY** plans for bringing country children to the seaside are already being made by city organisations, among them being the Stewart House Preventorium at Curl Curl. An effort to raise funds for this purpose is the exhibition and sale of children's handicrafts in the Education Building this week, beginning on September 7. There is some wonderful work displayed when one considers that it has been done by juveniles. Articles of applied art have been supplied by older girls, and a collection of wooden toys from the boys of the manual training classes.

**MEMBERS** of the jubilee committee of the Sydney High School Old Girls' Union invited a number of friends to a reunion evening at the "Allora" cafe on Wednesday. There were no organised entertainments for the evening, and no formality. Everyone just went along, met friends that they had not seen for years, and laughed and talked. Guests agreed that the evening was one of the happiest they had spent for a long time. This in spite of the fact that there were none of the opposite sex present.

**JUDGING** by the attendance at the annual ball of the North Bondi Surf Life Saving Club at the Baxland Galleries, there should be a substantial sum available for the new surf sheds. This club was formed 27 years ago, and one of the pioneer members, Mr. Wally Weeks, was among the guests at the official party, which had as host Mr. Walter Marks, the club patron. Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunningsham, Mr. G. Millar, Mr. W. J. Bennett (club president), and Miss E. Bennett were also in the party.



AT THE DOGS' GYMKHANA, "Rona," Bellevue Hill. Miss Jean Kennedy and Miss Peggy Royle with their pet, "Larrie."

**PEGGY ROSS NOTT** returned by the "Damen" after a long and delightful holiday as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Stokes Hughes, in the Malay States. Peggy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ross Nott, of Strathfield, and another sister is Mrs. Farncomb.

**MRS. JOHN KEEP** has returned to Sydney after holidaying at "Khan Coban," the lovely station home of the Colin Chisholms. She has been the guest of Mrs. Chisholm, while her husband has been gold prospecting in Central Australia.

**CONGRATULATIONS** to Audrey Nicholson, who created such a good impression as an amateur actress in "From Nine Till Six." She has postponed her trip to London to study dramatic art this year, and is playing a leading part in Cinesound's new talkie production. She will probably leave for England in February.

**THE MIRROR** will be at Versailles, with the Court assembled in honor of the Pompadour, formed the pageantry at the annual carnival held at the Glaciarium. Miss Mina Reid, Mrs. Croil, and little Sheila Moss, also Miss Sadie Cambridge in her Columbine dance, were outstanding figures in the evening's entertainment.

**SEEN** in Sydney this week was Melbourne's June Baillieu, being entertained by her inseparable friend, Jean Anderson. June is a frequent visitor to this city and certainly adds to the beauty of it.

**MRS. SANDERSON**, who has been holidaying in Sydney for some time as the guest of Miss Walker at Neutral Bay, has returned to her station home in the Narrabri district.

**A RECENT** visitor to Sydney was Mrs. Robert Simpson, of Quirindi, who came to town for a few days' shopping, but returned at the end of the week.

**MR. AND MRS. J. H. BRYANT** have returned from their honeymoon, and have started housekeeping in a flat at 43 Macleay Street, Potts Point. Mrs. Bryant was Nancy Rogerson before her marriage a few weeks ago.

**MRS. F. B. S. FALKNER** will arrive by the "Cathay" this week after a long holiday abroad. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Jim Lowry, of Hawke's Bay, New Zealand.

**MISS PAT QUINAN**, sister of Mrs. Colin Galbraith, after doing a year at St. Margaret Hall, Oxford, has discontinued her studies at the University and is now taking up a special course in London, with a view to entering the journalistic field.

**IT** was jolly enough to see a huge book slowly open and eight pretty girls surprisingly break their way through its first page, and then, armed with cocktail shakers, merrily dance in unison. But what a delightful surprise it was for those eight ladies whom the little dancers favored with a graceful bow and the presentation of the shakers—complete with contents. The recipients sparkled like the glassware itself, for where is the woman who does not love a gift, especially a surprise one? This novel little turn was put on by Miss Queenie Royal at the Australian Glass Manufacturing Companies' annual dance at Baxland Galleries. The book represented "Glass," the official journal of the glass industry, which, under the editorship of Walter Glover and Jack Finch, made its first appearance at the ball.

**MRS. DAVID COHEN** addressed the children at the Maccabean Hall when she opened their fancy dress parade, which marked the first session of the Wonderland Fair, held to augment the New South Wales Jewish War Memorial Fund. In the evening Sir Daniel Levy was asked to perform the opening ceremony. Both sessions were well attended.

**CAREFUL** preparation was evident in the presentation of the 22 debutantes to Lady Harvey by Lady Butters at the Y.W.C.A. annual ball at Hordern Bros. Not a detail that could affect the smooth running of the ceremony had been omitted, even to the grading of the height of the girls. Miss Jean Pawley, the smallest in stature, was the leader, and Miss Doreen Pittard, the tallest, was the last to be presented. Stepping in stately fashion—one step to four beats of the music—some of the girls were obviously nervous; others apparently not so. Finally, when they were joined by their partners, and all in perfect rhythm danced the barn dance, everyone was delighted with the picture they made. Not one of the debutantes, I noticed, favored organdie or other cottons so popular this season. Their choice was for flat crepe, satin, georgette, or lace and without exception the gowns were on straight lines, billowing from the knees. An unusual feature, and rather a pleasing one, too, was the early commencement of the ball—eight o'clock—for in keeping with Y.W.C.A. ideals, dancing concluded at midnight.

**DR. NEVILLE BREDEEN**, of the R.A.M.C. on the Frontier, India, has cabled to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Bredeen, of the Commonwealth Bank, telling them of his engagement to Miss Viva B. Squire, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. Squire and Mrs. Park. Dr. Bredeen was formerly on the medical staff at the Newcastle Hospital.





## ROUGH clouded SKINS

KILL FEMININE ALLURE

Watch fresh, translucent loveliness dawn at the touch of your fingers.

Of course you use a vanishing cream—but wouldn't you prefer one which is a perfect make-up cream, powder base and skin-rejuvenant combined—a non-gritty, youth-inspiring cream that not only gives the skin a new and fascinating loveliness but which also prevents the growth of hair? If your skin is dry, Facial Youth will give it a delicate softness, if it is inclined to be oily, Facial Youth will correct the fault. And it never clogs the pores. Ask your chemist or store for Facial Youth Day Cream, but if you need deep-pore cleansing cream as well, Facial Youth Cleansing Cream is the one which will remove every trace of pore-clogged dirt, leaving the skin clear and fresh. A few seconds daily with these delightful creams will give to your skin a bewitching life, "youthful" and beauty which must inevitably and noticeably increase your charm. For the unique advantages Facial Youth will bring you, the cost is no higher than for ordinary creams that do no more than just hold powder. Be as lovely as you can be!

facial youth

a rejuvenating beautifier by KATHLEEN COURT

## UNABLE TO KNEEL

### Neuritis Hampered Her

In writing of the pain and inconvenience she suffered from neuritis, this woman tells also how she rid herself of it.

"I have been using Kruschen Salts for neuritis, and it certainly has the most wonderful effect. My knees were very painful, and it became almost impossible to kneel. As I do all my own housework, you will appreciate what it means to me. Two months ago I began using Kruschen, and I certainly would not be without a bottle in the house for anything. I consider Kruschen is worth its weight in 22-carat gold."—G. M. W.

Neuritis, like rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica, is caused by deposits of needle-pointed, flint-hard, uric acid crystals, which pierce the nerves and cause those stabbing pains. Kruschen breaks up these deposits of torturing crystals and converts them into a harmless solution, which is promptly removed through the natural channel—the kidneys. And because Kruschen keeps the inside so regular—so free from fermenting waste matter—no such body poisons as uric acid ever get the chance to accumulate again.

## CONTRACT BRIDGE—No. 13

### PRE-EMPTIVE BIDS in Contract

By FRANK CAYLEY

All opening declarations of more than one in "no trumps" or two in a suit are known as pre-emptive or "shut out" bids. They are usually made with great length in one suit and little outside strength.

I DO not recommend the opening call of "Two no-trumps" but, if made, it must denote the lack of a biddable suit in a hand which contains about 41 to five honor tricks.

The following is an orthodox "Two no-trump":—

S: A K 5 H: K 10 7 D: A K 6 C: 9 7 5 4

Partner is expected to raise to game if holding any fraction over one honor trick. With one honor trick and a biddable suit this may be shown and the final choice left to the declarer.

Personally, on such a hand, I should open with "One diamond," feeling this to be a safer call. If my partner can respond with a "courtesy" no-trump then I can nominate game—if not, then I do not want to be forced to play a "Two no-trump" call.

### MAJOR "3" BIDS AND MINOR "4" BIDS

An initial declaration of "3" in a major suit indicates a hand which is fairly weak defensively but which contains: (a) A long, heavily solid trump suit capable of being established in one round.

(b) A total of about 7 to 8 playing tricks.

(c) About 3 honor tricks.

With powerful defensive strength a "shut out" bid is unsound.

A call of "4" in a minor suit is the same in every respect except that it contains 8 to 9 playing tricks.

Higher calls of exactly game denote extreme weakness except in the suit named, and may be made even without 24 honor tricks.

An opening game bid is a definite warning to your partner not to attempt a slam. The probable tricks should total to about the same numbers as those of the "3" major or "4" minor declarations.

Be slightly more cautious with pre-emptive bids when you are vulnerable.

Some examples of these calls will be given in my next article.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Here are the answers to the practice hands which were published last week.

(1) a: "Two no-trumps." Despite the holding of 1 honor trick no raise can be given because A 5 is not normal trump support.

b: "Five spades." One raise for the ace of diamonds and two for the single-



## Saide Shops for

So often has the request reached me, that this week I bent my mind to the problem and sought the plums of the shopping market for the outside figures. After all, it is quite simple. They are ably and amply catered for from the foundation garment, that is designed to disguise the outside proportions, to the exceedingly smart tailored frocks and coats.

Frocks for O.S. figures can be very charming, and a slimming, too, if they are designed on a semi-tailored lines.

EMINENTLY suitable for the spring and cleverly designed as to long slimming lines, by means of inverted box pleats and what not, were the marocain frocks, of which the artist has given a thumb-nail sketch above. The material is an excellent quality silk marocain; the sleeves conform with the new fashion notes, for they have unexpected fullness finishing in slim fitting cuffs, and a pleasant color contrast is added in the jabot at the V neck. There are variations in the style, but each one is slenderising and smart. Let me complete my recounting before you jump to any rash conclusions regarding the price. It is less than 39/—29/11, to wit.

Then the ideal garment for between-seasons wear, the garment that allows one to sally forth in the new spring frocks that are such a delight after the sombre garb of the winter months, a light-weight coat. The particular models that intrigued my fancy were made on long tailored lines and, again as in the frocks, the sleeves had received that attention fashion decrees to be their

ton. In raising an opening demand bid one lift is given for each honor and ruffing trick.

(2) a: "Two spades." A forcing jump take-out which guarantees game provided the best bid can be found.

b: "Two diamonds." Calling the opponent's suit. A powerful force which guarantees game and shows that no diamond tricks will be lost.

## OUTSIZE Models



Lightweight coats for between seasons wear are always a useful addition to the wardrobe.

boned and thoroughly uncomfortable. Foundation garments are made by artists, and they evolve a charming and restrained contour by the skilful use of pink brocade with a minimum of bones cunningly placed and insets of elastic to confer absolute freedom. There are two different types specially designed for outsize, one at 9/11, and the other, which has extra frontal support, at 12/11.



Foundation garments are, of course, the secret of a firm silhouette.

due. The material was a fine wool crepe-de-chine, and the colors fawn, brown, lido, navy, and black. The price, even for the X.O.S., was only 39/11.

Foundation garments are all-important, particularly for outsize, if the slim, trim line of the figure is to be maintained. Nowadays they are a really delightful addition to the wardrobe. It is no longer necessary to be heavily

Non-run bloomers were my next consideration. They can be procured in every shade of the rainbow. They are cleverly reinforced in a way that ensures long wearing capabilities, yet the price was only 2/11. Still in the non-run department (indeed, one finds it hard to run from such excellent value) there were pyjamas and vests. The former were tastefully trimmed with applique designs and showed a nice distinction in the matter of color contrasts for 8/11 a pair. The latter were made either in a round neck or with opera top in white, pink, sky, shell, peach, and the new green, for 2/11 each.

### Shopping Service

For further information regarding the whereabouts of the various items or for general shopping aid, write to "Saide," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

To complete my investigations in the outsize category, I found hosiery that will be a perfect boon. They were extra heavyweight silk with the toes and heels reinforced. But herein lay their strongest recommendation. They had specially woven expanding tops, guaranteed to fit any measurement above the knee. The price was 9/11.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL ...

by "STEVE"



### SHE THINKS:

WHAT A GOOD-LOOKING MAN... NICE EYES, WISH I KNEW HIM... WHY, I DO!

### HE THINKS:

THAT GIRL WENT TO SCHOOL WITH ME... HOW PRETTY SHE'S GROWN. HANG IT! THEY WON'T LET US TALK HERE



Hello there. I'm locked out of the library. Let's go for a walk. I'll buy you a drink. Jack



### TWO WEEKS LATER

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AUNTIE? I BELIEVED IN IT... TWO WEEKS AGO! HAD LUNCH WITH THE MAN, AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND... HE PROMISED TO PHONE BUT HASN'T

HERE'S AN IDEA... BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE HURT IF I'M VERY FRANK



### THE WEEK AFTER

AUNTIE'S A DEAR—WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O." IN SUCH A SWEET WAY, THEN GIVING ME A PARTY—INVITING JACK

LIFEBUOY'S GRAND. NO CHANCE OF OFFENDING THIS TIME



### "B.O." ENDED... JACK'S FALLING HARD!

YOU'RE LOOKING SIMPLY WONDERFUL TONIGHT. HOW SOON CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN?

### BE SURE YOU DO GET LIFEBUOY

Substitutes cannot give you real protection

THE huge success of Lifebuoy Soap all over the world has encouraged numerous substitutes. These soaps have no name behind them—nothing to guarantee that they give you any protection. In a matter as vital as this you must have a soap that is utterly reliable. Always demand Lifebuoy and you'll be absolutely safe.

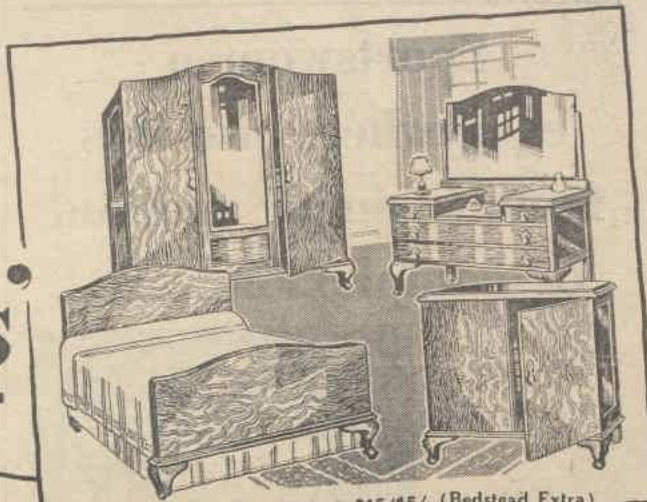


A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.167.51



# Your Home is at W.W.Campbells



Usual Value £21/10/- This Week £15/15/- (Bedstead Extra)

**15'-**  
Deposit  
**3'6**  
Weekly



Upholstered in the best quality Genoa Velvet.  
Usual Value £21/10/-, This Week £15/19/6.

**15'-3'6**  
Deposit Weekly



Usual Value £15/15/-, This Week £9/10/-

**9'6**  
Deposit  
**3'6**  
Weekly

## REDUCED EASY TERMS Solve All Furnishing Problems

**DINING ROOM** (illustrated above). 4ft. 6in. Sideboard and 5ft. x 2ft. Rectangular Table and four Chairs (two only illustrated). Usual Value £15/15/-, This Week's Cash Price, £9/10/-.

**LOUNGE SUITE** (illustrated above). Upholstered in best quality Genoa Velvet. We give written guarantee. Usual Value, £21/10/-, This Week's Cash Price, £15/19/6.

**BEDROOM SUITE** (illustrated above). Fully Polished Maple 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 9in. Dressing Table, and Double Loughboy, all fully fitted. Usual Value £21/10/-, This Week's Cash Price, £15/15/-.

This week Sydney Radio lovers can secure our 5-Valve "CAMBRON" superhet., AS ILLUSTRATED, ON

**17'6** Deposit **4'6** Weekly

This is really worth £26/17/6. Our Cash Price is £15/19/6.

Guaranteed perfect Local and Interstate Reception in all Districts.

New Type Valves.

Large Dynamic Speaker. Phenomenal Chassis.

Housed in Beautiful Full Polished Piano Finish Cabinet as illustrated.

This is NOT a Job Line, but our Regular Quality "Cambron" Radio at a REMARKABLE LOW PRICE.

12 Months' Guarantee.

Free Installation.

Free Service.



### BIG SAVINGS!

We are selling a special shipment of British Axminster Squares in artistic designs and beautiful colourings at a heavy discount on ordinary prices.

### British Axminster Carpets

NOW AT

9ft.x6ft.	9ft.x7ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
£3/2/6	£3/16/-	£4/10/-	£5/7/6	£6/10/-



### British Imitation Lino Squares

9ft.x7ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
NOW AT ... 27/6	32/6	37/6	42/6



**OAK BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET.** 4ft. 6in. wide, fully fitted. Usual Value £5/6/-—This Week's Cash Price, 92/6.

**5/-DEPOSIT 2/-WEEKLY**

**GENUINE CORK LINO. REMNANTS HALF-PRICE**

**AT 249 Clarence St.**

One Door from  
Market St.

**OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT**



## Sportswomen everywhere use this famous simple method of complexion care!

### LADY SIBELL LYCON

Lady Sibell Lycon, a great sportswoman, but beautifully feminine, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. The Vanishing Cream is a wonderful protection... a sure safeguard against that weather-beaten look!"



BRITISH women are noted for their activity in the sporting world. Whether it is surfing, tennis, hunting or attending the races, they are found, smartly dressed, gloriously enjoying themselves. In city or country they face the ravages of burning heat or bracing winds with perfect confidence.

Why? They have learned the one sure way to preserve the delicate beauty of their complexions. Pond's simple method of cleansing and protecting the skin fills all requirements of perfect beauty care.



### QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING

For samples of Pond's Two Creams, and of the new Face Powder, send 2d. to cover postage to:

W. J. BUSH & CO., LTD., DEPT. X8 BOX 81, HATMARKET, SYDNEY.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

## ABSURD STORY

### RIDICULOUS STORY OF TAPEWORM IN PATENT MEDICINE

It is a long time ago now since the "tapeworm" story was first heard. It was first invented by a wag in England to the effect that a certain patent medicine contained tapeworms, and this idea was picked up by a number of well-known magazines ever since.

Ridiculous as the story may appear to the intelligent, many people believed it, and repeated the story to their friends, that eventually they began to believe that they had actually seen the tapeworms themselves. Doctors in England, when they found that the credulity of many innocent people was being played upon, investigated the story, and attempted to trace it to its source.

Not one person who could swear to actually seeing the tapeworms could be found. It was always "... I heard that Mrs. So-and-so saw them." But invariably Mrs. and Miss So-and-so had in turn heard that "... someone else had seen them."

Last year the story came to Australia, following upon the showing of a sensational American film drawing upon the imagination with a similar theme to help its story. The "tapeworm" story was eventually brought under the notice of the Health Authorities, who ridiculed it as the product of an imaginative joker.

The fact is that all patent medicines on the market are regularly examined by the Health Department and, even if a manufacturer wished to do so, it would be impossible for him to put worms, or any other sinister matter into his product.

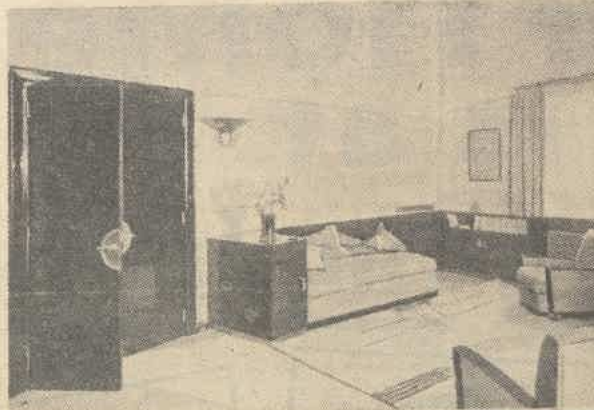
The well-known patent medicines sold here are prepared generally by chemists of the highest skill, and excel in purity and strength, any home-made substitutes.

The bores who tell this story to cause a sensation at the club or at bridge deserve all the contempt that intelligent folk have for them, and in future, if anyone tells you that he or she "found a tapeworm" in a capsule, or that "the tablet crawled along the floor"—treat them kindly and advise them to see a brain specialist.

THE German fashion bureau has already begun its activities for a short time ago the correct expanse of bare skin to be exposed in the new design of the new bathing-suits was decided upon, and widely circulated among German women.

WE have cured our nursemaids, for the most part, of the habit of telling bogey stories to our offspring, but we have not commenced to dissuade our friends from gloating over sick-room details in their presence.

## BACHELOR GIRLS—



### Your Bed-Sitting Room Can be Simply Transformed by Color

By MARGARET JAYE

Tucked away in the heart of every business girl is "a dream room"—the kind of room she wistfully wants, but cannot always visualise or realise. . . . But read how an ordinary, uninteresting room was transformed with very little outlay into something restful and different—and which, with a few personal and feminine touches, could be turned into a thing of beauty and joy forever.

Seeing a slim, yellow-haired girl in a brown Liberty velvet dress suggested a color scheme which could be most successfully used for a girl's bed-sitting room—in contrast to the pink and buff so often seen.

THE room I had in mind opened through French doors on to a green lawn, where long flower beds on each side, with daffodils and jonquils in profusion, would add to the gaiety of the room within. Later on in the year other flowers of similar joyous coloring could be substituted.

The room itself was long and narrow, with two large alcoves and a tiny kitchenette at the back. As the light was not good and the whole room inclined to be depressing we kalsomined the walls and ceiling a deep daffodil color, which at once gave the room a welcoming glow. The floor we covered with a plain carpet of golden brown (for a room in general use a carpet is infinitely preferable to felt, as it stands up to much harder wear). The old woodwork was painted a deep mission color. One luxury we allowed ourselves was to scrap the heavy old door, which ruined the room, and substitute a modern one of wood, featuring a single panel.

WE discarded the old centre light. By the addition of two power points three table and floor lamps were able to be used. These, with their pleated amber parchment shades, gave the restful light so essential to real comfort in the evening. We used fine theatrical gauze for the curtains, making them in a ruffled design and using no heavy dark curtains at all.

The bed, which was of the stretcher variety, we placed in one corner of the room and covered with a tailored bedspread of brown velvet (the legs being cut down four inches to make it more comfortable for sitting on). On the bed we piled six large cushions of yellow, old gold, tanget, and nut brown velvet. We fixed a wrought iron rod on the wall—48 inches above the bed—and hung a panel of hand-blocked linen, featuring a wonderful bird of paradise, to give a color note on the wall. This panel, which was 50 inches wide and 36 inches deep, was bound with deep brown velvet ribbon, and had a very narrow batten of wood at its base to hold it down. It gave a very definite note of interest to this corner of the room.

ALONG one of the long walls, half-way up, we placed a shelf, on which the gay yellow china in daily use was kept. At each end of the shelf we placed a small triangular bracket. One of these was used to hold an uncommon yellow Breton jug kept filled with daffodils. The other one held a brown bowl filled high with oranges and apples.

We substituted a very simple brick mantelpiece for the old marble one, and put a wooden shelf over it, stained dark mission color. A good color print of an English woodland scene, in autumn tones, we put above the mantelpiece. Two deep blue, tall candlesticks stood each end of the shelf. A copper flower-trough, filled with ranunculus, had pride of place on the mantelshef. An interesting set of old copper fire irons

added a different note to the fireplace.

A well-fitted ladies' loughboy occupied one corner. And on one of the short walls, an outside circular mirror, 36 inches in diameter, hung with gold cord and with two very long blue and henna tassels. This mirror, which was hung low, added greatly to the size of the room, and reflected back all the charm of the furnishings.

Two odd-shaped tub chairs, covered in the velvet, looked inviting for tired limbs at night. The three occasional high-backed chairs also did duty for dining chairs. A drop-leaf round table, which when not in use stood under the mirror, had a large copper dish filled with daffodils on it. Three small coffee tables for books, cigarettes, etc., broke the hard lines of the room.

The tiny kitchenette would, of course, be carried out in the same toning—painted yellow, yellow china, yellow check curtains—with everything spotless and fresh-looking.

## CLEVER IDEAS

SCRATCHES on maple furniture will disappear in a miraculous fashion if the parts are dabbed with a flannel, dipped in boiling water. Wipe dry, and then dip a piece of cotton wool in iodine, carefully smearing the scratches. Leave for a few hours, then polish with a good furniture polish.—Mrs. Sephton, 25 Mackenzie Street, Waverley.

A BUNDLE of pipe cleaners, costing 1d a dozen, make ideal hair curlers,—especially for short ends at back.—A. Bowne, 41 Jenkins Street, Crows Nest.

WHEN STOCKINGS are no longer wearable, do not throw away; have them well washed, tied in bundles, and put aside for the following uses: Make a long pad by tying leg with other stockings or old dusters or scraps, tie other end or sew up neatly, attach hanger, and pad will be most useful for any of following purposes: Window polisher, furniture rubber, brass cleaner, shoe polisher, or, best of all, floor polisher after waxing.—A. Howe, 76 Murdoch Street, Cremorne.

FLOWERS artistically arranged bring outside glory—inside. Top: A modern bed-sitting room, full of interest, and well worth studying for new ideas.

WITH THE warm weather approaching, our thoughts turn to the shabby deckchairs. To renovate them, first remove the canvas and give the wooden framework a coat of bright enamel paint. When thoroughly dry, replace canvas and cover it back and front with a long strip of gaily patterned cretonne, which is hemmed along both sides. Stitch the two ends together underneath.—Mrs. C. S. Brown, Pacific Highway, Raymond Terrace.

SOAK CAULIFLOWERS or cabbage in water with a little vinegar, and it will remove insects quicker than if salt is used.—Miss O'Halloran, 74 Arthur Street, Ashfield.

WHEN SPRING cleaning, treat the lounge suite in this way: Sprinkle over the suite a thick coating of bran which has been warmed in the oven. Leave on for a few minutes, and then rub the bran off lightly, brushing the way of the pile. The bran takes out every particle of dust and dirt, and leaves the material bright.—Mrs. R. Shaylor, 56 Kellett Street, King's Cross.

## The Strengthmaker

for young and old alike is genuine SCOTT'S Emulsion. Its rich nourishment, tonic nerve foods and health-promoting vitamins strengthen every part of the body. It makes the weak strong and keeps the strong fit.

In cases of lung troubles SCOTT'S Emulsion soothes and strengthens. It enriches the blood and rebuilds wasted tissues. Ask for genuine

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Doctors the world over use and recommend SCOTT'S Emulsion





# SPECTATOR SPORTS

## In Charming Guise

**WX101.**—Three-quarter length swagger coat with loose Raglan sleeves and scarf collar. Material required, three and three-eighths yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, one and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**WX102.**—An adaptable frock which can be worn with or without blouse. It is shown here as an everyday frock with the blouse, but if worn without, it makes a neat sports frock with all sleeves. Material required, four and a quarter yards 36 inch for frock, and one and five-eighths yards 36 inch for blouse. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**WX103.**—Frock of striped material with tailored collar and rever. Skirt with inverted pleat back and front. Material required, four and three-eighths yards 36 inch. To fit a 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**WX98.**—Maid's skirt and bolero jacket of check material, and silk blouse. Material required, two and three-quarters yards 36 inch for skirt, one and a half yards 36 inch for bolero, and one and a quarter yards 36 inch for blouse. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 10-12 and 14-16 years. Size, 10-12 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9d. Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**WX104.**—One of the newest black sleeveless sports frocks with shoulder fastening. Fullness in the skirt is achieved by inverted pleats back and front. Material required, three and five-eighths yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**FOR** that sports meeting or informal occasion these latest model spring frocks will be very delightful and very useful, too. Our fashion service offers a charming choice from a trimly tailored, striped frock to a modish gown with interesting sleeve treatment. A simply made swagger coat fills an ever-present need for between-season wear, when sunny days afford a welcome opportunity to wear dainty frocks and the evenings are still cool enough to call for an extra wrap.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated. Inquiries and letters regarding the pattern service should be addressed to the Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney; or Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



**WX99.**—Small boy's trousers of serge, and silk blouse with side front fastening. Material required, one yard 36 inch for blouse, and three-quarters yard 36 inch for trousers. To fit size 4-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

**WX100.**—Child's frock of flowered muslin with gathered skirt and contrasting collar and sash. Material required, one and seven-eighths yards 36 inch, and half a yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 8-10 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

**WX105.**—Backless sports frock of spotted linen. Material required, three yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**WX106.**—A smart coat with full sleeves. Material required, four and seven-eighths yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yard. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**WX107.**—Frock of printed marocain with contrasting yoke and cowl sleeves. This style is suitable for both large and medium figures. Material required for a 36 inch bust, four yards 36 inch and three-quarters yard 36 inch contrasting. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yard. Material required for a 44 inch bust, four and one-eighth yards 36 inch and seven-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, 40, 42, 46, and 48 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**FREE PATTERN**  
In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the Frock illustrated above. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
Pattern Coupon, 9/9/1933



**TOWN HALL,**  
Saturday next, September 9, at 8 o'clock.

# PETER DAWSON

The World's Most Popular Singer,  
POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE IN AUSTRALIA

ENTIRE PROCEEDS TO T.B. HOSPITAL, LEGACY CLUB, & R.S.S.I.L.A.

ASSOCIATE ARTISTS:  
GRACE SIMPSON, Coloratura Soprano; EDDIE CAHILL, Australian Pianist; ELSA CORRY, Dramatic Soprano; LESLIE McCALLUM, Flautist.

ACCOMPANIST: HUBERT GREENSLADE.

**BOX PLAN NOW OPEN AT PALING'S.**

PRICES: 2/- (Reserved), 2/- and 2/-. No tax. Organising Secretary, GRANT HANLON, Hon. Managers, JOHN GRIFFITHS, J. E. BROWNLOW.

**J. C. WILLIAMSON LTD. STAGE ATTRACTIONS**

**THEATRE ROYAL AT 7.55**  
FAREWELL NIGHTS  
**"MUSIC IN THE AIR"**

Farewell to  
SYLVIA WELLING, FRANK SALE, CECIL KELLAWAY, CARRIE MOORE.

**CRITERION**  
At 8.10, Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.  
**DOROTHY BRUNTON**  
in Walter Hackett's  
Joyous Play  
**"Road House"**  
WITH JOHN LONGDEN

**2nd Record Month!**

**HAPPIEST PICTURE OF 1933.**

**George ARLISS**  
IN  
**"THE WORKING MAN"**

**PRINCE EDWARD**  
ON THE STAGE:  
Australia's Brilliant  
Dramatic Soprano,  
**MOLLY de GUNST**

Also  
**ALBERT CAZABON**  
and  
Concert Orchestra  
playing  
**"MEMORIES OF CHOPIN."**

Popular Prices,  
1/-, 1/6, at  
11 a.m.

GENERAL ADMISSION

**Paramount Pictures**

*Personalities of Paramount*

Watch for these Paramount Pictures.

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them.

**"I LOVE THAT MAN,"**  
With Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong, and Lew Cody.

**"SONG OF THE EAGLE,"**  
With Richard Arlen, Charles Bickford, Mary Brian, and Jean Hersholt.

**"INTERNATIONAL HOUSE,"**  
With Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Rudy Vallee, Stuart Erwin, George Burns, and Gracie Allen, and the Girls in Cellophane.

**"COUNSEL'S OPINION,"**  
With Henry Kendall, Blinlie Barnes and Cyril Maude.

**"THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK,"**  
With Fredric March, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, and Jack Oakie.

**"THE GIRL IN 419,"**  
With James Dunn, Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Jack La Rue.



# MAE WEST

now claimed by the screen, is the darling and the toast of Broadway. This alluring star brings her vibrant personality to the millions waiting to see her. The crackling spontaneity of her diction and her versatility present her as a refreshingly new star. You had a glimpse of her in "Night After Night," and soon you will have an opportunity of seeing her first starring picture,

# "SHE DONE HIM WRONG"

If it's a Paramount Picture. It's The Best Show in Town.



TWO OF THE SERIES of attractive Paris-Vienna jumpers offered as prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly "Awkward Moments" Competition. See details below.

## "When I HAD to RUN;" READERS Tell

Many thrills, humorous and otherwise, have come to light through The Australian Women's Weekly's search for "Moments when I had to run hardest."

This is the second of a series of "Moment" competitions for which beautiful Viennese jumpers, hand-made and of exclusive design, are being given away as prizes. As these models are valued at £3/3/-, and three jumpers are donated each week, the prizes are both unique and valuable.

THE last three jumpers will be competed for from to-day in an extension of "Moments when I had to run hardest."

This week the prize jumpers go to Mrs. I. Cowlsham, 3 John Street, Erskineville; Mrs. R. Shaylor, 56 Kellet Street, King's Cross; and Mrs. M. Sugden, Cowper Street, Helensburgh. Here are their moments, when they had to run:

"When I ran," writes Mrs. Cowlsham,

"I was enjoying a matinee which was nearing a finish, when my heart made a complete somersault. Appealing to my husband I said, 'Did you turn the gas out under the bedrooom?' He hadn't. Did we run? I'll say. The bedrooom was cooked white!"

Mrs. Shaylor's thrill was like this: "One afternoon, riding in a tram from La Prouse, I dropped a pound note out of my purse on to the roadway. I immediately jumped out, retrieved the note, and then ran so hard that I managed to catch the tram again before it started from the next stopping-place."

"My experience of when I had to run hardest," writes Mrs. Sugden, "was when my eldest boy, aged four, was holding my baby by the leg on the side of a recently filled waterhole. He was unconscious when I got there, but it was the hardest sprint I have ever done."

Consolation prizes of 5/- are awarded for the following:

Mrs. Jane Handon, 11 Morvan Street, West Ryde: "I was nursing a rheumatic patient. One evening, with difficulty, he walked about 200 yards, when, turning a corner, we saw a mob of bullocks approaching. With one piercing yell he grabbed my hand, and together we raced for home."

C. Sanderson, "Maisonette," Prince Edward Street, Kogarah, whom we sincerely hope is a man: "The moment I ran hardest was when I left off work at five minutes to six, and the hotel was two miles away."

Vernie Bond, 9 Toongarah Road, Waverton: "Cutting through a spare allotment one night, I heard the noise of tins and a jingling like a man's watch-chain. Sensing something at my heels I ran, galloped, and screamed. Making to the first lighted awning I discovered a pet white rabbit with fine chain around its neck following."

### CONDITIONS

Reading these experiences must have reminded you of your own. Send it in at once and you might win a prize.

All entries must be endorsed, "Moments," and must contain approximately 50 words. Attach to each separate entry an "M" coupon from the competition entry form on this page, and post it to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, before September 21.

### COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Moments	Recipes
M	R
Clever Ideas	Things That Happen
C	T
Other	O Entries

Clip out any or all of these five small coupons and attach, with gum or a pin, one to each corresponding entry. All correspondence to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

—W.W. 9/9/33.

HOT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar is a brew of excellent quality. s.s.s

## Do other girls envy Your Hair?



Other girls watching you, critically—mean, observant, too, but in a different way. By means of a single shampooing with Hennafoam, you can capture the interest of all—win the admiration of the men and the puzzled envy of the women! Just one Hennafoam Shampoo will transform your hair to a glory of shimmering, dancing, gleaming lights and tones—a treasure of rich, wavy loveliness! Why use soap or shampoo merely to cleanse your hair, when Kathleen Court's Hennafoam will both cleanse and beautify? All good chemists and stores sell Hennafoam in both powder and liquid forms, at trifling cost. Entirely harmless—no dye—suitable alike for blondes and brunettes. Nothing else like HENNAFOAM!

## FOX RABBIT



and all kinds of skins dyed to latest shades and dressed and made into smartest Chokers, Coats, and Rugs, at lowest prices. 1 FOX SKIN DRESSED, DYED, AND MADE UP READY-TO-WEAR, as illustration. 27/6

This offer is for readers of this paper only.

Illustrated catalogue on request. Fur renovations expertly done at low prices. Fox Furred Skins to us from anywhere—it costs no more.

**NETTLEBERG'S**  
Old Established Furriers.  
COR. ELIZABETH AND BOURKE STREETS, MELBOURNE, VI.

## CRAVING FOR DRINK DESTROYED

**EUCRASY Banishes all Desire for Drink.**

It is a priceless boon to all who use it for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy.

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Dept. B, The Eucrasy Co.,  
497 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.  
Established 35 years.



The man who has revitalized thousands of neurasthenic cases.

## Self-Consciousness Nervousness Blushing

A STARTLING NEW BOOK BY A FORMER SUFFERER OFFERED FREE TO EVERY NERVOUS READER

THERE is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. There is no human weakness so humiliating and despairing as this unfortunate affliction. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to reveal your real self, to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. Neither ambition, talent, nor hard work can achieve success when handicapped by nervous fears.

If you are a victim of this distressing mental disorder. If you are nervous and shy. If you blush and stammer when spoken to. If you feel awkward and embarrassed in company. If you are letting opportunities slip by through being too nervous to step out of the crowd and become a leader instead of one of the led—here is a real chance of conquering your weakness instead of letting it conquer you—here is your chance to become fearless and red-blooded!

### FREE BOOK!

To All "Woman's Weekly" Readers. A remarkably interesting book explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers. Write at once in confidence to

**FREDERICK GRAY,**  
DESK WW LOMBARD CHAMBERS,  
PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

MAIL NOW. FREDERICK GRAY, DESK WW, Lombard Chambers,

Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir—Please send me, absolutely free, a copy of your book, "Nerve Strength, Self-Consciousness, and Personality."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

9/9/33



## PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

### "LOVE ON WHEELS"

ONE could not trace any very definite reason for the title of this film, nor, indeed, any particular reason for the film itself. The love interest, despite the charm of the heroine, was very slim and unconvincing. Of course, if you have enjoyed Jack Hulbert before, you will derive a certain satisfaction from watching his antics again. One feels, however, that one could do with a lot less of him, unless he has a more substantial argument to bring forward than that of the role of the man who is always being dismissed from a big store to appease irate customers. From this extraordinary employment, for which the manager states he has been chosen for the stupidity of his face, he suddenly develops the keenest publicity sense and becomes advertising manager. The setting, apart from a few short scenes in a bus, supplies, if rumor can be believed, the only real interest, for the film purports to have been "shot" in Selfridges, London.

### "WITH COBBHAM TO KIVU"

THERE is not a dull moment in this film. It is a pictorial record of an aerial voyage of discovery undertaken by Sir Alan Cobham in the giant twin-boat seaplane, "Valette." One feels that one is a passenger aboard the seaplane, and it would not occasion the least surprise were Sir Alan to engage one in conversation at any moment. Thrilling incidents crowd one on top of the other. One gets within touch almost of the Pyramids, encounters a dust storm at Wadi Halfa (at this stage of the journey it is a fact that members of the audience were afflicted with throat irritations). Herds of hippopotami were observed swimming beneath the plane, quite undisturbed either by the unusual sight or noise.

A herd of elephants, however, was not so base regarding the development of modern science, and we watched them in a panic endeavoring to forge their cumbersome way through heavy mud. Repulsive crocodiles and smiling natives were further incidents in a journey that brought us eventually to that most remote of the great Central African lakes, Kivu.

The feeling that one is actually a passenger was engendered by the skillful use of the microphone. The announcer, whose English voice and wit were a delight, switches on to the engines as the plane starts to descend and scenery tears by, as one makes a landing to the accompaniment of the roar of the "Valette" travelling, on one occasion, at 70 miles an hour.

## LITTLE THEATRES

PAUL FURNESS cleverly fitted the action of his farce, "The Love Scents," produced by the Four Arts Theatre last week, and repeated on Wednesday, into an hour or so, but has a most extraordinary idea of girls' schools and their principals—for mention of "talkies" forbids one thinking the scene is laid in the Early Victorian era. The club members gave one of their best performances. Agnes Paulson and Ida Counton, as the old-maid schoolmistresses, being particularly effective, giving satisfying and distinct studies of similar types. Althea Glasby was a vivacious niece, and Paul Furness, as the nephew, made his lines telling and laughable. Wal Gently, Essie Davis, John Davis, and others were also good.

WITH a beautifully constructed and unusual plot (even though mainly concerned with love affairs and other like entanglements), excellent direction, and Mr. Finley's admirable setting, making very effective use of window and staircase (except that the over-large gap between scenery and proscenium arch offers distracting views of back-stage movements), "Musical Chairs," the current production of the Independent Theatre, is a fine successor to "Once in a Lifetime." Miss Pitton is more than ever to be congratulated on her smoothness and artistry of production, including the absence of curtain calls after the final devastating climax Richard Parry is the utterly self-absorbed idler, full of half-baked philosophies. His personal attractiveness, especially to women, causes him to be thoroughly pandered to instead of compelled from his self-pity to a sense of present responsibilities. He gives a striking performance. Even for him, make-

### "MAN WHO DARED"

ON the principle, apparently, that "if it goes for England, why not for Chicago?" we are given in "Man Who Dared" an American "Cavalcade." There are from time to time, during a long succession of scenes depicting the evolution of a Chicago family, of Chicago in particular and America in general, glimpses which are stirring, interestingly informative, and emotionally satisfying. The cast, too, is extremely well chosen; though the wife, Zita Johann, a most unusual and plausible type for the part, must be a marvel to rise from washing dishes in a small eating house to managing a large home and rearing a family as a mere sideline to being private secretary to a politician husband. Effective use is made, too, of absence of dialogue during long periods. Preston Foster, the husband, gives one of a succession of splendid character studies. "Cavalcade," however, has less than nothing to fear. Whereas that film used the featured family as being illustrative of national life, "Man Who Dared" merely uses progress of life in Chicago as a setting for the more or less irrelevant events in the family circle. In short, a mildly interesting film is the result, when much judicious cutting could have lifted a hotchpotch into a meaningful saga.

### "MIDNIGHT MARY"

JUST as literary skill can make a plot which is C3 seem A1, so brilliance of direction, settings, and effective array of film types can successfully cope with a scenario such as "Midnight Mary." This fact is particularly extraordinary in this instance, because "Midnight Mary" is one of a long series in which the public has been admitted to see the workings of American women's reformatories (one which it should be able to pass a searching examination on by now). Its sympathies are all for some beautifully clothed and apparently well-bred social rebel, who moves through scenes of gilded opulence and the law court with charming aplomb. Ricardo Cortez, the gangster who desires Loretta Young (who, by the way, is made up as Joan Crawford's double) is fitted for the noble millionaire, Franchot Tone.

It is a pity that worthwhile themes are neglected. Apparently, in America, if a girl murders a man it is all right if she does it for love, because Loretta's jury, which found her guilty, after hearing from Franchot Tone that she shot Ricardo for his sake, dissolves into humble apologies with the customary happy ending.

The picture is certainly entertaining, but it seems a pity that entertainment value should be all that is demanded of the film industry.



JESSIE MATTHEWS, the dainty English star, who will be shortly seen in "Good Companions."

Rosenfeld, however, is miscast, and makes Irene not only hard-boiled, but unattractive and consistently unpleasant; and Eva Kuraz, completely captivated with her childish charm, is much too exquisite for a poverty-stricken peasant of the physical type admired by Mr. Schindler, Jane Conolly, Rosalind Spence, Don Hill, and Arthur Stoyles complete the cast.

## CHILDREN are DELIGHTFUL in "Hayseeds"

By Saide Parker

Eternal triangles and "the third degree," graft methods and "thrillers" are apt to pall on the most sophisticated member of the audience. There has been a surfeit of bold, bad gunmen, and of exotic rumps. Recalling films that have left with us an indelible memory, we find that it has not been for their sensational value, but for sheer human reproduction. It is for this reason that children are so delightful. They give us with the utmost sincerity a wholesome, true-to-life portrayal that is most refreshing.

It was only a matter of time before Australian motion-picture directors sought juvenile stars, and, for the forthcoming production at "Cinesound," Producer Beaumont Smith has found two little Australians that will rank side by side with Jackie Coogan in his unforgettable role in "Innocents of Paris."

It was not an easy matter to finalise. On the one hand, the child must not be nervous; he must have sufficient confi-



ROMA ARROWSMITH (above), who plays opposite Brian, is only five years old, but she gives a delightful performance, and thoroughly enjoys it herself.

BRIAN KELLAWAY (left) who is "following Dad's footsteps" by displaying very definite histrionic talent, as he appears in "Hayseeds." In the scene from which this "close-up" is taken, the laddie has followed father rather too literally, and is suffering the after-effects of some surreptitious puffs at the paternal pipe.

father's histrionic talent, but his personal charm. For Cecil Kellaway is a perfectly delightful person off-stage. With a polished manner he combines a certain nervousness, and small Brian's manner is a reproduction of his father's. On the screen the same characteristics are again apparent in father and son. When they are creating a role the nervousness entirely disappears, and each very faithfully reproduces the character he portrays.

His five-year-old co-star possesses both photographic and vocal qualifications. Again, the ability is hereditary, for small Roma is the great-granddaughter of the celebrated William Arrowsmith. In the '60's and '70's great-grandfather Arrowsmith was a Shakespearean actor, and to-day the name Arrowsmith will be brought before the public in a way that would occasion utter incredulity to that artist of the old school.

One wonders what he would say were he told that small Roma was to play, before a camera, a part that is one hundred per cent. Australian, and, further, that that role would be screened before audiences which will total something in the nature of millions before the film has been relegated to the haven reserved for past films. By that time, one can confidently assume that Roma will be carrying on the Arrowsmith tradition in fresh roles.

At present the two juvenile stars are completely blasé with regard to the lime-light—or, rather, the Klieg lights—that has suddenly enveloped them. But they are enjoying themselves hugely. When the producer wants them they are there, but, when they are not wanted on the set, they are running round with the complete abandon of children, getting under foot and being tersely ordered away.

Worst of all, they will eat oranges! Not, of course, that one would underestimate the health value of "bottled sunshine," but it has a very drastic effect on an artist's make-up. When the director calls for his stars it is very disconcerting to find trails of orange juice mingling freely with their make-up.

And Roma and Brian have one trait in common that leads to many a brisk altercation. They both love comics. Finishing a scene in which both have given of their best with that serious concentration that is so lovable a trait of the child mind, there is a concerted whoop and a rush for oranges and comics. Brian, of course, has the advantage of three years seniority on his side, but it's an odds-on chance that the woman gets the last word—and the cherished comic!



dence to overcome any suggestion of being camera-shy, yet, on the other hand, he must be absolutely natural. The task lay in differentiating between confidence and precocity.

In the two kiddies, Brian Kellaway, aged eight, and Roma Arrowsmith, aged five, the producer has found an ideal pair.

They are utterly ingenuous in their portrayal, and they work with the sangfroid of an experienced star. The explanation is simple. Both Brian and Roma inherited their histrionic ability.

Brian is the son of Cecil Kellaway, who is also appearing in the film. Cecil Kellaway has been cast as "Dad" in "Hayseeds," and, if his performance in "Music in the Air" as the lovable old

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### Farewell Concert

PETER DAWSON will give his

farewell concert in Australia

in the Town Hall, Sydney, on

September 9. The entire pro-

ceeds of the function will be

donated to charity. Mr. Dawson

will be supported by Grace Simp-

son, Elsa Corry, Eddie Cahill,

and Leslie McCallum. Mr. Daw-

son's own accompanist will also

appear. Keen interest centres on

the two Australian girls who re-

cently made their debut. Both

girls are planning to continue

their studies abroad.

doctor of music is any criterion, "Dad" is going to be enormously popular. Brian has inherited not only his



## LOUISE MACK ADVISES

A series of articles by Louise Mack, dealing with everyday affairs of women.

## DON'T Let us be too HARD on OURSELVES

A woman who had been flattened out by some unkind criticisms from an overseas visitor wrote asking me the other day how we Australian women compared with others of our sex, and that set me thinking. We Australian women, what are we like? How do we compare with other women?

I FEEL that most Australian women want to know that, and I feel, too, that Fate has been marvellously kind to me in granting me such bountiful opportunities of seeing for myself over the years the women of many lands in their own settings, and then of coming home again back to Australia to tell my fellow country women not only what other women are like, but more important still, what Australian women are like by comparison.

It is very funny, this, I mean it's so different from what you would expect. But here it is, with the proviso, of course, selon mon opinion!

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN HAVE THE BEST FEET AND ANKLES IN THE WORLD.

Now if there is the slightest tendency to dispute the feet, let me say straight out that there is no possible chance of disputing the ankles, no possible chance whatever. Our ankles stand alone!

HOW we get them, I don't just know, but there they are—the prettiest, trimmest, almightiest ankles in the world, bar none, as thoroughbred as our great racers.

English women, and Irish women, and Scots women all too often have "beef to the heels," though their feet may be long and slim. French women and Italian women have daintier feet, but even the American feet, though good and always marvellously shod, lack the curiously attractive and dashing quality of the Australian women's slender ankles. Well, we do dash, that's just it.

In my mind's eye from childhood I can still see that game old lady of eighty, at our church sewing bees at Windsor, running up seams like lightning, rushing round sheets and kitchen towels and mosquito nets with incredible swiftness, and all by hand. We dash and do. With us the act follows on the intention. Estelle goes out in the kitchen, and the washing-up is done. May disappears for a moment and all the clothes are on the line. Mother opens one door and

comes in by another with a dish of hot scones. I've never seen anything like it anywhere else in the world.

One reason is that we are untrammelled by too much tradition. Also, the Australian woman's mind opens wider because of the enormous colonial vistas she has seen about her. No matter in what State she lives, there are always great plains, great mountains, vast panoramas in the unbroken sunlight, and in that wide open mental state of hers she takes in her task from beginning to end, sees her way right through it, then does it.

It's that swift, wide mental survey of a task that makes possible its quick accomplishment.

THERE are several lovely things about Australian women that other nationalities don't possess; but the best of all is the happy expression of our faces.

That is what makes pretty Australians so superlatively pretty when seen in a crowd, that bright, sweet, joyous look that comes from calling the world your own.

## Our Happy Expressions

French women definitely cultivate that look as part of their technique of being beautiful, and, in Paris, to appear lovely, one must, positively must, appear amiable; one's lips must turn up a little at the corners, and, if necessary, one must practise it before the mirror.

Lately there has tried to come into Sydney a new kind of face. Let's call it the Joan Crawford face, just to show what we mean. It's rather superior and rather dull, and rather hard and rather bored, and rather vacuous and wholly silly. It does not suit our little Sydney girls at all. Let them enhance their lovely colorings, their charming, petite personalities, by giving full rein to their merry hearts by looking frankly buoyant, frankly joyous, and wholly adorable.

## ETIQUETTE



If you have company at the table do not read while eating—it is bad manners.

Some people think that we are too natural, but they are wrong. They are fussy, those people from the Old World who don't like our waitresses to say with a friendly smile, "Your potatoes, Mr. Jones," or "Your chops and chips, Mr. Smith." They are fussy, and they don't know what's good for them, or they would love that natural, friendly wave that flows through the Australian waitress' heart as she puts the plate before her customer with her cheery, "Here's your pudding, Mr. Robinson," and smiles, and calls the world her own.

HAVE you ever met an affected Australian? If so, you don't need my advice to warn you. There are a few in Sydney, and, frankly, I pity them, because, for the sake of a mincing English accent and what they consider (ye Gods!) a well-bred manner, they are throwing away the most lovely heritage Australia possesses, its mastery over the gentle art of being itself.

A word to these snobs. I'm going to conclude this story by affirming that I met the parallel for our Australian naturalness always in the aristocracy. So there!

An Australian girl has written me on this very point rather amusingly. She went to London to stay with her aunt, which aunt, by the way, was a horrid, sour-looking, middle-class person with a false front and diamonds, while my friend was sweet and charming, and everybody liked her straight away. But Aunt gave a party, and just before the guests arrived Aunt went into the Australian's bedroom and admonished her. "My dear, I think you'd better not say how long you've been in Australia!" Which reminds me of a very modern young man by the name of Noel Coward, who, when asked if he was coming to Australia, replied: "Madam, I am a playwright, not an explorer!" "O wad some power the giffie gie us not to see ourselves as others see us," should have been written about us."

## M. TRUBY KING — MOTHERS and Young WIVES

In this number we commence a series of articles on Mothercraft by Miss Truby King, daughter of the world-famed specialist in matters of Child Welfare—the man who has been responsible for reducing the infant mortality rate in New Zealand from 80 per 1000 births to only 32 per 1000 in the last twenty-six years.

Every young mother is advised to follow this series of articles closely, as they will prove of immense help to her in the rearing of her family.

MOTHERS everywhere are waking up to the fact that they can do just as much for their babies before they are born as they will ever have the opportunity of doing for them again. Once it was not the custom for a woman to talk to anyone about the coming baby—the wife hesitated to mention the subject more than need be to her husband, and would shudder at the very thought of confiding in any nurse who happened to be a stranger.

Now, however, the world is realising just how much the future health of the unborn babe is dependent on the health of the mother-to-be, and every year sees more and more pre-natal clinics being opened—clinics to which the expectant mother comes for examination and advice.

No expectant mother should refuse the gratuitous aid of such clinics. School education, unfortunately, does not as a rule include the study of subjects which fit a woman for motherhood. Most women are first introduced to such subjects during the "carrying period," and this nine months is all too short a time in which to prepare for the many responsibilities ahead. It well repays every mother, therefore, to imbibe all she can by regular attendance at her nearest Pre-Natal Clinic and Mothercraft Centre.

You might naturally ask, "Why should I attend any such centre for examination and advice when maternity is a natural function and I feel perfectly well?" The answer is that prevention is better than cure. How many of us today can truthfully call ourselves perfect physically? One has weak eyes, one bad teeth, one suffers from neuritis, another from constipation, another from asthma, and so on. If all women were perfectly fit, mentally and physically, there would be less need for pre-natal clinics; but unfortunately this is not so.

CHILD-CARRYING and child-bearing impose an additional strain on every part of the body. This is natural, and with the perfectly healthy woman there is often not the slightest sign of any ill effect. The health of those one might call "moderately healthy" is even very often greatly improved during the nine months before the birth of the baby. Women such as these will often tell one "they never felt better in their lives." Should such women attend for pre-natal instruction? Certainly. One can never be so healthy that one cannot be more so.

By far the larger proportion of women have a little weakness somewhere, be it simply a tendency to anaemia, and for such women the pre-natal clinics are invaluable. Do not put off attending the clinic because you feel shy. You must remember that the nurse in charge has examined hundreds of women before you, and will be able to help you in many ways by chatting various matters over with you. Your doctor's time is too valuable for him to devote himself to going into matters with you which any nurse can explain equally well—hence the value of making a friend and a confidante of your Mothercraft nurse.

Pre-natal clinics (or, as they are sometimes called, ante-natal clinics) are attached to all the metropolitan public maternity hospitals, where specially qualified medical practitioners are in attendance. Medical supervision and instruction in personal hygiene are given.

Clinics of this nature have been established in connection with ten baby health centres, which are reasonably accessible to all mothers in Sydney and the suburbs. These clinics are maintained at Auburn, Balmmain, Campsie, Hurstville, the Langton Clinic (Moore Park), Manly, Mascot, Newtown, North Sydney, Parramatta, at the Rachel Forster Hospital, and at Rockdale.

If any mother wishes to have the benefit of pre-natal advice, but cannot (on account of distance) visit any of the above centres, she should write to the Sister in Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, when such advice as she needs will be posted to her free of charge.

## Advice to the Washworn

by Malt Moore



—AND OF COURSE WE'RE VERY HAPPY, BUT I GET SO DISCOURAGED AT TIMES, EDITH. KEEPING HOUSE IS NO FUN WHEN YOU HAVE TO SCRUB A BIG WASH EVERY WEEK



SCRUB, GOOD HEAVENS, GRACE—DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SO OLD-FASHIONED AS ALL THAT! THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR ANYONE TO WASTE HER STRENGTH AND SPOIL HER FIGURE OVER A WASHING BOARD ANY MORE



NOW GRACE—DO JUST AS I TELL YOU. GET A PACKET OF RINSO AND LET YOUR WHOLE WASH SOAK IN ITS THICK—LIVELY SUDS. YOU WON'T NEED TO BOIL OR SCRUB

I'LL GET SOME TO-DAY

NEXT MONDAY EVENING



BILL CARY AND HIS WIFE WANT US OVER TO-NIGHT, DEAR—BUT I KNEW THIS WAS WASHING DAY

OH, I'M NOT A BIT TIRED! EDITH TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO. I USED IT TO-DAY AND IT GOT MY WASH SNOW WHITE WITHOUT A BIT OF HARD WORK

Just soak and rinse when you wash with Rinso

RINSO gives such piles of rich, extra-creamy suds that the dirt floats out before you have time to think of rubbing the clothes. And Rinso makes linen wonderfully white—after a Rinso wash it's a pleasure to gather the fresh, clean, sweet-smelling clothes from the line. There's so little hard work in a Rinso washing-day that you feel just as fresh afterwards as you did when you started.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED



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# These CURRIES are DELICIOUS and ECONOMICAL

By Margaret Shepherd

## You'll want to try these Recipes

IN the East a curry is a curry. And often one of the greatest gastronomical treats meted out to visitors by Britishers resident there. An Australian, on landing in Colombo recently, was met by friends and hurried out to their glorious bungalow for "tiffin." The main dish, and only dish, was a special Ceylonese curry. But what a curry! White-robed, soft-footed "boys" followed one after the other with trays of delicious concoctions—all in their order. The groundwork was rice. The grand finale to the mountainous-like helping was a pale puff-like biscuit.

"Take it up in your hand and crush it over the curry," said the hostess. The guest did so. It popped and crackled and then dissolved into powder. "That is made from turtle's eggs," said the host as he noted the rather surprised and breathless look on the guest's face.

In India, where the curry originated, it is used as a highly seasoned and pungent sauce to accompany the inevitable bowl of rice. The curry sauce is much hotter than ever we could eat.

The rice plays a very important part in the appearance and the flavor of the dish. Brown or unpolished rice is preferable to white rice. It takes about 10 minutes longer to cook, as the husk, which contains vitamin B, has not to be removed as in the polished or white variety.

Here are a few nutritious and appetizing recipes for curries and curry sauce. Some do not like too hot a curry, so less curry powder can be used without spoiling the flavor.

### How to Cook Rice

To every cup of well washed rice allow four cups of boiling water, one dessert-spoon salt, and a slice of lemon. Put the rice into the rapidly boiling water with salt and lemon (the latter to improve the flavor), and continue to boil rapidly without a lid until the rice is soft when a grain is pressed between finger and thumb. Do not stir rice.

When cooked, add one cup of cold water and strain through a colander immediately. Stand the colander on top of the saucepan and return to the stove, or place in the oven—with a clean cloth on top to absorb the steam and separate the grains. Remove lemon before serving.

### Curry Sauce

1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups of tomato juice or vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon grated coconut, 1 chopped onion.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and curry powder, stir in well; add tomato juice. Stir until smooth. Then add chopped onion, chutney, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. Simmer for half an hour. Just before serving add the coconut (if the packet coconut, moisten a little with milk or water), and lemon juice.

### Delicious Veal Curry

2lb. lean veal, 1 tablespoon fat, 3 cups water. Cut the veal into one-inch pieces.

Who doesn't love a good curry? How its savory odor whips up the appetite and adds zest to the meal! Successful currying, however, takes time, for the process cannot be greatly hurried. But it has this big advantage: it can be prepared well in advance of any meal, and slowly reheated just before serving. . . . In fact, curry can quite easily become "to-morrow's special dish," for standing-over seems to draw out the more its pungent, tantalising flavor.

Brown in the hot fat. Cover with three cups of water and simmer gently for one hour. Strain, add the meat to the curry sauce. Keep the stock for a soup. Serve the curried veal with some well-cooked rice.

### Curried Rabbit or Chicken

1 rabbit or chicken, 1 onion, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon jam (plum) or 1 tablespoon syrup, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 dessert-spoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon flour, some raisins, lemon rind and orange rind (grated), 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, coconut, or finely chopped almonds, rice.

Cut the fowl into neat joints, separating the thigh from the drumstick, remove the wings, and cut the breast in two down the centre. Remove any pieces of fat. Peel the onion and apple, cut into small pieces, and fry in the boiling fat until a light brown. Add the jam or syrup, curry powder, sauce, raisins, and chicken joints, and fry lightly. Then cover with boiling water, adding the salt, grated lemon, and orange rind; also the nuts or coconut. Bring slowly to simmering point and simmer gently for about three hours or until the meat is tender. Thicken with the flour which has been blended with a little cold water. Simmer five or six minutes. Lastly, add the lemon juice. Serve with brown rice.

### Curried Oysters

One or two dozen oysters, 1 onion, 4 cloves, 4 pepper-corns, the rind of 1 lemon, yolks of two eggs (well beaten), 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 2 cups milk, browned coconut and grated lemon rind, mixed together. Browned rice.

Put the milk into a saucepan, add the onion stuck with cloves, some thinly-pared lemon rind, blade mace, 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer together for ten minutes. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix well. Then add the seasoned milk, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Return to the fire and stir until it boils. Simmer five minutes. Add the well-beaten egg yolks, lemon juice, and oysters. Reheat, but do not boil. Serve with browned coconut, lemon rind sprinkled over top, and rice moulded in cups or small shapes.

## This Wins £1

FIVE tempting dishes from a leg of mutton—a recipe with tremendous appeal to housewives who strive to serve tasty, nourishing meals on a limited income—wins this week's £1 prize. It has been awarded to Mrs. W. E. Floren, Darley Road and Market Street, Randwick.

Next week YOU may be the lucky winner in this popular competition. Simply write out the dish you favor most, and send it to us. In addition to the first prize of £1, the sum of 2/6 will be paid for each recipe published.

## Five Dishes from a Leg of Mutton

First Dish—Choose a joint of about 3lbs. Cut the leg right through the centre, taking out a fillet two inches thick. Bake or braise this, and when done serve on hot dish.

Second Dish—Cut the piece at the thick end into pieces (not too large). Peel a pound of potatoes, and another of onions in rings. Line the bottom of the saucepan with a layer of onions, over them put a layer of meat, then a layer of potatoes. Repeat till all your meat and vegetables are used up, using seasonings. No water is needed as the onions exude a quantity of juice. Simmer over a slow fire about two hours.

Third Dish—Have a saucepan of boiling water ready. Put the shank in and allow it to come to the boil with a teaspoonful of salt. Be sure and skim well. Let it simmer until tender; then dish. Have a cup of rice boiled, and sprinkle over. The joint, when served, should be enveloped in the rice.

Fourth Dish—There is still the best portion of the leg on hand. Bone it carefully, and stuff with forcemeat made of breadcrumbs, herbs, a rash of bacon and one egg. Tie round with piece of tape, put in a very hot oven, and after 20 minutes lessen the heat of the oven. Cook slowly until done—usually about 2½ hours.

Fifth Dish—Boil all the bones and meat that are left and make soup in the ordinary way, adding all kinds of soup vegetables to taste and rice or vermicelli.

Mrs. W. E. Floren, Darley Road and Market Street, Randwick.

### YORKSHIRE APPLE ROLL

Thinly peel the rind of one lemon, add 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar, put on the gas, and allow to boil slowly. Then get the following ingredients ready: 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ cup butter or dripping, 1 tablespoon sugar, cinnamon, water, 3 cooking apples.

Rub the butter into the flour, add sugar, and make into a paste with water. Roll out and grate three apples on it, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, then roll up. Put in greased pie-dish, pour over the syrup that was made from the lemon rind, and bake for one hour.

Mrs. C. L. Westbrook, 26 Burns Road, Wahroonga.

### YEAST NUTTY RUSKS

You will require a stiff roll of plain flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 3 teaspoonfuls sugar, and 1 teaspoonful compressed yeast.

Make a well in centre of sifted flour and salt and put in sugar and yeast, mixing with one cup lukewarm water. Mix in enough flour from sides to make a sponge (pancake consistency). Cover and place in warm place to allow to "work" for half an hour. Then add enough warm water to form a stiff dough. Cover warmly, and allow to rise to double its size (about half an hour). Take out, knead well on floured board, sprinkling 1½ cups crushed nuts—peanuts will do—over the dough, and knead till nuts are evenly distributed. Roll dough out into a sheet about half an inch thick, and cut into 2½ in. by 3 in. strips. Place on greased slide, cover, and allow to stand in warm place for 15 minutes. Bake in a very moderate oven till a dark brown—about 20 minutes. The children love these, and they are good for their teeth.

Mrs. L. L. McNeill, 10 Briven Street, Greenhill, N.W.



Here are the main ingredients for curried eggs with bananas—the tempting dish shown above.

Choose a reliable make of curry powder, follow these simple directions, and, with little effort and less expense, you will quickly turn a simple meal into a really enjoyable and nutritious one.

You will require curry sauce—prepared according to the recipe given on this page—three bananas, one or two apples, and as many hard-boiled eggs as necessary. Cut the apples into small dice, add to the curry sauce, and simmer until soft. Then add the eggs, hard-boiled, and cut into halves. Saute the bananas, which have been cut lengthwise. Now arrange the banana saute on an oval dish, sprinkle with coconut, add the curry, and decorate with a surround of rice.



## A complete dinner on one gas burner

The cooking of a complete meal on one gas burner will be something new to quite a lot of cooks; however, it is really a very simple matter, and obviously it means direct savings in time and money. You will be able to learn the art of "complete meal cookery" if you attend one of the Gas Company's free cookery demonstrations next week. At each demonstration the lecturers will cook on one burner a dinner consisting of

## Boiled Mutton and Parsley Sauce - Potatoes - Carrots and Turnips - Steamed Pudding and Sauce

The demonstrations will be held as follows:—

- Head Showrooms, Pitt and Barlow Streets (Near Central Station)—Tuesday, September 12.
- Branch Showroom, Beamish St., Campsie—September 11.
- " " Bay St., Rockdale—September 13.
- " " Elsie St., Burwood—September 14.
- " " George St., Parramatta—September 15.
- H. T. Seymour Ltd., Marrickville Road, Marrickville, September 13.
- Diment's Store, Forest Road, Hurstville—September 15.

(All Suburban Demonstrations commence at 2.15 p.m.)

In addition to demonstrating the "complete dinner," the lecturers will also prepare and cook

## Caramel Layer Cake - Cheese Crisps Sand Biscuits

These demonstrations are certain to appeal to all women-folk. You are cordially invited to come along and bring your friends.

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DELICIOUS IN FLAVOUR,  
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Young Chemist's New Formula

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and disfiguring skin complaints have  
been successfully remedied by the



Mr. J. J. McHugh,  
M.P.S., Ph.C.

remarkable new  
formula discovered by Mr.  
J. J. McHugh, M.P.S. These  
include long-  
standing cases of  
Eczema, Psori-  
asis, Germ under  
Nail, Ulcers,  
Acne, Tropical  
Ringworm, Bar-  
ber's Rash, Pru-  
ritis, Chlilblains,  
Varicose Veins, etc., in many  
of which large sums had been spent  
in the hope of a cure.

The new formula, which gives hope  
to all skin complaint sufferers, is the  
result of years of patient research,  
and its discoverer has now the satis-  
faction of seeing it succeed in cases  
that have baffled even skin special-  
ists.

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leased from 8 years' torture from  
Eczema, a Macleay River resident  
completely cured of Varicose Veins  
and a nasty leg ulcer, and a Thurs-  
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Ringworm, in treating which he had  
spent many pounds. These are cases  
typical of hundreds.

The almost miraculous results  
achieved with Mr. McHugh's  
formula have astounded many medi-  
cal men. Hundreds of patients, who  
have been treated by post, praise  
his dermatological skill.

Readers who suffer from any type  
of skin trouble are invited to write  
Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C.,  
Consulting Chemist and Skin  
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ren and adults, quickly yields to the natural lubricating  
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Secure a jar of Lubri-Lax to-day. Your system needs the  
lubrication which only Lubri-Lax gives.

Wonderful for Children.

Splendid for Adults.

# LUBRI-LAX

OBTAINABLE AT  
ALL CHEMISTS AND  
STORES

PRICE:  
2/- and 2/9 per jar.

## The GIRL Who GOT ON

(Continued from Page 5)

SHE was young, and  
in herself well-favored. She had rosy  
cheeks, clear blue eyes, and a full set  
of white teeth that were her own and  
natural. In spite of her clothes she  
was comely. And she was kind and  
cheerful.

These things make a difference to  
a man. For one moment Dick hesi-  
tated—but the thought of Valerie and  
her needs won the day.

"Well, Mrs. Andrews, we shall man-  
age to crawl out of this town. Do you  
mind if I stay on until to-morrow?"  
he asked, well knowing that she had  
no "let" for the following week.

"Naw!" replied Mrs. Andrews. "Did  
you get your pay?"

"Yes," said Dick, pulling money  
from his pocket. "Some friends have  
asked me to have a bit of supper with  
them, and I can catch an early train  
in the morning."

He put the notes back in his pocket.  
A bluff! He was ready, had she called  
for it, to be indignant, refuse pay-  
ment, sacrifice his belongings up-  
stairs. But the woman was apparently  
satisfied.

"I feared for ye, lad!" said Mrs.  
Andrews. "Yon Ebenezer's a dirty  
tike and ye'd not be the first he's left  
stranded!"

She retired to her kitchen.  
Dick went slowly to his room. He felt  
like a criminal. It wasn't only the  
lodging money he was defrauding her  
of; she had paid out for him, his tea,  
his milk, his sugar, his eggs and  
bacon. She was a nice woman, a hard  
and cheerful worker.

He thrust sympathy from him. Un-  
convincingly he told himself that her  
husband was drawing the dole, and  
that there was no dole for out-of-work  
actors.

He flung his clothes into his case,  
slipped the string through the handle  
and, after a careful scrutiny of the  
street, lowered the suitcase out of the  
window.

He went down the stairs casually, in  
no hurry, whistling as he stuffed his  
pipe. Mrs. Andrews watched him  
through the kitchen doorway. "I  
shan't want any tea," he called. He  
closed the front door, picked up his  
suitcase, and sprinted round the first  
corner.

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"I hope you are not a wolf in sheep's clothing?"  
"Nothing so petrifying, my dear; only a sort of cocktail in a teacup, really."

His heart was hammering; he was  
hot with shame. He wondered what  
the rosy-cheeked Mrs. Andrews would  
say of him. He felt weak and rather  
sick, loathing himself.

He had lost, thrown away some-  
thing that was part of himself, a part  
of his pride. Bah! What did it mat-  
ter? It was for Valerie! For Valerie!  
And so they went to London.

DICK, following the  
policy of grabbing thankfully at any-  
thing, earned occasional guineas in the  
"crowd" at Elstree studios; but Valerie  
was not wanted anywhere. He shared  
his guineas with her.

He got thin and said he was suffer-  
ing from indigestion. Often they went  
to a cheap restaurant and sat silent  
and depressed over their one meal for  
the day—a poached egg and a cup of  
coffee. Valerie repeated, "I don't be-  
lieve I shall ever get anything to do  
again!"

Dick was at Elstree. Valerie made  
the dreary round of agents' offices and  
went into the Spotlight Restaurant for  
a cup of coffee. She was not  
thinking of Dick—she was too worried  
to think of anyone but in her purse;

they were Dick's shillings, and she was  
grateful for them, but they did not  
bring her content. She was wondering,  
as she had done for days, whether she  
would ever get a job.

Inevitably her mind strayed to  
irregular and unprincipled methods of

attaining success—the unscrupulous  
use of sex appeal.

Perhaps she had no S.A.? Maybe  
that was her trouble? She had heard  
people say of this and that artiste.  
"She is clever, but she has no sex  
appeal"—and the artiste was usually  
damned!

Flesh and bones, that's what I am,  
Valerie mused.

Vamp? But how can I see the big  
producers? I might as well try to  
vamp the King of Irak or the Great  
Mogul! How can I get at someone who  
really matters?

Loss of honor as the price of suc-  
cess—what does it mean? You're lost  
nothing if you're successful—you've  
dropped a prejudice, an embarrass-  
ment—disgraced the family name, but  
proved that you're not a fool! Any-  
way, I shall starve if I don't do some-  
thing soon. If it hadn't been for  
Dick . . .

Dangerous musings! The desperate  
girl's final gamble in which she banks  
on the evil hearts of men.

But desperate measures are not al-  
ways necessary. Even as a single hair  
will tip a balance, so the word of a  
man of weight will decide the fate  
of an empire—or a chorus girl.

As Valerie sat over her cup of coffee,  
two men entered the restaurant. She  
knew both of them.

One was a comedian, a fat and  
fatherly fellow, whose stock-in-trade  
was a Lancashire accent, a sorrowful  
face and a grotesque stomach. The  
other was a tall, thin, dark young  
man who had been an agile and flip-  
pant chorus boy and was now a man  
of some position on the stage.

They had both been members of the  
memorable company in which Valerie  
had secured her first engagement. Two  
years had passed since then, and the  
comedian was still a successful  
comedian and the chorus boy was a  
celebrated playwright, a phenomenal  
fellow!

"Why, here's little Val!" cried the  
comedian. "How are you, darling?"

Valerie smiled. "How are you,  
Tubby?" she replied.

The playwright glanced at her.  
"How are you, child?" he said.

The comedian might well have been  
less enthusiastic, for he was old  
enough to be Valerie's father—the  
"child" greeting appropriately be-  
longed to him. But he had no sense  
of dignity, only of pleasure in recog-  
nizing an exceedingly pretty girl.

The playwright might have been



"I hope you are not a wolf in sheep's clothing?"  
"Nothing so petrifying, my dear; only a sort of cocktail in a teacup, really."

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Inevitably her mind strayed to  
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more enthusiastic, for he was of  
Valerie's generation, but he had  
proved to the world and himself that  
he was above normal, and it gave him  
a sense of infinite superiority over all  
artists in general, and chorus girls  
in particular.

When in the chorus he had been  
nicknamed Adenoids, which had been  
shortened to Adie. He was still Adie  
to his friends. But, although Valerie  
used "Tubby" to the comedian, she  
replied to the playwright's greeting,  
"How are you, Mr. Ramsbotham?"

She blushed—she felt herself in the  
presence of an arbiter of Fate! She  
felt a real pleasure and satisfaction at  
the mere word that had been thrown  
to her. She wished to please and flat-  
ter. She wanted something from him.

"You're looking as bonny as ever!"  
declared the comedian, patting her  
hand. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Resting."

"Scandalous! Have you been after  
a job in our new show?" This may  
not have been discreet of the  
comedian, but he was a simple soul,  
who was always ready to offer what  
he could not give.

Valerie explained. "They only want  
blondes. I don't think I'd better dye  
my hair?"

"With your eyes—never! Ask Adie,  
he'll put you in!"

"I've nothing to do with the chorus,"  
said Adie. "You'd better see Plim-  
soll."

(Please turn to Page 33)



# Persil

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washing tablets to buy...

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opportunity. By sending a Postal Note  
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receive two tickets in the Diamonds Art  
Union. The prizes (Guaranteed Full  
Value) are Diamonds, £500, £250, £150,  
etc., etc. Remember that the 1/- will  
give you two separate tickets and there-  
fore two chances to win a big prize. Full  
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port Services throughout the State. Why  
not try your luck NOW!\*\*\*

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The most stubborn cases of varicose ulcers  
will respond to "Varex" Treatment, and the  
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where hospital treatment has failed and am-  
putation has been recommended, "Varex" has  
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★  
One look in the mirror shows her why she misses lots of the fun that other girls have. Features good, figure splendid—but a dull, uninteresting skin that doesn't give her a chance.

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8.119.13

## The GIRL Who GOT ON

(Continued from Page 36)

"I HAVE. But if you'd say a word for me, Mr. Ramsbotham, it would be such a help!"  
"Of course he will! Old pals always stick together!" cried the comedian.  
"I'll see that he does."

"You can mention my name," said Adie, with a shrug, annoyed by the importunity.

"Come over here, Tubby: I want to talk business," he said irritably.

"It is good of you!" cried Valerie, beaming on him in gratitude. He moved to another table, antagonism in the immovability of his square, narrow shoulders, and commenced to talk over a new sketch he had thought of for the fresh revue.

Valerie paid for her coffee and left. She was so excited that she could not sit still, but it was too late for action that day.

When Dick returned from Elstree he called on her and found her "up in the air." Together they went to their cheap restaurant and chose the cheapest dish, but Valerie, for once, was really not hungry. She wondered for the umpteenth time if "it would be all right"—and reminded Dick that a Ramsbotham revue was a certain year's work.

"I shall understudy every part as second, third, or fourth understudy—I don't care. One never knows when a chance may come! If I can't dance better than Cherry Sax I'll eat my beret!"

"And Mabel Rathbone has three

are reported to have looked queer after a casual reference to a greater King!

It is not, therefore, surprising that when Valerie presented herself at the stage door of the Taglione Theatre and asked for Mr. Plimsol, and the door-keeper inquired haughtily, "Ave you an appointment?"—and she replied, "Mr. Ramsbotham told me to ask for him!"—it is not surprising that the way was clear.

NOW Plimsol knew nothing about Valerie—Adie had never mentioned her name or a note would have been made of it. And Adie was, at that moment, going through all the motions of what is called "throwing a temperance," so that it was not a propitious time for asking questions. He was apt, on such occasions, to take an inquiry as an obstruction to his will, or a clear proof of imbecility and inefficiency.

"What was it you were to see me about?" Plimsol asked.

"The chorus," said Valerie. "Mr. Ramsbotham said he would speak to you about it—did he?"

Plimsol heaved a sigh of relief—there was no great danger of a fuss over the chorus. He was immediately friendly to Valerie.

"Said anything? He's said a mouthful this morning! That young man knows the dirty dictionary backwards. Well, all right! Get on the stage and give your name to the A.S.M."

He looked at her, gave an approving touch to a spray of red carnations she



NEWLY-WED: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Now I'll have seven years' bad luck!  
CHARLADY: Don't yer believe a bit of it. Why I broke a big lookin' glass not long before me 'usband died, but I ain't never had no bad luck!

numbers, I believe, and a couple of sketches—and she can't speak lines. If I don't play for one of them it won't be my fault.

"Oh, Dick, d'you think it's all right? D'you think he'll remember to say something to Plimsol? It isn't much to ask—what difference can it make to him? We've only got to say the word, and Plimsol can't refuse me!"

"AFTER all, we were great friends two years ago—both in the chorus together. I used to give him cups of tea from our dressing-room! I think it's bound to be all right, don't you?"  
Hope smiled—but Doubt grinned, too!

"D'you think he'll forget all about me? He's a busy man, Tubby is sure to remind him, don't you think? Tubby suggested the whole thing—he's a lamb!"

"But they say Adie's pretty mean. He's making bags of money—over twenty thousand a year! Yes, I know he is—everyone says so! But he doesn't give any away—he says, 'why should he, it's his money!'"

"He's not generous, but I believe he's kind to his old father—which shows that he does think of people, sometimes. And it isn't as though I was asking for much—a job in the chorus!"

Dick was encouraging and sympathetic—all Faith and Love.  
"Dick, you're a lamb!" said Valerie, and squeezed his arm. "I don't know what I should do without you!"

It is said that malefactors have been made to tremble by the mere mention of a name, and even kings

wore. "Pretty! Your color! One of the boy friends, I suppose?"

Valerie flashed her teeth. She thought how pleased Dick would be, for he had insisted on buying the flowers, explaining that her dark, useful costume needed a note of color to attract attention—the attention that was so vital to her.

She smiled as she walked on the stage. Fortune smiled, too. Adie's voice rang out—a piercing falsetto.

"I won't wait any longer! Let someone read for Miss Rathbone—that girl with the red flowers, give her the book! Lord! what a lot of halfwits!"

He turned away. He had seen nothing but the red flowers. Later, when Valerie had read some of the lines, he screwed up his eyes—"Who's that?"

"Valerie Orme!" said the Assistant Stage Manager. "A new girl Plimsol has just taken on this morning."

When people make up their minds that they will show no favoritism, that friends and strangers will stand strictly on their merits, they invariably favor the strangers so as to make sure of their impartiality. This curious mental twist was strong in Adie—old friends were detestable.

Valerie was rapping out the lines with gyp. "She gabbles!" Adie declared, as a prelude to dismissal. But Fortune was kind again in the person of the belated Miss Rathbone. The storm, which was ready to drive Valerie from the theatre, broke over Miss Rathbone.

Valerie stayed—and was happy. From her position in the chorus she beamed on Adie whenever she saw him—he never saw her. She told Dick how "wonderful Adie was—how marvellous!"

(Please turn to Page 42)



# MUSIC



# RADIO

## "COLLIT'S INN"—TALKIE to be MADE of AUSTRALIAN Operetta

By ROBERT C. McCALL

MRS. VARNEY MONK (otherwise Mrs. Cyril Monk, wife of the well-known Sydney violinist) has been approached by Eiffage Films and has definitely agreed that they should make a film version of her successful operetta, "Collit's Inn."

The composer visited Melbourne last week to be present when the film people heard the music with full orchestra. Apparently they were so enthusiastic that they determined to go straight ahead with the arrangement of details for the production.

"COLLIT'S INN," you will remember, was placed second in a recent operetta competition for Australian composers.

It roused the interest of the visiting English musician, Mr. Howard Carr, who trimmed it up and took a hand in the orchestration. The short season of performances, which followed was most suc-

An Australian operetta is to be made into a talkie—and, what is more, an Australian talkie!

cessful while lately the radio productions have been among the most popular shows transmitted by the A.B.C.

THIS operetta could easily be the most successful Australian talkie attempted. The play, which was written by T. S. Ourr, is really Australian and is very well constructed.

It tells of bushranging days, of red-coats, and aborigines. It has action and color, human interest and atmosphere, while the music is tuneful and telling. I feel that the comedy aspect of the book will have to be revised to be effective in a talkie, but this should not be difficult.

If "Collit's Inn" is worthily produced with first-class singers and in natural settings, there should be an Australian

film for us to be proud of and prate about.

"CHAMBER music is the term properly applied to all music for domestic use," I trust Mr. H. C. Colles made the necessary mental reservations when he penned this definition in Grove's Dictionary. I can hardly imagine the music dispersed within the four walls of the average household getting into the classification of chamber music as we understand it, but I can conceive an infinitely greater appreciation among us for the masterpieces it embraces—the quartets, trios, sonatas, and so on.

IN Australia chamber music undoubtedly is the Cinderella of the art. A mere handful of people patronise the regular concerts by the "Con" quartet. The youthful and talented Sydney String Quartet makes odd public appearances with not much else than artistic success to encourage it. In the recent composers' competition only a few chamber music manuscripts were entered and the judges evidently could not value one of them highly enough to obtain the prize.

I THINK, perhaps, that if one or other of the ensembles could give a series of lighter programmes embracing in each, say, one complete popular work and groups of selected melodious movements, that new blood would be attracted to chamber music audiences and ultimately weaned on to the big masterpieces. Meanwhile the next Conservatorium concert is to be held next Wednesday night. The famous "Archduke" Trio of Beethoven is to be featured with Isador Goodman at the piano.

BACH'S Magnificat for Choir and orchestra will be the big work in the Conservatorium Orchestra's concert on the following Wednesday night (September 20). Lloyd Davies and George White (violinists) will be heard in solos during the evening.

THE visiting English tenor, Stewart Wilson, is to make what may be his first Sydney appearance at the University Musical Society's annual concert at the end of the month. The president of the society, Dr. Keith Barry, tells me that Raymond Beatty has also been engaged. It will be interesting to hear the Sydney baritone after his two years' sojourn overseas.

THERE is plenty of activity in Music Club quarters just now. Two clubs to reopen their seasons after recess are the Leura and Rose Bay. The latter's musicale is to be held on September 19, and will introduce the young Bowral "find," Miss Elsa Corry (soprano). Other artists will be Miss Veta Wareham (violinist), Alfred Cunningham (baritone), and Breerton Dudley (accompanist). The Leura Club, by the way, now has its own choir.

IT is probable that a music club will be inaugurated shortly in the Bowral-Mittagong district. Meanwhile two clubs held successful evenings last Tuesday. The Strathfield Club brought together Lindley Evans, Constance Tickworth, and Athos Martelli. The Killara Club met in St. Martin's Hall, the artists being Maud Edmondson, Cecily Adkins, Stanley Clarkson, and the Sydney String Quartet.

WITH its membership of 180, the Wollongong Music Club held one of the most successful musicales in its history during the week. Members were regaled by a big array of important musicians—Ray Fox (violinist), Emid Conley (pianist), Clement C. Williams (baritone), Rowell Bryden (baritone), Neville Beavis (baritone), and the Cavaliers' Male Quartet.

MASSAGE, Baths, Weight Reduction. Langridge's Women's Section, 254 George Street, Tel. B4578 \*\*\*

### The Old Gardener Says—

## The WORM'S TURN Now!

"SPARE me days, Miss, what are you doing to them worms? Killing them? What for? No, I never did tell you to—the poor things. You must keep them off your lawn; that's what I said. Worms keep off the grass! That's the rule of all good gardens, but you can let them have the run of the rest of your garden, and, if you don't, you won't have much garden."

"Worms is all right, Miss—they're your friends. They work in the garden, keeping the ground fresh and friable. Of course, they don't eat the plants, Miss; who told you that? The only reason why you can't have them on the lawn is because they bring mounds of earth to the surface and make it unsightly and sticky, but in the rest of the garden they're a necessity. What do they feed on, eh? Well, as it happens, I can tell you, Miss, because not long ago I went on a worm-hunting expedition for Mr. Boardman, the worm expert at the Australian Museum. Nice young fellow, too. Worms feed on leaf mould. They have quite complicated digestive systems, but if you chop one in halves it will sometimes grow another head."

"Oh, you didn't know they had heads, eh? It won't do you no harm to learn about worms, Miss. It'll help you understand them better. Just hand me that tin a moment. Now, do you see these hands on the bend of each worm? Most folks think they're where the worm's head is, and has joined up again. Well, they're wrong; every worm has a head like that, and it is by counting the rings between these hands and the other end of the worms that Mr.



ETHEL AND DORIS WATERS, famous B.B.C. comedy characters, will be heard in "Radio Parade" (a British International picture), which will be broadcast from 2FC on September 11.

Boardman is able to distinguish the hundreds of different species. Those worms there are European and South American. Miss; you seldom see a dinkum Australian worm in a cultivated garden. The local worm isn't as robust as these foreign fellows, and he's gradually being pushed out to the back-blocks.

"Funny things, worms, Miss... you can't call them either he or she, because each one is Mr. and Mrs. rolled into one. Banda, which can sometimes be seen round the worm, are the first signs of a cocoon, holding one or two young worms. Although it has a head and tail, Miss, the worm breathes through its skin. It is a night worker, and will die if left in the daylight. Yes, Miss, a worm can drown. It don't like water, so when it feels the rain sinking down through the earth, instinct makes it come up and seek dry land. That's why you see so many worms on the surface in wet weather. Needless to say, worms are natural drainers of the soil."

"WHEN you're planting seed, Miss, remember this rule: Plant to twice the depth of the seeds' own size and cover with fine, sifted soil, sand, or well-decayed manure, rubbed very fine. If you take cuttings from any plants, see that there is a heel on the end of the cutting, taking portion of the old plant with it. This is what we gardeners call a heel and toe cutting, and they strike quicker. Your cuttings should be two or three inches in length."

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite is very slight Holbrooks' Sauce will do it right!" The World's Acquaintance

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## EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother, is that another new hat you're wearing?  
MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!  
MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?  
MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.  
MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economise.  
MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.B.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.  
MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?  
MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send two shillings to Box 808P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

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FREE No matter what preparations you have used in the past without success, you owe it to yourself and to your family to investigate Henri Dumas' treatment. Send your name and address with 2d. for postage, and we will send you, without obligation, full details, also a free copy of our Leaflet, "How to Get Rid of Grey Hair." Address: Henri Dumas Agency, 222 National Building, Pitt Street, Sydney.

## CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON NOW

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222 National Building, Pitt St., Sydney.  
Without obligation, please send Free Copy of Leaflet, "How to Get Rid of Grey Hair," and details of Henri Dumas' Treatment for restoring Grey Hair. I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

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NAME .....

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W.W., 9/9/33.



# SITTING there in the cafe, they began talking about prizefighters—the sculptor's interest in the breed being highly intellectual, he would have you know.

## EVE'S DAUGHTER

He said he wished he could get a certain movement of the arm, awfully powerful, yet graceful; something like this, and he jumped up and threw out his arm.

"It isn't quite like that," Bill said cunningly.

"You go in for boxing, do you?" said the sculptor, interestedly.

"When we go outside I'll show you that punch," said Bill pleasantly.

"Yes, to the Bois de Boulogne in the moonlight we shall go," said the Prince brightly, anxious to see what was what.

So in the Bois it was, in the heart of classic Paris, where many brave folk have so unjustly suffered, that Bill knocked the famous Prince Cassi out flat with a furious series of lightning blows to the point of the chin that bewildered Bill himself, even while he flung at the famous aviator as well, who was for dodging sideways, and brought him crashing also to the ground.

Right and left Bill flung to the point of the chin of each man, so quickly that it was all over before they had time to realise what was happening.

Their two white faces in the moonlight and open, gaping mouths, reminded Bill of the hapuka, the New Zealand fish, as he rushed heartlessly away with a "That's larn 'em look" on his face that others besides his officers had admired in the Great War.

A man standing solidly, flat-footed, is easy meat to a chap who knows anything of footwork, Bill thought savagely.

Instantly a tremendous satisfaction began rolling over him, taking possession of him body and soul. After

his effort, reaction set in. His muddled thinking had cleared right up. He saw things as they were. He saw himself as he was. He saw Lillian as she was. He had actually jolted himself into a realisation of the true position. The physical effort had roused his subconscious mind. And his mummer's mask had fallen off with a bang, for poor, sweet, sweet, unfortunate Lillian.

Now, like Porphyria's lover, Bill had found a thing to do. It was the hardest thing a cave man could do. But he was going to do it. Never, never would he let her down. He was going to keep silent. Yes, he was never going to tell her about the French whom she admired so, and the "poor little French girl" who had so nearly ruined them all. He was going to keep entirely quiet about Germaine, although the sudden financial crash over there in New Zealand that to-day's papers were recording might leave him in a perilous position.

It was dawn at last. The rain had ceased. Paris and spring-time were lighting pink candles on the chestnuts up and down the boulevards.

Sense had indeed returned to Bill in that long vigil when his mask had fallen off with a bang, and into his mind had come stealing something golden and very wonderful.

It was his conception of Lillian's character, opening out before him like this sunrise over Paris.

So rare was she, so infinitely delicate, that she had torn her heart in two rather than transgress on her sense of right.

And that was what he wanted, of course, of course! That was what he

valued. That was what all men valued. That was what he would have had her do, and be. Just what she had done and been. Just that!

His heart burst into a paean of praise to God for making her what she was.

About half-past five, Lillian, hearing a knocking, rose and came wearily to her door, thinking it was the concierge with the milk.

She was putting her hand out mechanically when someone pushed in roughly, snapping the door behind him.

A wild man he was, with pale face and set lips.

SHE gasped in his fierce clutch, while the world went up and down beneath her feet.

Oh God! That he should see me like this! How awful! No sleep all night! Me looking such a sight, such a horrible sight? My face not even washed. How cruel of you, God!

Bill lifted her face and stared down into it like one demented.

"Don't!" she protested.

In vain.

He held her in his iron grip, and cruelly he studied her, hard and close.

"What have they been and gone and done to you?"

She shut her eyes.

"You've got so thin."

She turned to stone.

"You've got so old!"

She hid her agony, maintaining the stillness of desperation.

"You're that changed I'd hardly know you."

Then something she had learned from him long, long ago began to stir in Lillian's memory.

Something she had forgotten—that

(Continued from Page 12)

a cave-man praises you in his own strange way. Old, he had said. And worn!

And changed!

But after the words fell from his lips there descended on her something like a benediction, because, as in a dream, while Bill's mouth sought hers in that first half-frightened kiss, she heard him mutter, "How you must have suffered!"

She was still angry and sore. The vision of the little downy head on his shoulder still persisted. But, as his arms closed round her, in spite of herself her senses began recovering half-forgotten things. Security, home, tenderness, silence, rest, laughter, love. Good God! Was it possible these things were still in the world for one so lonely as she?

"The farm," he heard her whisper.

The farm!

For a moment Bill's head reeled at the thought of what might have happened if he hadn't succeeded in persuading Germaine to accept instalments and journey back to France with him and his mother. He might have had to tell her now in this supreme moment of their lives that the farm was sold.

"By God," he thought excitedly, "Germaine has no hold on me at all. She's not even Ransome's wife." In his excitement his beautiful, polished language deserted him suddenly. "She's waiting to collect another five thousand next week from this poor cow, but instead she'll get the order of the boot."

"Such rough luck, my poor darling," he said aloud. "Oh, how you must have suffered! How you must have suffered!" He kept on saying it over and over again. "How you must have suffered! How you must have suffered!" as if that was all that mattered.

It sounded so much like Real Love

## WHITE NIGHT

There were freezias  
In the night.  
They drifted  
In the moonlight  
To my window.  
Strange.  
Waiting in the night,  
With freezias  
And moonlight,  
Knowing that you will  
not come.—Ainslie Baker.

that Lillian whimpered: "That baby." And really, it took quite a long time for her meaning to penetrate anywhere at all into dear old Bill's mind and understanding.

L'ENVOI

WORLD'S END! Green and blue World's End! The rimus still drip from your branches like bunches of green grapes. Earthquakes still ripple your solidity. The mists of sunset still gather over your kauris and volcanoes, your blue gorges, and your white, snow-covered ranges. Your beauty is as marvellous and dramatic as ever! Alone there at the Back of the Back of Beyond, furthest away of all countries, you still lie dreaming of your fate.

But someone is interpreting you. Someone is handing your beauty and your Maoris down to the ages as Leonardo handed down his period and his country. A woman she is, this painter. But her man has lent her his knowledge of Mother Earth; and her home, and her little son, have given her bliss; and the High Gods have given her the rest, and have shown her the way to use it.

THE END  
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# ARNOTT'S FAMOUS POPSO CRACKER BISCUITS

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# FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

As night came on, two lonely figures, a ragged boy of ten, and a little pup, were searching up and down an old bush track looking for some familiar spot which would help them in finding a way home.

They were lost. Dark clouds were gathering in the heavens, and loud peals of thunder rent the air. The ragged boy picked the little pup up in his arms, and looked around. Suddenly, with a cry of joy, he raced along a thin track which hitherto he had not seen, and saw in the distance a house. Oh, how pleased he was! He squeezed his little pup, and said, "Now Tony, I know the people in the house will like you; they couldn't help it. They might even give you a bone, and we'll be there in a moment!"

Rejoicing, he reached the house after getting through a barbed-wire fence, and stood on the front doorstep and rang the bell.

It was very dark and lonesome. The ringing of the doorbell seemed to echo in the wood and frighten the little fellow, for he clung a little more tightly to his faithful companion.

"Oh, why don't they come. They must all be asleep," he sighed. "Perhaps they go to bed very early. Anyway, this should wake them!" And he rang the bell loudly.

What was that? Only a peal of thunder, thought the little boy, and he tried to persuade himself that he was a man and wasn't afraid of thunder. Then a flash of lightning followed which shone down and showed to the boy's horror an old notice stuck firmly on the door with the words "Let" plainly visible.

Sobbing, the little fellow sat down on the doorstep with his cold red hands clasped around his pup. "Oh, Tony, if only you were a big dog and had lots of brains you would have been able to find a way home, like all the good dogs do in fairy books," he moaned, patting the little pup's forehead.

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and the bitterly cold wind seemed to delight in torturing the little boy as it whistled on its way. He tucked his cold bare feet under him in a frantic effort to get warm, and was just dozing, when he was awakened by the sound of an aeroplane. The noise grew louder and louder, and Tony was making growly noises and whooping every now and again. The noise ceased as the plane stopped right on the doorstep, next to the boy.

It could not have been more than three feet long, and was a bright silvery color! The boy, amazed, could do nothing but stare in wonderment at such a beautiful sight. And while he gazed, two raindrops fell on the plane and were instantly changed into beautiful, glistening diamonds.

The door of the plane opened, and out hopped a tiny red-bearded man. He rubbed his chubby hands and said, "Goodness, you poor lost boy, I've been looking everywhere for you! I was told by Fairy Floss that you were seen wandering under White Froth Cloud at four o'clock this afternoon. But that awful Black Growl Cloud frightened her away, so it was rather difficult for me to trace your movements from then on. I asked

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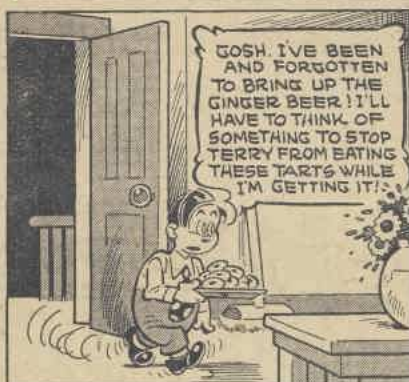
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# TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY E. E. JR.



GOSH, I'VE BEEN AND FORGOTTEN TO BRING UP THE GINGER BEER! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO STOP TERRY FROM EATING THESE TARTS WHILE I'M GETTING IT!



I'LL BET THIS TRICK WILL KEEP HIM BUSY TILL I GET BACK!

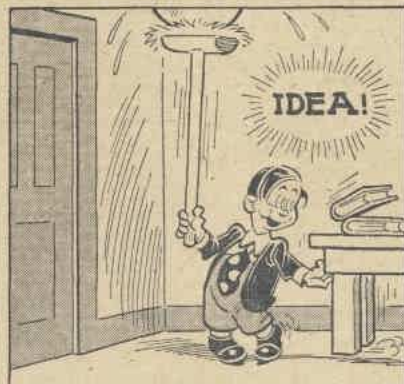


CAN YOU HOLD THIS BOWL UP AGAINST THE CEILING LIKE THIS TERRY?

EASY!!



NOW YOU CAN HOLD IT THERE UNTIL I COME BACK! HA! HA!



IDEA!



WELL, I RECKON THIS IS A BETTER TRICK THAN TEDDY'S WAS ANYHOW!



I WONDER HOW POOR OLD TERRY IS GETTING ON? I'LL BET HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO MOVE AN INCH!



YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THAT TEDDY!! HA! HA! HA!



WELL, IF YOU CAN'T GET THAT BOWL OFF YOUR HEAD IT'S NOT MUCH USE MY LEAVING ANY FOR YOU, IS IT? HA! HA! HA!

## Crossword No. 14



ACROSS  
1. Pastimes  
2. On top of  
3. One  
4. Negative  
5. Used for sketching  
6. English Tablelands (Int.)  
7. Part of the verb "to be"  
8. A very small part of  
DOWN  
9. What we write on  
10. North and South  
11. Used for fishing  
12. End of a pen  
13. There  
14. Therefore

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD No. 13  
Across—1. Sparkle, 2. Hat, 3. E.E.I., 4. Wet, 5. Yes, 6. Sale, 7. Appetite, 8. Wet, 9. Nor, 10. Stern, Down—1. Seesaw, 2. Parapet, 3. Ashland, 4. Key, 5. Lee, 6. Either, 7. E.T., 8. Ten, 9. To, 10. To.

Prize of 2/6 for the nearest correct solution goes to Olive Warner, Cheddar Street, Blakehurst.

could he ever get inside of that coat? And he was so cold!

"What a shame it is so small," he sighed.

"Oh, don't worry over such trifles," said the little man, and he touched the little boy, who began to get smaller and smaller.

"Quick, quick," yelled Fred, "change Tony, too, or he will squish me."

## JUST CHATTER

PIRELL MORTIMER, of Bondi, does beautiful sketches; Marjorie Graydon, of North Strathfield, is fond of writing short stories; Sheila Bell, of Armidale, likes crossword puzzles; Arthur Fear, of Five Dock, is fond of sorting in the hot days; Vera Clemens, of Myrtleford, was 14 last August.

Elise Smith, of Hurstville, likes reading jokes; Mariel Allred, of Walsby, is a great admirer of beautiful flowers; Sheila Kenyon, of Manly, is a keen swimmer; Mary Hopson, of Strathfield, has just finished her preliminary test at school.

Jean Crawley, of Bathurst, has a wee, cuddly-kitten; Margaret Derwent, of Oatley, is eight years old; Helen Jamieson, of Tamara, is fond of sketching; Max Nash, Auburn, writes stories; Nettie Gaul, of Cessnock, is fond of writing verse.

Thelie Written, of Gloucester, recently went to Wyong for a trip; Molly Baskiffe, of Handwick, is fond of writing stories; Mary McKay, of Young, writes stories whenever she has time; Iris Wenke, of Walla Walla, likes playing golf; Jer Hansen, of Old Junee, went to a picnic a few weeks ago.

Introducing Ann Dixon, of Bellevue Hill.

Prize Cards for the best painting of pictures are awarded to: Betty Rodson, 74 Stafford Street, Stanmore; Wilga Abel, Minaway, Lorna Street, Stanmore; Jean Mander, 35 Church Street, Lidcombe; Joan Green, 77 Fletcher Road, Bondi; Kath McAlister, Queen Street, The Rock, Vids Bay; "Wendouree," Benetton Avenue, Mittagong; Yvonne Tennant, Commercial Bank, Kempsey.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

THE teacher was giving a lesson in gravity. "I want you to understand," she said, "that it is the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

"Please, Miss," squeaked little Billy, "how did we stay on before the law was passed?"

Prize Card to Yvonne Tennant, Commercial Bank, Kempsey.

What is it that has a head and tail and yet no body?  
A penny.

Why is a letter like lavender water?  
Because it is sent (scent).

Why is dough like the sun?  
Because when it is light it rises.

Prize Card to Mary Nutt, 85 Denison Road, Lewisham.

WHAT AM I?  
You will find me in winter, in hail, and in rain. But when it is summer I vanish again. I don't come to darkness, I'm always in light. So now try and find me, I'm always in sight.

Answer: "I".  
Prize Card to Ivy Dugman, "Boree Cottage," Walsby.

Why is a giraffe's neck so long?  
Because its head is so far away.

To whom does the King take off his hat?  
To his barber.

Which hand do you use to stir your tea?  
You don't, you use a spoon.

Prize Card to Marie Cleary, c/o H. Cleary, Tomago.

What words have more letters in at Christmas time than any other time?  
Pillar-box.

Mother: Why are you climbing through the window, Jacky?  
Jacky: Because the doctor said I mustn't go out-of-doors.

What trees do ladies like in winter?  
Furs (fir).

Prize Card to D. Williams, "Beryella," 58 Kennedy Street, South Kensington.

A RELAY GAME  
RELAY games are great fun because the two sides try to beat one another. At both ends of each line place a small table. On the head of the tables put twelve small articles easy to handle. At the signal, number one picks up an article, passes it on to number two, and so on, with all the things, the last person in the line putting them on the end table. Not more than one article must be in the hand at a time, and only one hand must be used. In the same way, when the twelve have all been passed down, they must be passed back to the top of the table, the first having them all back and shouting, "Done!" is the winner.

Prize Card to B. Robinson, 359 King Street, Newtown.

GUESS ME  
My first letter is a vegetable.  
My second letter is me.  
My third letter is part of ten.  
If you're sharp, and have a head,  
As I have, you'll soon guess me.  
Answer: P-I-N.

"My daddy is a policeman," said Freddy, proudly.  
"Is he strong?" asked Betty.  
"Oh, rather," cried Freddy. "Why, he holds up motor buses with one hand."

Each week Prize Cards and cash prizes are awarded for the best entries. When a girl has won twelve Prize Cards, a prize of 5/- will be given. Address all contributions to Connie, Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—  
How are we to-day in our happy playground? All bright and cheery? Of course we are, for we cannot spread joy if we are not joyful ourselves. Can we?

The best letter for this week was sent in by Florence Smith, 1 Noble Street, Hurstville, for which she receives a prize of 5/-.

Well, pals, I hope you are all liking "Fred in the Land of Magic." Do write in and tell me if you do, won't you?

Cheerily—From your pal,  
CONNIE.

Sparky, and he lighted the way for me to come here. So you should be very thankful to Sparky.

"Who is Sparky? I would like to thank him very much," said the little boy, eagerly.

"Ha, ha, of course you don't know all the names for things in Magic Land! But you'll soon learn. Ha, Sparky is one of the best—we couldn't do without him on a wet night. His flashes are blessed by all in our Land of Magic. By the way, what is your name?"

"Fred," said the little boy. "Is that all right?" He held his coat tightly about him, and shuddered with the cold.

"Why, of course, and goodness me, you are cold. You need a nice warm coat." Quickly he went to the plane and brought back a little coat about nine inches long. Fred was disappointed. How



# The GIRL Who GOT ON PLAYERS Discuss STYLES for TENNIS

HE was so quick, so brilliant in ideas! He knew just what he wanted, and could instruct everyone in the way it should be done. What an actor he would have made! He was marvellous—marvellous!

And then Pate, still smiling on Valerie, frowned on Miss Rathbone. In the course of hectic rehearsals Miss Rathbone became nervous and temperamental. Adie was nervous and temperamental. Miss Rathbone left the theatre—these things happen, even at the eleventh hour.

Adie, in floods of tears—a matter of temperament—turned to Cherry Sax and asked in despair, "Who are we to get?"

Cherry Sax was the happy possessor of several dear friends, who had proved that they could in no way detract from her artistic accomplishments, and she mentioned them, one after another, praising them as only a true friend could.

Adie was unimpressed by their virtues, and convinced that Cherry was a mental case. He had something on his mind—a voice with a certain timbre that could put gyp into lines! Where had he heard that voice? How could he remember while Cherry babbled about Mabel and Chris?

He turned on her angrily—he reproved her sharply—he called her a snub-nosed fish, a gibbering halfwit! He told her she was dead from the neck up and had better tie crepe on her nose as well as the flowers she was wearing for the funeral.

Flowers! A spray of red carnations! The clue he was searching for! "Plimsoll!" he called. "The girl who read the part one day—Val!"

He rushed at Valerie—he kissed her—he asked her to lunch—he told her she was marvellous—he made much of her! He wanted something from her!

And that was how Valerie leaped into fame.

Dick got a job in the chorus of a touring company. Luck! He could have cried at such luck—he cursed it, for it took him away from Valerie before her first night. But he wanted the money.

He sent her a wire. Valerie acknowledged it.

"Thank you darling Dick, for the only wire I received—and for the postal order. The show's a success. I shall be able to pay you back."

To which Dick replied that he was all right, and that Valerie must first of all replenish her wardrobe. She did.

Dick's wire was pinned on the wall of Valerie's dressing-room, alongside the mirror. A few weeks later it was brushed off the wall by a large basket of orchids; it lay on the ground and was swept up by a cleaner.

And the revue ran on, completed the year and the half of the next before the playwright was called upon for another.

The new revue, however, was not a success. I was at the first night with my wealthy young friend, Millbank—

at his invitation, naturally. Mrs. Millbank looked divine. She was recognised by the pit and gallery, and loudly cheered.

After the revue we supped at a well-known restaurant. Several first-nighters joined the party. The conversation turned on the playwright. He had, some said, lost his grip.

Perhaps, they said, a failure would do him good—success had a lowering effect on a man's art. He was so conceited and, worst of all, ungrateful and mean to all who had helped him. He had never been known to do a good turn to anybody!

"That isn't true!" said Val Millbank, her cheeks flushed with annoyance. "I knew him years ago, when he was in the chorus—we were both in the chorus—and he was one of the kindest and sweetest boys I ever knew."

"After his first play was accepted I didn't see him for a long time; then, one day, I met him. I was down and out! Not a penny in the world! You people don't know the stage and the awful struggles to live. There are hundreds of people starving—literally starving—at this present moment, because they haven't a chance of showing what they can do."

"No one would see me. I couldn't get a job, even in the chorus of a fit-up company! I was desperate. Well, I met Adie."

"He was a busy man, just making his mark, and I was absolutely unknown, untied! I had no claim on Adie, but for the sake of old times, he gave me a chance. I owe him everything!"

She was much applauded for championing the playwright. No one believed that a girl like Val Millbank could end in the gutter, but the frank acknowledgment of a helping hand is appreciated.

After supper Millbank offered to give me a lift home. As we were about to step into his limousine a man drew on one side to allow Val to pass. I recognised Dick, unshaved, shabby.

SHE stopped—she looked at him—her face turned pink—she held out her hand. "Oh!" she cried. "Dick! I haven't seen you for ages! How are you? Going strong?"

Dick murmured something. Val nodded—smiled brilliantly. "You're looking well," she said, and got into the car.

Dick still had in his eyes the devoted look of a dog. Valerie saw me looking at him.

"An old friend of the theatre," she explained, as we moved off. "I had to stop and say a word!"

Millbank was proud of her. He thought it was generous of Val to stop and say a word with such charm to a shabby individual. "Of course," he told me, "that is the reason for her popularity!"

Well, after all, it was Adie, the playwright, who did the big thing for her, and gratitude is given where gratitude is most due.

(Copyright)



Since "Bunny" Austin wore tailored shorts in international matches both in Paris and at Wimbledon, speculation has been rife as to just how far dress reform would be adopted by tennis players generally. Women in the forefront of tennis overseas have demonstrated individual taste. This in itself is a noteworthy departure from the dress traditions that have obtained for many years.

As opposed to the customary white or cream dress of semi-tailored design, coming just below the knees, women tennis players are offered a choice of backless frocks, slacks, or tailored shorts.

MRS. WHITTINGSTALL, nee Ellen Bennett (England), wears a sports shirt open at the neck with very brief shorts, similar to those so prevalent on Sydney beaches last summer.

Mme. Mathieu (France) is admitted to be one of the smartest women either on or off the court. In common with the accepted ruling of her countrywomen, she wears a grey and navy blue ensemble. Even her glasses have been specially made to further this color scheme for the customary horn-rims are replaced by composition of a bluish-grey tint.

Helen Wills-Moody (U.S.A.) adheres to the vogue for white. But a tri-color scheme is carried out in her racquet, and her sports coat and a scarf are invariably made in tones of vivid blue and red.

Psychologists affirm that clothes have a potent influence on the mental outlook of the wearer. The sombre garb of the Puritans is instanced as having been chosen for its sobering effect. Leading women tennis players, however, unite in condemning the radical innovations in dress that have appeared on overseas courts.

That a tennis player would be inspired to volley more accurately, or to establish a record in the matter of "aces" by wearing shorts or slacks is one which they do not feel is worthy of consideration.

Mrs. C. S. Warburton, who is a member of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association Council, says: "The best players will always wear what has been accepted as regulation dress for tennis. It looks more businesslike. Possibly some of the weaker players, seeking to cause a sensation, will be seen on the courts in shorts or slacks, but I am positive they will not appeal to the better players."

Just whether spectacular raiment will prove a feminine vice to offset weakness of performance on the court, as Mrs. Warburton would appear to indicate, is a matter that those who favor the vogue will hotly dispute.

Miss Nell Lloyd, who is also a councillor of the N.S.W.L.T.A., and captained the women's team in New Zealand last year, gives her opinion that neither slacks nor shorts will be adopted in Australia. She is doubtful, too, as to the advisability of backless frocks. "Most of the girls," she says, "turn their present collars up at the back of the neck so that I rather fancy backless will not prove suitable in the Australian climate."

However, a backless frock made its appearance in the City of Sydney Championships during the week. It was worn by Mrs. H. S. Uts in the mixed doubles event.

"I think some of the backless frocks are very unattractive, but worn with restraint and firm shoulder straps, I like them," said this player, affording in her own attire a striking argument in favor of the backless mode.

In complete accord with Mrs. Uts is Miss Louie Bickerton, winner of the women's singles title in the City of Sydney event, though she conceded a certain laxity towards the wearing of shorts for informal occasions.

In a discussion of the respective merits of a simple frock, shorts or slacks, the question of appearance is one that must be disregarded for opinion of the two latter is based largely on prejudice. There are two factors, then, to

HOST HOLEROOK says: For the unexpected guest, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holerook's Anchovy Paste. 4-6-33.

MRS. WHITTINGSTALL, nee Ellen Bennett, looks very charming in her shorts, but there are very few women who could wear them with equal grace.

MISS QUEENIE ROYAL, well-known solo dancer and sports girl, shows the various modes from which tennis players can choose their costume for the coming season. —Women's Weekly Photos. Models by courtesy David James.

be considered, freedom of movement and coolness.

Of the three modes of dress, slacks afford the least coolness. To counteract the warmth of encasing the legs to the ankles in flannel the slacks must be cut with wide flares. This means that they will flap round the ankles and, therefore, do not accord freedom of movement for a participant in a sport that calls for such active footwork as tennis.

Shorts would appear to afford the greatest freedom, but they do so in theory rather than in practice. Actually a vigorous game will cause a disarrangement of the shirt which is the obvious complement of shorts. It will tend to pull out at the waist unless a firmly fitting belt is worn.

Miss Barbara Peden, who won the women's singles championship during a recent visit to Java, gives a convincing illustration of the desirability of the white frock. "In Java," she says, "the women wore frocks because they considered they were the coolest form of attire."

There are then very definite reasons for the professed adherence to the customary white frock worn short enough to allow the requisite freedom.

... my daily glass of Sheaf Stout keeps me fit and well!



**SHEAF STOUT**  
it's TOOTH'S

"Sheaf"





## VISITORS Enjoy GOLF in Victoria

By CADETTE

Flowers in the rough at the beautiful Victoria Club course at Cheltenham (Vic.), where the Australian championship is being played, are greatly admired by Sydney players, who are not used to fairways on the leading layouts being definitely divided into avenues surrounded by flowering shrubs and native flora. New Zealanders as well are in love with the two tones of green on the links, the deep green of the pine trees and other shrubs offering a charming contrast to the lighter fairways.

MISS JACKIE MITCHELL, U.S.A., has signed a contract with the House of David Club. She is the only woman playing professional baseball.

## JOCELYN'S Racing REVIEW

By JOCELYN

Tattersall's meeting on Saturday at Randwick opens the spring racing carnival, which will be continued in this and the southern State until the placed horses are semaphored at Flemington on Melbourne Cup day.

WITH the Epsom, A.J.C. Derby, and Metropolitan less than a month off, trainers are beginning to put solid work into their charges, and, as usual, the strain has told on several strong public favorites, including Silver Scorn, the great New Zealand mare, and Peter Pan, hero of last Melbourne Cup, and favorite for the coming Flemington two-miler.

It is pleasing to note that both horses were showing improvement this week and their connections are now hopeful that they will be able to do themselves justice in the campaign before them.

Racing at Canterbury Park on Saturday threw very little light on the solution of the difficult problem of the Epsom. In winning the Canterbury Stakes in record time, the Windbag horse, Chatham, strengthened his position on the betting charts, and he is now a solid second favorite to Bronze Hawk for the mile classic.

Autopay was the only horse seriously backed against Chatham on Saturday. Autopay jumped away well from the outside of the field, but found the pace set by Tom Pinch and Dole too fast for him, and dropped back to the rear of the field to finish a poor fifth many lengths behind the winner. The Rose-hill-trained horse, Tom Pinch, battled on gamely into second place, leaving the minor position to be filled by Valicare's 142 daughter, Carefree.

Journal, a New Zealand three-year-old, who is reported to have been backed for the Epsom, started a 7 to 4 favorite in a weak field, and gave an inglorious display, finishing nearer last than first. Journal is in the Chelmsford Stakes on Saturday with 7.5 instead of the 9.3 he carried on Saturday last, but it is unlikely that much Sydney money will be lost on him on Saturday.

The Monie Stakes at Caulfield on Saturday (9 furlongs w.f.a.) was responsible for a fine effort by that brilliant mare, Walzing Lily. Hall Mark, a



much-fancied Derby colt, who had beaten Walzing Lily rather easily a week ago, over eight furlongs, was an odds-on favorite, but over the last furlong Walzing Lily simply cleared out, and won easily by 31 lengths in 1.53.4. She is now a warm favorite for the Caulfield Cup.

The Tramway Handicap, over seven furlongs on Saturday, has attracted a field of first-class sprinters. Chatham heads the weights with 9.13, but the son of Windbag will probably be reserved for the Chelmsford Stakes, in which, with his penalty he will carry 9.11.

The topweights would appear to have a mortgage on this event. Autopay has enough weight with 9.11, and Bronze Hawk, with 14lb less, reads a better proposition. Dermid, with 8.10, and Jacko, 8.8, will be well suited by the distance, and, if Bronze Hawk is beaten one of these two may be responsible.

With Peter Pan an unlikely starter, and Silver Scorn's condition doubtful, the Chelmsford Stakes appears to be at the mercy of Chatham. Punters may rest assured that they will be asked to accept very cramped odds on this galloping machine on Saturday. The form of Lamarch and Bixten, two prominent Derby candidates, will be watched with interest in this event, but it is difficult to see them troubling Chatham even with their 23 and 30lb difference in weights.

## SUMMER EQUIPMENT

By RUTH PREDEY, Selector, N.S.W.W.C.A.

With the conclusion of the winter sports programme, sports girls would be well advised to give their kit a thorough overhaul. Rackets and bats that have been subjected to vigorous use during the winter months, or those which will be retrieved from the press will all be in need of minor repairs.

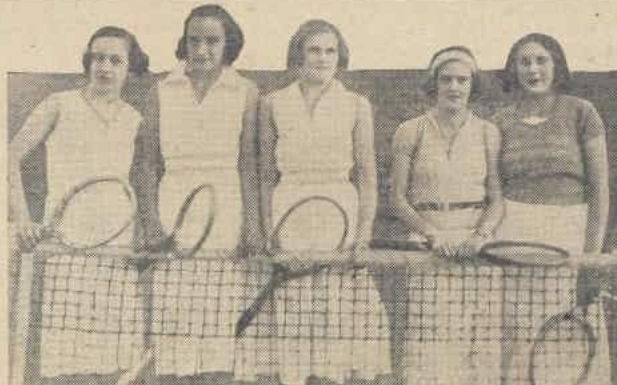
THE change in the temperature will be definitely registered in your tennis racket. Frayed strings will snap without notice with the first touch of heat from the sun. All doubtful strings should be replaced before use. This simple precaution will guard against the disappointment and loss of form occasioned by broken strings in the middle of an important match.

Vigoro bats and baseball clubs will be improved by a little oiling. This process is one that should be done with care, for too much oil is just as detrimental as too little.

Special attention should be given to a new bat before it is used. Do not use a bat for the first time against a new ball. It is wise to break it in at practice several times with an old ball. Pads and gloves also need care. Don't leave long straps flapping from your pads. They can easily be cut to the required length. Failure to do this may mean being bowled out off your pads. The latter should fit neatly and comfortably round the legs and ankles.

Many women players are now wearing batting gloves and this is a precaution that the selectors are very glad to see. Just one nasty knock on the fingers is sufficient to put a player out of action for an entire season.

EXERCISES for Weight Reduction, Rhythmic, Posture Culture, Remedial Gymnastics, Exclusive Gymnasium for Women. Class or private. LANGRIDGE School, 254 George Street, Tel. B4578.\*\*\*



EILEEN PEACH, Dorothy Greenwood, Nina Vickery, June Bubb, and Marie de Launay, junior members of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association.

## Tennis TROPHIES PRESENTED

Certain amusement was occasioned among the spectators at the conclusion of the City of Sydney tournament by the presentation of the men's trophies before the women competitors were called. The play of juniors was disappointing from the point of view of results, but they will certainly benefit from this experience.

LADY GORDON presented the trophies, and Miss Louie Bickerton, winner of two of the trophies, was the last name on the list. Miss Bickerton defeated Miss Hattersley in the finals

of the women's singles, though the latter displayed great agility and a tremendous improvement in form on that of previous performances.

Miss Hattersley drove with force and with precision, but Miss Bickerton, after being extended to 7-5 in the first set, was able to record a definite victory as the result of long experience. Keeping the ball in play with skilful placements, she was successful in tiring her opponent, who only won two games in the final set.

Some of the juniors who competed in these events showed fine promise, but could not stand up to the more experienced players. Nervousness, the stumbling block that is so often the downfall of players not accustomed to big events, was very apparent among the younger competitors. The officials of the L.T.A., however, expressed unbounded confidence in the future prospects of these girls.

hole challenge bowl. The New Zealanders won the Tasman Cup in this, the first year of play.

Stray dogs have caused the New Zealand girl, Miss Garstford, some perturbation of mind. In the Tasman Cup match a wretchedly dirty fox terrier, whom no one deigned to own, insisted on chasing a swallow just as she was about to hit an iron shot. She had the sympathy of the crowd when she topped it, and then, too, the laughing kookaburras have tried to put her off, but so far no magpie has tried conclusions with her.

Someone is reported to have seen a snake during the meeting; certainly an early visitor for Melbourne, so Miss Garstford is wondering what she may encounter next.

the Victorian, Mrs. Alec Russell, was the only other in the bunch of champions to score in the seventies, the mediocre eighty-five being the average figure scored.

Bunker troubles, the lack of experience in playing the explosion shot with confidence, and the usual wall of three putt greens, have been mostly responsible for the large scores.

The dressers of the field are many and varied. If everyone could wear berets with the same "chic" as the N.S.W. champion they would again become popular in spite of the fact that they are bad for the eyes. Neatness in fawns and greys, with here and there a brilliant blazer to give a color contrast, is the predominating note.

Miss Odette Lefebvre is outstanding in her charming choice of clothes for links wear. In her curly green and canary outfit she looked very French—a daring scheme few could wear to advantage.

Mrs. Alec Russell is another whose golf clothes lack that painful sameness which earns for associates in the mass the disapproval of daintily clad tennis players. Much could be said in favor, however, of the serviceable browns, fawns, and greys, for sun and air soon make a more colorful outfit rather faded.

So far South Australia is the only State left out in the cold in the matter of trophies. Victoria won the Gladys Hay Cup for the interstate match. The Sydney girls, Miss Joan Hood-Hammond and Miss Lefebvre, won the Australian foursomes championship. Miss Betty Sale, the Tasmanian girl, won the 36-



## Gargle Listerine every two hours when you have a cold or sore throat

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full-strength LISTERINE, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For LISTERINE kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science. The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth. But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

Repeated tests show that full-strength LISTERINE Antiseptic actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%. Do not be afraid to use LISTERINE Antiseptic undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action.

Remember that LISTERINE Antiseptic is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue.

Sizes: 3, 7, 14 oz. bottles.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY (Aust.), LTD., SYDNEY.

# LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic — the swift deodorant  
NON-POISONOUS — PLEASANT TO USE

## CROQUET

Reading in The Women's Weekly of the proposed itinerary of the champion croquet player, Mrs. Moore, through the Northern Rivers district, club secretaries from numerous country centres have written to Mrs. Redshaw, president of the N.S.W. Croquet Association, asking that similar visits may be arranged to their respective clubs.

MRS. MOORE, who has just returned from her trip, was impressed during that time with the marked improvement in play at the various clubs at which she was a guest.

The champion not only played exhibition rounds, but acted as handicapper in different club fixtures. She expressed further interest, too, in the fact that cream has been accepted by members of the Northern Rivers clubs as uniform dress on the lawns.

## FURNITURE

LADIES, no home is complete without an N. & A. Wire Mattress or Bedding. If unable to procure from your usual furnisher, mail or write to N. & A. McWHINNEY, Manufacturers of All Kinds of Wire Mattresses, Bedding, Wood Beds, and Settees, 41 PARRAMATTA RD., ANNANDALE. Phone, 1,257A.

HOST HOLEROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holerook's Pure Malt Vinegar, &c.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St., Sydney.

THE Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly will gladly consider stories, articles, verse, paragraphs, and photographs on any subject of interest to women, and such contributions accepted will be paid for. Payment will be facilitated if contributors comply with the following:—

ADDRESS LETTERS TO BOX 1551E, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, summed up to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

(c) Such claims to reach this office not later than the last Friday in each month.

Payment for contributions claimed for will be made on the 15th of the month following publication.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

We shall take all reasonable care of MSS., but will not be responsible for its preservation or transmission.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

Special claim forms for contributors are available on application.

PRIZES CONTRIBUTIONS: Contributors need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

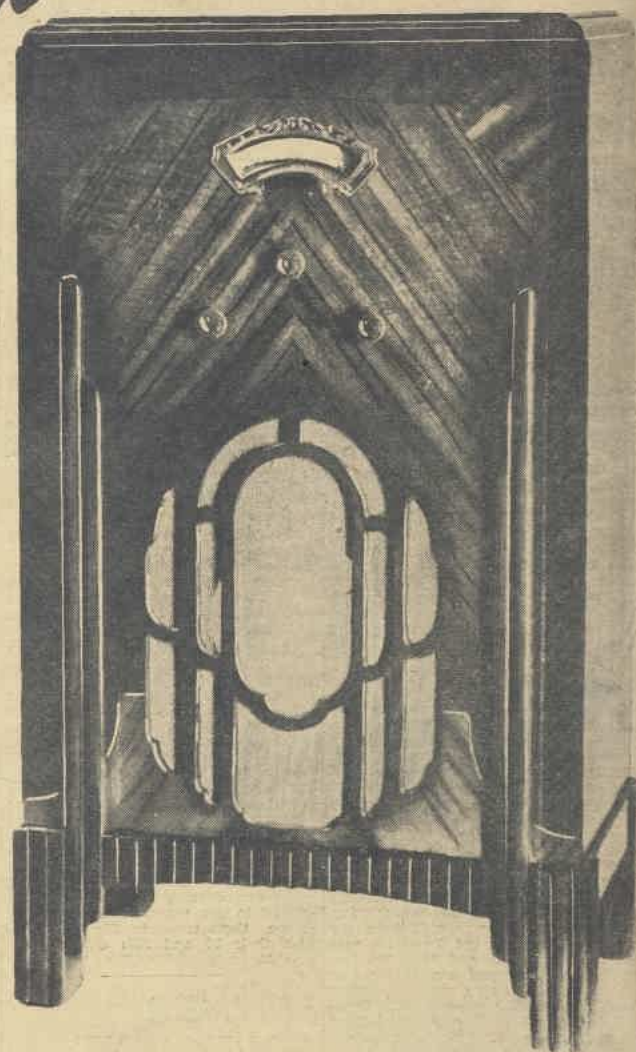
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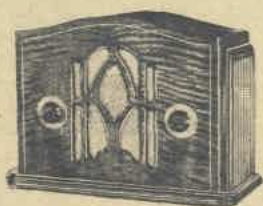
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